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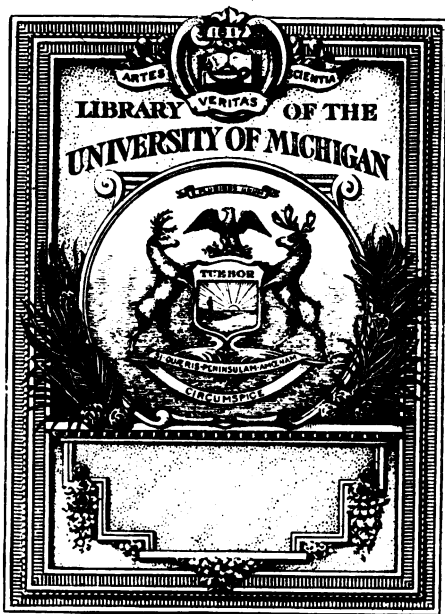
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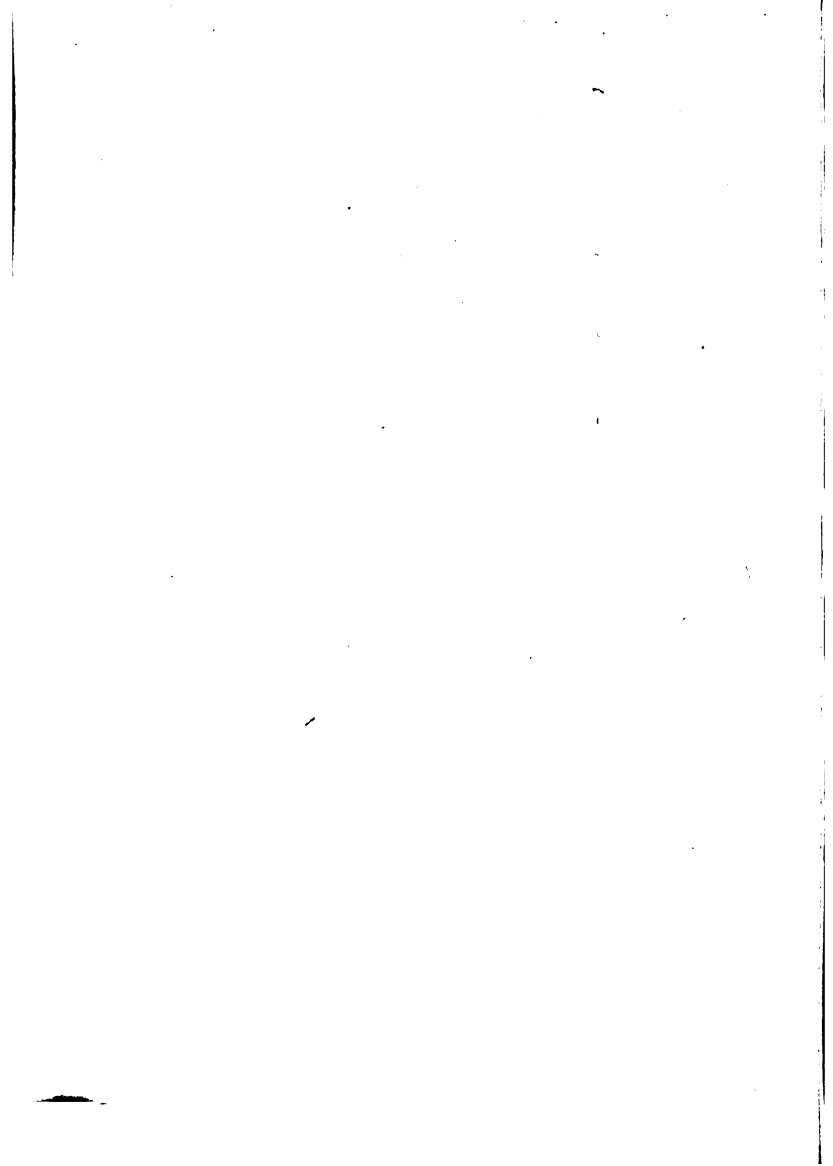
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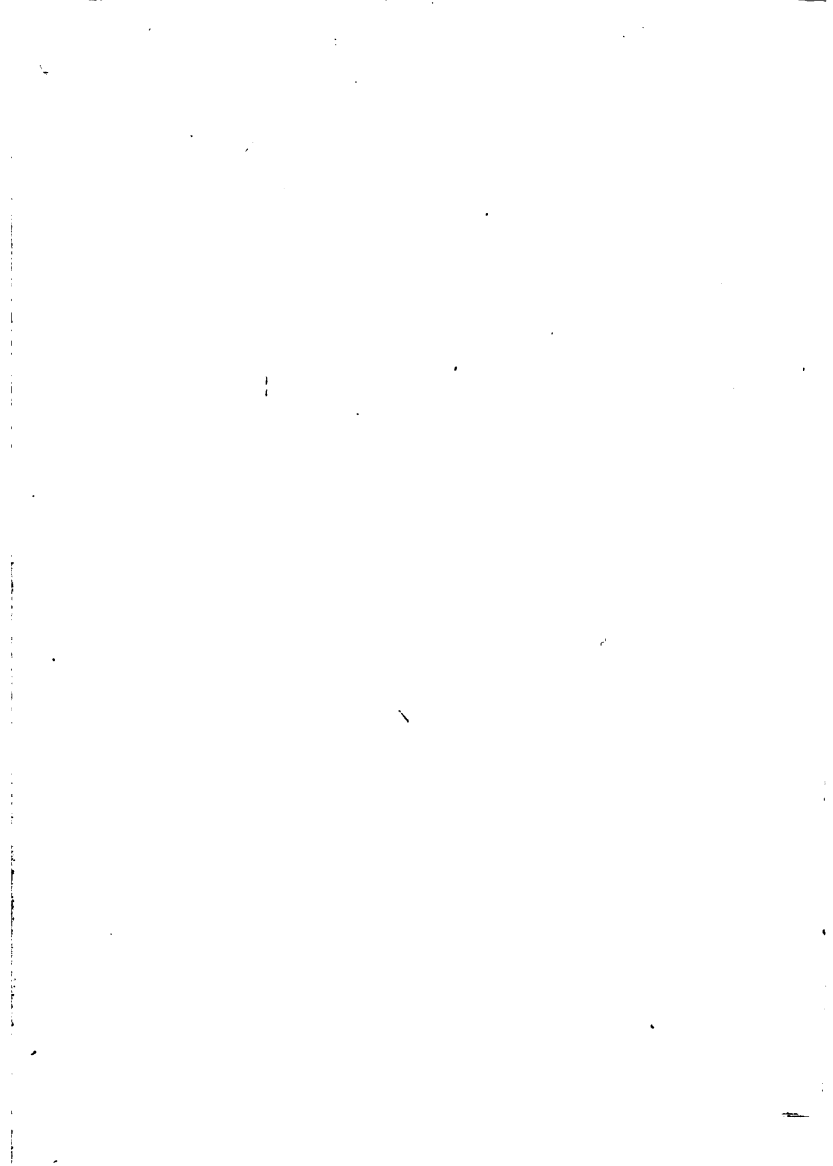


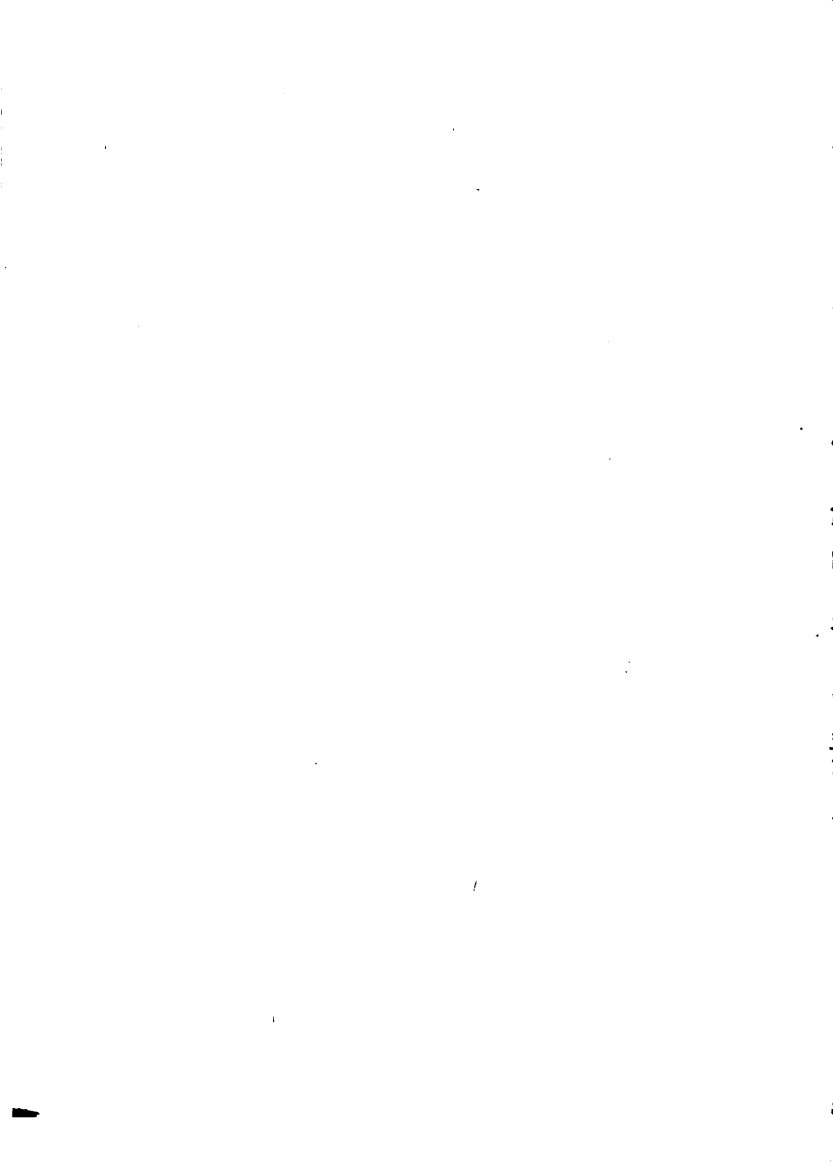
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TO

THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY
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THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME 4, JULY, 1880.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE English press has been all but unanimous in its censure of the recent action against the religious orders in France. The celebrated seventh clause of M. Ferry's Bill, especially, has been denounced as a violation of the liberties of both the members of the monastic congregations and the parents who have intrusted to them the education of their children. The decrees by which the Jesuits have been suppressed, and the other orders have been invited to sue for authorization, have met, if I mistake not, with a rather less sweeping condemnation, but still they have been pointed out as a proof that the French Republic is animated with a spirit of persecution against the Catholic Church. Such measures, we are assured, are but the beginning of the war of irreligious fanaticism against religious institutions and religion itself. We are, according to this view of things, the genuine children of the Jacobins of 1793. I remember having read an article in a leading London newspaper, in which the words demagogy and demagogical were used six times within one column, to characterize our Government, its proceedings, and its supporters.

I want to appeal from that sentence, and to see whether a plain exposition of facts and half an hour of sober discussion cannot remove what I must consider as a total misconception of the case.

There are two preliminary considerations which ought to have put our English critics on their guard before passing so severe a judgment on French Republicanism. The first is the character of many of the advocates of the seventh clause and of the decrees against the congregations. The authors and abettors of those measures are not all men of extreme and violent sentiments—very far from it. M. Jules Ferry is by no means a fanatic, but an able, honest, and practical reformer. M. Waddington, who was at the head of the Cabinet when the seventh clause was introduced, is

one of the most moderate—not to say timid—of the group known under the designation of the *Left Centre*. M. de Freycinet, his successor, who has issued the obnoxious decrees, is known for his conciliatory disposition no less than for his honesty, sagacity, and oratorical gifts. He visited some of our provinces when still a Minister of Public Works, and he produced a deep impression on that occasion by his appeals to forbearance and concord. The answer to this will be, of course, that MM. de Freycinet and Waddington, in the matter of the Jesuits, have acted against their own better judgment, and in obedience to the dictates of the majority of the Chamber of Deputies—a gratuitous assumption, based upon no fact whatever. I am not prepared to deny that these gentlemen, as is natural to men in office, would not have preferred being spared the trouble of a tenacious opposition in Parliament, and of a widespread agitation in the country; but I feel confident that they have brought their measures forward under a sense of unavoidable necessity, and that in doing so they have done no violence to their convictions. They may regret to have to carry out a policy full of difficulties, but they cannot be said to have consented to what was not right in their eyes.

The analysis of the division which took place on the seventh clause in the Senate is equally conclusive against the opinion of those who believe all the adversaries of the Jesuits in France to be prompted by anti-religious sentiments. The Senate, it is true, threw out that part of M. Ferry's Bill, but by a small majority, and a majority consisting almost entirely of Royalists, Bonapartists, and Ultramontanes, and therefore of such as systematically oppose all the measures which are introduced by the present Government or sent up from the other House. Their victory on the division was due to the casual accession of Republicans who voted with them from various motives, though mostly, I admit, from religious prepossessions. Not so, at all events, M. Jules Simon, whose vote has been held out as the significant protest of a genuine Liberal against the narrowness of his own party, but whose conduct does not admit of quite so simple an interpretation. It must not be forgotten that M. Jules Simon's statesmanship, as head of a Cabinet under Marshal MacMahon, gave general dissatisfaction to his friends, and that when, at the beginning of last year, he came forward as a candidate for the Presidency of the Senate, he was black-balled in consequence of the discredit into which he had fallen. I am far from wishing to impute motives to M. Jules Simon, but there is no denying that his attitude of late has been that of a man who casts about for some parliamentary combination capable of raising him again to influence and power. Be that as it may, this much is certain, that M. Jules Simon can hardly be any more considered as a member of the Republican half of the

Senate. I shall not say the same of M. Laboulaye, who also voted against the clause, and whose example may also have influenced the issue of the debate; but M. Laboulaye is known to be crotchety, unsafe, a blind admirer of American principles and institutions. There is no discussion into which he does not drag in the example set by the United States. M. Dufaure, from his age, his talent, his superiority to party spirit, and the constancy of his republican convictions, was certainly the most formidable of the opponents of M. Ferry's Bill, and he had, of course, as well as his friends and followers, a full right to his opinion. But why should it be assumed that none of the senators who voted in the minority on that occasion are as well entitled as M. Dufaure to the credit of a high-minded and mature decision? There is no extreme party in the Senate; the most advanced members of that assembly would pass muster among the most temperate of the Lower House; M. Victor Hugo himself is visibly calmed down by the spirit of the place. The Left Centre, besides, did not go over in a body to the Opposition in the division we speak of, but only about one half of the group. I leave it to the English reader to judge whether, in the face of these facts, it is not unfair, and contrary to evidence, to brand as irreligious zealots the 132 senators (against 149) who were of opinion that the unauthorized orders ought to be cut off from the right of teaching.

Another motive for caution in the estimate of our religious discussions is, that the struggle we are going through has been the lot of all the nations where the Catholic Church is powerful enough to throw difficulties in the way of the Government, and, by the threat of such difficulties, to exact compliance with her pretensions. And here we come to what I take to be the root and sum of the whole matter.

The clerical party and its abettors contend that the Roman Catholic Church is a church like all others, an association similar to other associations, and entitled, in consequence, to enjoy the same liberties. This, however, is begging the question. The truth is, that the Catholic Church cannot be compared to anything else. It is an institution of a perfectly unique character. It is a fact *svi generis*. Catholicism has this distinctive feature, that it is theocratical. It claims the right of ruling rulers and governing governments. Not that it denies the distinction between the temporal and the spiritual power; it recognizes the existence and the lawfulness of the State, but at the same time it alleges its own divine commission to bring the laws and conduct of the earthly regiment under the control of ecclesiastical authority. The Catholic ideal is a monarchy in which everything—institutions, State policy, and public instruction—is informed by the spirit of the Church, and brought into agreement with the canons. What would become of

the papacy, and of its pretension to be a living representation of the Deity upon earth, if its authority were a matter of opinion; an affair of personal conviction, if individuals and nations were at liberty to obey or not? No, they must be made to obey, they must be made to believe; dissent is to be accounted as sin, heresy to be visited as guilt, and citizen rights are to depend upon baptism and conformity. Such is the Catholic theory, a theory which the Catholic Church is not at liberty to disown, for that would be disowning herself, giving up her *raison d'être*, dwindling to the condition of a mere sect, of one religious denomination among all the others. True, it is not in the power of the Church to realize her own conception. The glorious vision, once embodied in the papacy of the Middle Ages, has vanished. One half of Europe has renounced its allegiance to Rome, and growing infidelity is completing the work of the Reformation. The Church, therefore, has a hard time of it. She is obliged to observe a certain discretion in the assertion of her claims, to make concessions to the spirit and to speak the language of the age; but she has not for all that abandoned anything of her pretensions; through all difficulties and humiliations she still tends to the same end, endeavoring by force or favor, by self-assertion or tactics, to regain the situation she has lost. Her confidence in such an unlikely victory is indeed wonderful, and would deserve our admiration if the motive power of so great an effort were not the hope of bringing back humanity under temporal and spiritual bondage.

The irrepressible tendency of the Catholic Church to bring the State into subordination to itself has been at all times a source of collision between the spiritual and temporal power, but especially since France at the end of the last century set the example of making the law of the land independent of the law of the Church in such matters as marriage, ecclesiastical immunities, the validity of religious vows, etc. All the efforts of Catholicism have, ever since, been employed in trying to recover the ascendancy of which the French revolution had deprived it. Seeing that power is nowadays a matter of majority, the Church threw herself everywhere into the electoral struggle, and when experience had taught her that the people were to be won over before any result could be expected from parliamentary strategy, she addressed herself to the task of education. Hence her endeavors to bring the public schools under her influence, and, failing this, the zeal with which she availed herself of the modern principles of liberty to set up schools of her own in rivalry with those of the State. It is thus that educational competition has come to play so great a part in the conflicts between Church and State which, of late years, have taken place in all countries where Catholicism is powerful enough to attempt domination.

The civil war which tore up Switzerland in 1847, as well as the subsequent changes in the institutions of that country, had avowedly their cause in the aversion and dread of the Jesuits, their teaching and their intrigues. The first use made of the victory was the confiscation of ecclesiastical and conventual property, and soon afterward the new constitution enacted that "the Jesuits and religious communities connected with them were not to be received in any part of Switzerland." This clause became more stringent still in 1874 when the fundamental compact was revised; it excluded the Jesuits "from all action in Church or School," and empowered the Federal Government to extend the prohibition, by mere decree, "to all religious orders whose doings should appear dangerous to the State, or should disturb the peace among the denominations." This prohibition is to this day in full vigor; Switzerland has succeeded in getting rid of that order which many are pleased to describe as subtle and cunning enough to evade the laws. There is no reason, therefore, why France should not succeed as well as the neighboring republic in excluding the obnoxious society.

It is not, perhaps, out of place to add that, during the war of a majority of the Swiss cantons against the *Sonderbund*, public opinion in England was decidedly opposed to the Jesuits and their cause, that the English Government countenanced the Federal authority in its proceedings against cantonal rights, and that Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, prevented by all sorts of dilatory proceedings the intervention of France and Austria, and thus secured the success of the Radicals. Lord Palmerston, in his letter of the 20th November, 1847, to Lord Ponsonby, requires "that the foundation of the arrangements should be, that the Jesuits should be removed from the whole of the territory of the Confederation, because," he writes, "we are now quite convinced that things have gone so far, and popular feeling has been so strongly roused against them, that unless they leave Switzerland entirely there is no chance of peace in that country."

I am very far from wishing to justify all the laws which Prince Bismarck has obtained from the Reichstag and from the Prussian Parliament against the Roman Catholic clergy. Although he alleges the necessity of maintaining the rights of the State against the Church, he appears to me to have gone farther than this position required, and to have interfered in ecclesiastical concerns beyond the necessities of the case. But, however that may be, it is clear that the celebrated statesman judged the pretensions of the Catholic Church a serious danger to the State, since he would hardly otherwise have gone out of his way, and that on the very morrow of a great war and of the creation of a united Germany, to meddle with the religion of a third of the population of Prussia, and of

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three fifths of the subjects of the new empire. It is also worthy of remark that the principal measures of Prince Bismarck in that direction were the expulsion of the Jesuits, the exclusion of the clergy from the inspection of schools, and the subjection of young men preparing for holy orders to a course of university life and to State examinations, with a view to bring them into contact with common life and lay society, and thus to withdraw them from an exclusively episcopal influence. Prince Bismarck, I conclude, has seen the peril with the same eyes as the French Republicans; and he has acted on a similar conviction, that education is the chosen instrument of the Catholic Church in her endeavors to recover the position she was deprived of by the Reformation and the Revolution.

It might be objected that the example of Switzerland and Germany is not conclusive, the majority of the population of those countries being Protestant, and therefore naturally disposed to slight what may be the legitimate claims of the Catholic Church, or the well-founded demands of religious toleration. Where Catholicism is dominant, however, and where the rivalry of churches does not exist, we find the State equally engaged in maintaining its supremacy against the encroachments of the clergy, in curtailing the ecclesiastical privileges of former times. Italy, when she attained independence and unity as a kingdom, did not limit her warfare with the Church to the secularization of Rome: she swept away the greater number of the religious orders, and inflicted on the clergy that most galling breach of its old prerogative, the subjection of priests to military service. Still more to the point is the history of the Austrian Concordat. The Holy See and the Episcopate had entered with alacrity into the reactionary policy of the Emperor Francis Joseph after 1849. A capital opportunity it seemed to them of shaking off those restrictions upon the rights of the Church which were known under the name of *Josephinism*. A Concordat was agreed to in 1855, which remains as the official programme of Catholicism. The holy Roman religion was to be forever maintained throughout the Austrian Empire, "with all the rights and privileges which belong to it in virtue of the divine order and of Canon Law." Private as well as public schools were placed under the control of the Episcopate. The same with the press: books censured by ecclesiastical authority were to be considered as legally prohibited. The religious consecration of marriage was declared necessary for its validity. The higher clergy were no longer amenable to lay tribunals, and bishops recovered the right of visiting refractory priests with temporal punishment. A memorable piece of legislation, for the Catholic Church has been betrayed, in an authentic form and with rare sincerity or imprudence, the end to which converge all her efforts. Weak, and hav-

ing to struggle for assistance, she appeals to the liberties of citizenship, she claims the benefit of constitutional institutions; strong and supported by despotism, she throws off the mask, calls upon the State to enforce her dictates, makes orthodoxy the condition of citizenship, and sets her face against free thought and religious toleration. This, however, is more than our times can bear, and such attempts can never succeed but by surprise and momentarily. When Austria, after Sadowa, tried to raise herself from the state of disintegration and decay into which she had fallen, the first care of Count von Beust was to abrogate the worst parts of the contract entered into with Rome. Six years later, in 1874, the Concordat itself was cancelled, and, what is noteworthy, by the will of one only of the contracting parties, and in spite of the protestations of the Holy See—a terrible slight to its authority, a terrible blow to its pretension of treating with the kingdoms of the earth on a footing of equality, not to say with the condescension of a superior toward its inferiors.

Last though not least significant in this review of the Catholic nations of Europe comes Belgium, where the battle between Church and State is being actually fought, and with as much bitterness as in France itself. The cause of dissension is, as usual, public instruction, the State, in conformity to the principles of religious equality, wishing to keep the schools open to all persuasions, and therefore to render them independent of the priest, and the priest insisting upon having free access to them. But what gives the Belgian contest a particular claim to our attention is the evidence it supplies that Catholicism, in spite of its appeals to general and eternal principles, varies its attitude according to circumstances. In Belgium, a country where the clergy retains considerable influence, they have had recourse to excommunication as a means of coercing the schoolmasters, and of thus bringing public instruction to a dead lock, and the State into hopeless difficulties, while such extremities are carefully avoided in countries like France, where believers are few or lukewarm, and spiritual thunder would frighten nobody.

I do not give the foregoing considerations for more than they are worth, but only as being sufficient to make foreigners pause before condemning the religious policy of the French Republic. That the proceedings against the religious congregations have been sanctioned by an immense majority in the Chamber of Deputies and very nearly by half the Senate; that they have been approved of by men of undoubted wisdom and moderation, and that the efforts of Republican France to get rid of monastic orders, and in particular to wrest from their hands the instruction of youth, are but an incident in the battle actually fought in all Catholic lands between the sovereignty of the State and the theocracy of the

Church—all that is, indeed, no proof that the French Government is right, but it is enough to make people look closer into the merits of the case before they bandy about accusations of Jacobin intolerance. Let us, then, after these preliminary considerations, come now to the real issue. It will be found, I believe, that the main objection to the conduct of M. Grévy's government comes to this: the recent measures taken against the religious orders constitute a violation of the liberty of the citizen, a violation the more to be condemned as it comes from a republic—that is, a form of government generally considered as implying a larger share of freedom. This is the argument which has been reproduced *usque ad nauseam* by the opponents of the seventh clause and of the late decrees. Other objections, such as the legality of those measures, or the benefit which State schools would derive from monastic competition, are too slight to come into comparison with the plea drawn from the so-called liberal position. And yet I must confess that I never could feel the cogency of that argument. Is liberty a first principle, a religious dogma, placed above all contestation and limitation, or is it simply the balance of conflicting interests, the adjustment of opposite claims, a matter of expediency, a right susceptible of augmentation and diminution, subject like every exercise of human activity to the conditions of social life, to the security and welfare of the commonwealth? To put the question is to answer it. I forget who was the orator who, in the days of our first revolution, uttered the celebrated exclamation: "Let colonies perish rather than a principle!" Well, is there, I ask, any one ready to say, Let France and her institutions go to ruin rather than suppress a number of monastic orders or deprive them of the right of teaching! Or shall we be met by that favorite plea of the doctrinaires of Liberalism, according to which liberty has in itself the power to remedy the evils to which it is liable? Liberty, according to this position, is like Achilles' lance, which was able to cure the wounds it inflicted. An elegant commonplace, with some little truth in it, but truth which by no means allows of such generalization. It is with that saying as with another famous aphorism, according to which martyrs are the seed of the Church. All very well, but the Church has nevertheless been in many cases and places eradicated by persecution. There is, besides, no fair play; and there can be none, in a contest between a powerful body like the Catholic Church and a nation like the French, where no other free agency, no other national pursuit is organized. Experience, at all events, shows that lay initiative with us has so far been totally unable to compete with the action of the clergy.

If nobody is found so convinced of the sacredness of abstract principles as to set them above all restrictions, we then come down to lower ground, to a qualified proposition, and we have to ex-

amine whether the dangers threatened to the State and to society by the monastic orders are such as to justify an infringement upon the liberties of Frenchmen.

The dangers apprehended from the Catholic Church are of two sorts. Some are of a political, others are of a more social nature. The Church is denounced, both as hostile to republican institutions and as exercising a baneful influence on education, and generally on the morality, the dignity, and the welfare of society. In a speech addressed to a popular audience M. Gambetta once pointed to Clericalism as being "the enemy." The converse holds good, and the republic has from the first been treated by the Catholic Church as an adversary. Nor, I must say, is the mutual suspicion or aversion unfounded, but rather based upon a right instinct. A republic is the most direct expression of the principle of popular government, of the sovereignty of the national will, and that principle, in the eyes of the Catholic Church, is the great heresy of modern times. Besides, if, theoretically speaking, there is no reason why a republic should not profess orthodoxy as well as a kingdom or an empire, yet as matters stand, and taking the conditions of modern society as they are, a republic certainly excludes all forms of State religion.

It could not, without violating its fundamental law, subordinate civil rights to a religious profession, or grant privileges to a religious community. As its government represents the aggregate of citizens, and as these belong to various denominations, or, it may be, to no denomination at all, it would be to the detriment of equality if a particular creed were set up as national, and prerogatives attached to it. Without, therefore, entering here into the merits of established churches in countries where politics and religion have been gradually evolving out of past conditions, and where there is a general repugnance to break off the thread of tradition, I take it that a republic, and especially a republic set up, as was the case with us, on the ruins of old forms and institutions, has for its logical sequence a systematic indifference to religious questions as such. It lacks theological qualification—it cannot enter into the merits or demerits of a creed. This is the meaning of that lay character of the State of which we hear so much now. It has been said that "*La République ne va pas à la messe*," and the saying may pass as a blunt way of expressing the state of things I have just described. It does not by any means imply that the republic is an enemy to religion; it sets out the inevitable antagonism of a lay government to a religious society which believes itself commissioned to bring nations and states under the sway of infallible authority. Catholicism is aware of that antagonism; it is conscious that it lies in the nature of things, and in spite of occa-

sional denegations and protestations, it has set down the republic as a personal adversary.

The essential hostility between Clericalism and the republic has been remarkably embittered by the toleration which our institutions extend to one form of dissent. It is a fact too much overlooked, but which deeply affects our politics, that a great part of modern thought—that a large proportion, at all events, of our population—has broken with all forms of religion. Liberty of conscience formerly had only to do with different faiths; it was merely claimed on behalf of the sects which dissented from the State creed and the Established Church. Catholic orthodoxy itself, in the course of time, had been brought to adjust its natural intolerance to this irksome fact that one half of Europe, at the Reformation, had broken loose from its allegiance to Rome. Rome tried long and hard to ignore the fact; she protested against it; she used all the forms of persecution to put out a schism which gave a practical denial to her pretensions, but without success; the right of dissent had, in some shape or other, to be recognized at last. France, for her part, resorted to that irrational, absurd, but all the more significant arrangement whereby three religions which damn each other—the Romish, the Protestant, and the Jewish—were equally satiated out of the public purse. Habit and the uselessness of all efforts to the contrary had gradually reconciled the most sectarian to this state of things, when another stubborn fact, and much more troublesome still, came in for recognition. The sixteenth century had broken up the religious unity of Europe, but the eighteenth century had done worse; it had set up human reason and the so-called light of nature against supernatural religion. Modern science has gone on deepening the opposition; and it has come to this at last, that incredulity has become a power in its turn, that it demands to be not merely tolerated, but in some sense recognized. My readers will remember the melancholy controversy which rose a few years ago among us as to the right of a man to be buried without any religious rites at all. Everything was tried by the Clericals to put a stop to those, in their eyes, impious manifestations; they never mentioned them but with expressions of contempt and abhorrence; the reactionary party then in power subjected civil burials, as they were called, to all sorts of vexatious restrictions. All this has ceased naturally since Marshal MacMahon has resigned and the republic has passed into the hands of the Republicans, and the victory of these has had this momentous, though hardly yet realized, consequence—the liberty of unbelief. A sufficient cause of distrust and disgust to the Catholic Church, if others had been wanting.

The last grievance of the Church against the republic which I shall mention is of a peculiar nature, and although deeply resented,

remains, for obvious reasons, a silent wrong. The republic has no tenderness for the sores of Catholicism, and even if it had it would be unable to conceal them. The liberty which the press enjoys leaves no means of protecting any man or class of men against publicity. The consequence is that French newspapers are now daily chronicling and French tribunals daily punishing a number of deeds exceedingly damaging to the good fame of the clergy, and which in former times would never have come to light. The Church, in such cases, cannot do without the protection, not to say the complicity, of the State, and this is, besides other reasons, why her natural affinities are with irresponsible and discretionary power.

The hostility of the Catholic Church against the republic is not a matter of inference or surmise. It could not but break out in spite of that worldly wisdom for which the priesthood was famed of old, but which the eagerness of hatred is apt to neglect. The clergy had its share in the intrigues which, in October, 1873, four months after the fall of M. Thiers, so nearly succeeded in delivering up France into the hands of a legitimate monarch. There had been, however, no occasion at that time for an actual and visible clerical intervention. The case was different with the last move of the monarchists, when Marshal MacMahon was induced to dismiss the cabinet headed by M. Jules Simon, to form a reactionary ministry under the Duc de Broglie, to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, and to call upon the electors to decide between the contending principles and parties. As the supreme decision was lodged with the constituencies, the Conservatives brought to bear upon them all the pressure which administrative centralization commands, all the influence which the aristocracy and the clergy put at their disposal. So decisive appeared the struggle, so generally was it viewed as the supreme effort of conservatism against revolution, as the last hope of monarchy against the republic, that all considerations of prudence or decency were forgotten. The upholders of the good cause threw all they had and all they were into the contest. The clergy, in particular, made it a question of life or death. Pio Nono, with characteristic rashness, set them the example. Receiving a band of pilgrims from the diocese of Angers, he spoke of the peril which threatened France and society, and expressed his hope that the new deputies would support the Government and triumph over all enemies at home and abroad. He went farther, and at the request of the *Association de Notre Dame du Salut*, he granted indulgences to such as should take part in a *neuvaine* or *triduum* on behalf of the elections; three hundred days for each day of prayer, and plenary indulgence to those who should receive the holy communion at the close. Marshal MacMahon, in the mean while, was making a tour in the provinces to stir up the loyalty of the populations. At Bordeaux he visited the cathedral,

where he was received by the archbishop, Cardinal Donnet. The prelate addressed the marshal as the "supreme hope of France," expressing a belief that God had chosen him for purposes of "reparation," and declaring that his undertaking would be attended with the blessing of the Pope. This, however, was deemed too much for the temper of the country. The ministers throughout these manifestations were sadly perplexed between the advantage of having the clergy with them, and the apprehension of disgusting many of the voters if they appeared in too close an alliance with the Church. The consequence was that the speech of Cardinal Donnet was omitted in the account which the *Journal Officiel* gave of the journey of the President. The same anxiety betrays itself in telegrams sent in all directions by M. de Fourtou, the Minister for Home Affairs, enjoining the local authorities to keep down the zeal of the bishops and prevent publicity being given to their pastoral letters. Too late in many cases, for the newspapers of the time record a number of those episcopal charges, and give the text of some of them. The Archbishop of Bourges was the first in the field, warning the faithful against what he called "the revolutionary programme," recommending prayers for the union of all Conservatives at the ballot-box, ordering a *triduum*, and proclaiming the indulgences vouchsafed by the Pope. The Archbishop of Chambéry declared the contest to be a battle *pro aris et focis*. The Bishop of Tarentaise went so far as to say that voting for an opposition candidate was as guilty an act as "a sacrilegious communion." This intemperance, as foreseen, produced in many cases the reverse of the effect which was intended. There is a telegram from the Prefect of the Creuse expressing to the minister his fear that such pastoral effusions should indispose the population of his department, which, he says, "are above all anti-clerical."

The example set by the episcopate was followed by the lower clergy, the religious orders, and generally by all the good people of the land. There was a so-called "League of the Heart of Jesus," which published a manual of prayers addressed to that "divine heart," and to "the immaculate heart of Mary," in order to obtain a favorable issue "to the terrible crisis which Christian society was actually going through." The pulpit resounded with personal denunciations of Liberal candidates; priests distributed bulletins of votes; nuns visited families on behalf of the holy cause; everything, in fact, concurred to give the elections of 1877 the character of a religious contention.

The imprudence with which the Catholic Church committed herself in that desperate attack against the republic would be sufficient to account for the aversion which the Republicans entertain toward her. Political grievances, on the other hand, fail to explain why the aversion to the clergy manifests itself chiefly in

connection with public instruction and against the monastic orders which have set themselves to the task of educating the young. We must, therefore, look about for deeper causes of dislike, nor are they far to seek. In a democracy like ours, with the active struggle for existence that is going on not only between individuals but between nations, with the incessant changes which free discussion and scientific discovery are daily effecting in thought and life, the priest comes unavoidably to be looked upon as a being of a different nature from our own, a stranger to our feelings and concerns, incapable of understanding the ruling passions of our breast, member of another city, child of another fatherland. The representative of infallibility and immutability in an age of perpetual evolution, he is felt to be opposed to all that we care for and live for. Add to this the present awful mediocrity of the clergy. There is not, in France, one man in orders who has attained of late years any distinction either in science or in literature; there is not one book written by a priest that has drawn the attention of the reading public. Mgr. Dupanloup, the Bishop of Orleans, who was made so much of, and died a member of the Académie Française and of the Senate, was nothing more than a clever pamphleteer, and he has had no successor. There is a general feeling that the Church is hopelessly barren, addicted to idle studies, at war with society, and that feeling has been intensified into disgust by the broaching of uncouth or paradoxical dogmas such as the immaculate conception and papal infallibility, by the propagation of such impostures as the miracles of Lourdes and La Salette; by the fanaticism displayed in the pilgrimages to holy places; by the setting up of all sorts of new rites and worship, half silly, half nauseous. There could not be any more doubt of it in the face of such instances of fraud and superstition; instead of accommodating itself to our ways and our wants, of dropping out of its traditions what was not strictly necessary. Catholicism was bent on widening the distance between reason and revelation, the world and the Church. A reconciliation was out of the question, and it remained to see which of the two contending powers would carry the day.

The peculiar morality of Catholicism is not less foreign to the modern mind than its superstitions. Casuistry, indeed, though bound up with the practice of confession, and probably inseparable from it, has been held up to detestation before this, and by the pious themselves. It is owing to the ridicule thrown upon Jesuitism by Pascal, in his "*Lettres Provinciales*," that the word has remained to this day synonymous with the silencing of honest scruples by the juggle of distinctions. Michelet, the eloquent historian, published in 1844 a book called "*Du Prêtre, de la Femme et de la Famille*," which denounced in fervid language the influ-

ence of the confessor on women, and the consequent estrangement between husband and wife. I cannot say whether the book is still in the hands of the public, but the impression it produced has subsisted. The present controversy could not fail to turn to account the indignation which the perversity of the casuists excites in all unsophisticated minds. The task was taken up by M. Paul Bert, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and a man of considerable scientific reputation. M. Bert struck out a new course. Instead of raking up old quotations and commenting upon them, he merely put into French the "*Compendium Theologiæ Moralis*" and the "*Casus Conscientiæ*" of a modern Jesuit, Father Gury. Gury, who died recently, was a professor in the College of the Jesuits at Rome. His works have gone through several editions, they are in general use, they have been commended by high ecclesiastical authority, and here they are now, divested of all disguise, an unsavory reading, "smelling rank to heaven," deepening the horror with which the confessional and its mysteries were already viewed.

In spite of all this polemical activity, the controversy against Catholicism seems to me remarkable for one omission. It has set in full light the anti-republican partisanship of the Church, as well as the immoral tendency of her casuistry; but, strange to say, it has neglected what seemed the chief point of the discussion—I mean the particular qualifications, or rather disqualifications, of the clergy as educators of the youth of France. And what makes the oversight stranger still is, that no point was weaker in the case of the Jesuits, and that on none was it easier to shut them up in their own admissions. Jesuits may refuse to admit the cogency of arguments taken from the history of their order, from the causes of their suppression in the last century; they may, to a certain extent, waive the accusations drawn from the works of their writers; but one testimony they cannot evade, and that is their own rules and statutes. To reject the authority of St. Ignatius, or to attenuate the binding force of the "*Constitutions*," would be to give up what has ever been accounted by themselves as their distinctive character. How is it, then, that they have not been put to the test in the late discussions, and confronted, as it were, with the text of those fundamental works, the "*Exercitia Spirituality*," the "*Regulæ Societatis*," and the "*Constitutiones*?" There it is that the Jesuit is depicted as he is and as he ought to be, with his notions of human society, with his principles of conduct, his ideal of perfection, and the end proposed to his zeal. The "*Exercitia*," drawn up by Ignatius himself, form a course of religious meditations and contemplations which every novice has to go through before entering the order, and which every father must renew as often as he can. And what is the spirit which these exercises tend to excite or to revive? The same which animated

Loyola himself when he penned those precepts, as the legend has it, in the grotto of Manreza—a spirit of heated fanaticism ; a calling up of visions in which humankind appears divided in two camps or armies, with Christ on one side, Satan on the other, both represented under as bodily and material a form as possible ; delightful scenery on one hand, smoke, brimstone, and fire in the other, and all men engaged in eternal and uncompromising warfare. Such is the notion of human society and the precepts of conduct taught to the members of the order. That fanatical conception of things, however, is to be veiled under the humility and modesty of the outward behavior. The rules regulate every gesture and motion. A Jesuit must not turn his head without necessity, but keep it slightly bent forward, with his eyes habitually down. He is not, when he speaks, to look his interlocutor in the face. He is commanded to appear cheerful, taking care neither to open nor to close his lips too much, avoiding to knit his brows or his nose (*Rugæ in fronte, ac multo magis in naso evitentur, ut serenitas exterius cernatur*). A curious piece of sanctimonious tuition ! And yet it is nothing to the celebrated prescriptions of the "Constitutions," which require a Jesuit not only to obey but to compress all inward objection to the orders he receives ; not only to crush secret opposition, but to appropriate the command, as it were, to abstain from judging it, to silence all appreciation as well as all resistance. The Jesuit must "persuade himself that all he is ordered to do is just, and, with blind submission, divest himself of all thought or sentiment to the contrary." He will thus attain that consummation of perfection which is described under the famous comparison of the disciple being in the hands of his superior like a corpse which is carried here and there—like a stick which is moved about without resistance. Francis of Assisi had expressed it before Loyola : "I do not," he said, "want living men for disciples, but dead bodies !"

Every one has, of course, a right to his own ideal of life, but I ask, How could a country like ours, having its democratic institutions to protect and its rank to keep in the competition of free and progressive nations—how could it, without giving up its civilization, its dignity, its power, leave the education of its youth to the care of men whose educational principles are made up of fanaticism, sanctimoniousness, and self-abasement, of bitterness and hollowness—tending with express purpose to the destruction of all self-reliance and manliness—accounting as sin all that we hold chief virtues, the right and duty of private judgment, the liberty of creed, the toleration of error, the questioning of authority, the resistance to arbitrary power ? The closer one looks into the subject the more convinced he will be that the present movement in France against clerical teaching, far from being the offspring of irreligious fanaticism, comes from a deep instinct of national duty,

and is the more ardent where the interest taken in public morality and public education is stronger. For here recurs the question with which I set out. If all I said is true, what becomes of the objections drawn from the rights of the priest to teach and of parents to choose whom they please as teachers of their children? Is there a right which is not subordinate to the safety and welfare of the community? Is there a liberty which is not liable to restriction if circumstances require it? Was there ever a bill voted by a parliament that did not limit the freedom of somebody? Or shall we say that the danger with which Jesuitism threatens society is not evident or serious enough to justify the intervention of the law? I know, for my part, of no nation whose history does not record greater sacrifices of abstract principles to the necessities of existence. *Salus populi suprema lex* is a terrible maxim, which has served as a pretext for all kinds of tyranny, but against which it is of no use spending one's eloquence, for it is identical with the right of self-preservation!

I do not overlook, as will be seen from my language, the consequences of an action of the Government in the matter of religion, and in a country where the Church is powerful, the clergy numerous, the upper classes devotional, and a large proportion of the inhabitants still attached to their religious traditions. The contest in which the republic has engaged is certainly no light warfare. It may result in a conflict of the majority of the population with a minority so large that the State will be shaken to its foundations, and the victory, though legal, will savor of oppression. All this is very true, and, if it happens, very sad, but what is to be done if the struggle is in the nature of things and cannot be avoided? Are we to fold our arms, to shut our eyes, and to drift toward the condition of Spain or Paraguay? It is worthy of remark that a politician like M. Jules Favre, though born a Roman Catholic, should have come to the conclusion that the chief cause of the evil destinies of France was its resistance to the Protestant Reformation. The fact is, that the weight of an unsolved question seems to lie on those European states which, three centuries ago, shut themselves up against spiritual emancipation. They have to break off, in their turn, with theocracy, to disengage themselves from the trammels of a dead tradition. The nineteenth century will complete the work of the sixteenth, and the nations which are found unable to accomplish that revolution will fall into the rear of civilization.

I cannot conclude without anticipating a reproach which seems fatal to my argument. It cannot but have struck my readers that I have all along indiscriminately spoken of the Jesuits, of the religious orders, and of the Catholic Church, while M. Jules Ferry's bill left out the secular clergy, and the late decrees themselves introduced a distinction between the Jesuits, whose suppression is

to take place without any more discussion, and the other congregations who may be authorized if they choose to ask for it. The confusion to which I plead guilty, and which, indeed, was voluntary on my part, has marked all the parliamentary debates on the subject; it has affected all the discussions of the press, and my opinion is that it cannot be avoided. The Government and its supporters have an obvious interest in narrowing the field of the contest, and therefore in maintaining a distinction between the orders and the Church, and there is no doubt that they are sincere when they insist on their respect for the liberty of Catholic worship. It is not less certain, at the same time, that the old differences between the secular and the regular clergy have dwindled away; that the whole Catholic Church breathes, nowadays, the same spirit and compasses the same ends, and consequently that the conflict into which we are entering goes much farther than politicians would have it. The agitation against the monastic congregations is in reality a movement against Catholicism itself, instinctively recognized as irreconcilable with popular institutions and free thought. Without being, perhaps, conscious of it, France obeys the historical law which I was just speaking of, the logical necessity which impels Catholic nations to get rid of the last relics of the Middle Ages. If such is the case, the contest cannot limit itself to the present demonstrations. It will, sooner or later, end with the abrogation of the Concordat of 1801, with the suppression of the salary of the clergy, in a word, with the disestablishment of the Catholic Church. These measures, we must not forget, were, during the whole of the Second Empire, the common programme of the Liberal party. The cautious and temperate *Journal des Débats* never lost an opportunity at that time to advocate them as the only solution of ecclesiastical difficulties. Once in power, it is true, and with the responsibilities of government upon them, the Republicans qualified their former position. They understood that the great mass of the population is bound to the clergy by habits and feelings which it would not do to overlook. Even in those parts of the country (for there are great differences in that respect) where the peasantry are indifferent to religion, or, it may be, laugh and scoff at their curate, where no male attends mass, and much less the confessional, the parson is yet to them a social necessity. His intervention cannot be spared when they marry, or christen their children, or bury their friends. They are used to the ceremonies of the Church—they could not do without them; they would resent as a wrong the law which deprived them of the parish priest, or left them to pay for his services. I have no doubt myself that in such a country as France, where the working population is as penurious as it is thrifty, the Church could not subsist on the voluntary system; but I am much more certain still, that to throw

the Church on the contributions of the faithful would be a most hazardous political experiment. Here is the real difference between the secular clergy and the monastic orders—not in the spirit which animates them, but in their hold on the attachment of the people. The suppression of monkhood will irritate the upper classes and higher *bourgeoisie*, who send their children to the clerical schools, but it will leave the great mass of the nation indifferent; while measures tending to disturb the existing parish relations would be sure to alienate the rural electors from the republic. Republican leaders such as M. Gambetta have seen this, and have not hesitated to let go their theoretical tenets about the separation between Church and State, and to proclaim the duty of maintaining the provisions of the Concordat.

Such, therefore, is the present situation: political considerations recommending to deal gently with the religious problem, to leave untouched the position of the "curé," and to respect the settlement of 1801; but, on the other hand, a deep and general feeling that Catholicism is an enemy; that its genius is incompatible with our political institutions and social aspirations; that it must be brought down to the condition of a purely religious association. It is the conflict of these opposite tendencies which, for good or for evil, will shape out the destinies of the Third French Republic.

EDMOND SCHERER, in the *Contemporary*.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

THE appreciation of the beauty of inanimate nature has its origin in an advanced period of civilization. The sense of human beauty, connected as it is with the most universal of passions, probably developed itself long before the historical period; it is certain that in the earliest times of which we have any information this sense manifested itself in painting and sculpture. But the sense of natural beauty, independent as it is of human passion, was of far later birth and slower growth. It probably originated in the association of certain natural scenes with man's comfort and enjoyment. The landscapes of the "Odyssey"—as has been pointed out by Mr. Ruskin—consist chiefly of fountains, meadows, gardens, shady groves. The garden of Alcinoüs is very much of a kitchen garden, containing rows of pear-trees, apple-trees, fig-trees, olive-trees, and vines laden with grapes, together with beds of vegetables, chiefly leeks, planted between them. I speak of the description of the garden of Homer, not by Pope. There is indeed in the "Iliad" a fine picture of a starlit night by way of background to

an encamping host, in which the sharp effect is given of the ship's prows, and the rocky peaks cut out against the sky; and Homer applied to mountains the epithet "shadowy," indicating that he saw them not as they are found to be when approached, but as they appear at a distance, their favorite aspect with the painter. But there seems no ground for believing that Homer, or indeed any of the ancient Greeks, rose to an adequate appreciation of nature's own proper beauty, independently of association with man's comfort and convenience.

Nor did the Romans advance in this respect much, if at all, beyond the Greeks.

Lucretius could enjoy the green turf, the spring flowers, and the frolicking lambs, in spite of the difficulty of determining the precise form of atoms of which these objects were composed. Horace especially enjoyed his Falernian under the shade of an arbutus, on the bank of a rivulet, and looked with some satisfaction on the view from Tibur and Baïæ. Virgil was more appreciative of landscape. His "Georgics" and his "Eclogues" abound with pretty rural scenes, some of them doubtless borrowed from Theocritus. He had an eye for the cloud-shadows sweeping across the mountains, for the lengthening evening shades, for the smoke curling from the distant farms; and in the "Æneid," describing the wooded bay in which the Trojan fleet was concealed, has certainly suggested a beautiful landscape. Still his rural scenes are but accessory to his shepherds and shepherdesses; and his bay in the African coast is but a background to the fleet. The love of landscape by the most poetical and artistic of the Romans appears but faint compared with our own.

I cannot find that mountain scenery, which has most attractions of all for many people, ever found any favor with the ancients. As gardens and groves were associated with enjoyment, so rocks and mountains were associated with hardship, discomfort, toil, cold, and hunger; and are accordingly abused in good set terms. They are rugged, steep, barren, inhospitable, toilsome, stormy, in short, everything that is inconvenient and disagreeable, the epithet quoted from Homer being, I believe, quite exceptional. Dido in her fury can think of nothing worse to which to compare Æneas than Caucasian rocks; the world had to grow much older before the Caucasus could be explored and painted for its beauty. A painter of mountain scenery among the ancients, if he had been possible, would probably have been considered mad. But neither mountain scenery nor any other was painted. In Pliny's gossiping account of all the painters and pictures he had ever seen or heard of—the pictures being for the most part battle-pieces and mythological subjects—I do not think that a description of one landscape, properly so called, is to be found. The only painter he

mentions who can be called in any sense a landscape painter is one Ludius, who in the time of Augustus painted on walls "villas, porticos, groves, hills, fish-ponds, boats, and donkey-chaises, in short, anything you pleased to order." But Pliny evidently regards Ludius with a good deal of contempt. The few attempts at landscape among the paintings of Pompeii indicate ignorance of the first principles of the art.

I think we shall not be wrong in concluding that the art of landscape painting as now practised was an art unknown to the ancients.

Nor did it appear early in the renaissance of art. Figure painting culminated in Michael Angelo and Raphael nearly a century before the birth of Claude, who may perhaps be regarded as the earliest of landscape painters proper. It is true that Titian and other great Venetians had painted before him fine landscapes as backgrounds to figures, but few, if any, landscapes complete in themselves, having for their sole or main object the representation of inanimate nature. Ghirlandajo had painted some formal trees and buildings. Domenichino and Annibale Caracci had painted better landscape backgrounds. Rubens had also painted some good landscapes, to which, however, he did not give the best of his mind, a little before Claude's time. Rembrandt had likewise painted some, powerful in light and shade. But the art had never been systematically taught or studied; and Claude, of whom Mr. Ruskin has finely said that he first put the sun in the heavens, had in a great measure to invent it. Salvator Rosa, the Poussins, and other Italian painters were his younger contemporaries. (I am aware that Claude and the Poussins are usually assigned to the French school; but I cannot help thinking that, having regard to their subjects, they more properly belong to the Italian.) Cuyp, Both, Hobbema, Ruysdael, Vandervelde, and other Dutch painters soon followed; but they painted independently, and must also be taken to have in a great measure invented their art for themselves.

Landscape painting is, then, a new art, and I venture to think that it is not even yet sufficiently appreciated or completely mastered.

The extent to which it was esteemed in England toward the close of the last century may be gathered from the following extract from the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

After speaking of the grand historical style, he proceeds:

"As for the various departments of painting which do not presume to make such high pretensions, there are many. None of them are without their merit, though none of them enter into competition with this universal presiding idea of the art. The painters who have applied themselves more particularly to low and vulgar characters, and who express with precision the various shades of passion as they are exhibited by vulgar minds (such as we see in

the works of Hogarth), deserve great praise; but as their genius has been employed in low and confined subjects, the praise which we give must be as limited as its object. The merry-making and the quarrelling of the boors of Teniers, the same sort of productions of Brouwer or Ostade, are excellent in their kind. . . . This principle may be applied to the battle-pieces of Borgognone, the French gallantries of Watteau, *and even beyond the exhibition of animal life to the landscapes of Claude Lorraine, and the sea-views of Vanderwerfde.*"

Truly sublime is the condescension with which landscape painting is patronized, as ranking not much below that vulgar art which depicts the merry-making and the quarrelling of boors!

I had the curiosity to look out "Landscape Painting" in the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," published in 1860, and on finding it was referred to the article "Painting." (The edition now being published has not yet reached the letter P.) Throughout the whole article, consisting of eighty pages, not a dozen sentences are devoted to landscape. Some casual mention occurs of Claude, and I think of Salvator and the Poussins. No reference is made to the landscape painters of the Dutch school; not a word is said about Turner. Turner had lived and died without producing the slightest impression on the writer, who evidently considered landscape art beneath his notice.

Before Mr. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" there was not, as far as I am aware, any work of the slightest consequence on landscape painting in this or any other language. In short, landscape was regarded as an inferior branch of art, and is to some extent so regarded still. The Royal Academicians would seem so to regard it, if we may judge by the extent to which it is represented among them. I speak of Academicians, not of Associates.

It may not be altogether uninteresting to inquire whether the opinion that the painting of landscape is an inferior branch of art is or is not well founded.

I will put aside some of the greatest of all paintings, the figures in the Sistine Chapel, the Madonna di San Sisto, the Transfiguration, and a few others, such as we are not likely to see again, for some time at least, and will address myself to landscape painting as compared with what Sir Joshua calls "history painting," and portraiture, for both of which he claims a far higher place.

The aim of the historical painter is to impress the imagination by representing human action and passion as expressed by the human face and figure. It would be doing historical painting no injustice to describe its ultimate object as the expression of the sublime and beautiful. The object of portrait painting is not merely to make a likeness, though to make a good likeness is by no means a common or an easy achievement, but to depict as much intelli-

gence, grandeur, or beauty as is to be found in the best expression of the sinner. What is the object of the landscape painter? It is also to express the sublime and beautiful, as seen in the face of Nature—in her features of plain, mountain, forest, river, sea, and sky, ever varying in expression, as they are lit by sunshine, or dimmed by mist, or darkened by storm. Is the sense of the sublime and beautiful to which the landscape painter addresses himself an inferior faculty to that which is addressed by the painter of history or portraits? Why? In what respect? Why is the mental state which is impressed by the mountain, the lake, the sunshine, the storm, and by well-painted representations of them, a lower state than that which is impressed by a picture of Alfred burning the cakes, or the murder of Rizzio, or the battle of Trafalgar, or a portrait of George the Third, or, if it is preferred, of Charles the First? What is the test by which the relative altitudes of these states of mind is to be measured? Is it that which necessarily implies the higher intelligence and culture? Assuming this test, there can be no question that less intelligence and culture are required for some appreciation at least of historical and portrait painting than are required for the appreciation of landscape. Men are affected by historical and portrait painting in comparatively barbarous times, before the feeling for landscape could possibly have arisen. Virgil is guilty of no anachronism in representing Æneas as deeply moved by the historical paintings in the Carthaginian temple of the battles of the Greeks and Trojans, and Priam in the tent of Achilles; but Virgil would have been guilty of a gross anachronism if he had represented Æneas as capable of appreciating a landscape painting, supposing such a painting to have been then possible, of seeing grandeur or beauty or anything but discomfort in mountains or clouds, or anything more than convenience in the most beautiful scenes. Virgil himself did not attain to the poetry of landscape; this was reserved for the higher culture, the deeper thought, and more original observation of Wordsworth.

Even in this our day the appreciation of historical and portrait painting is a more common, not to use Sir Joshua's expression, a more "vulgar," faculty than that of landscape. Many a worthy Englishman will gaze with intense interest on a picture of the battle of Waterloo, and will admire a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who has no eye for a landscape, real or painted; and is capable of regarding the grandest aspects of sky from no other point of view than their probable effect on the crops. Nay, I have heard educated men, even men pretending to knowledge of art, gravely maintain that there is nothing picturesque in the Alps!

If invidious comparisons are insisted on, the landscape painter may fairly maintain that he appeals to the higher sentiment, born

later in the world's life, the offspring of a more advanced civilization. He may further maintain that the kind of landscape art which deals least with what is termed "human interest," which seeks to impress the imagination by the majesty of cloud and mountain form, and the sublimity of immeasurable space, which lifts the mind above man and his concerns, to the contemplation of God through the grandest scenes of nature, appeals to the highest intelligence of all.

But I deprecate invidious comparisons. There is sublimity in the human countenance, in human action and passion. There is sublimity in nature. Who shall determine which sublimity is the sublimer? It may be said, "The human face and form express the soul of man; must not the representation of them be higher art than the representation of mere insensate matter?" Those who believe the soul of man to be the only spirit in the universe may concede this: but if there be a Creator of man and nature, and if, as poets and painters love to think, the sublime and beautiful in nature may be regarded as in some sense manifestations of the divine mind, gladdening and elevating our poor intelligences, surely nothing can be worthier of the highest art. In truth, the artist who by words, or by forms, or by colors, or by sounds, conveys to us grand or beautiful ideas, is a public instructor and benefactor. Among such instructors and benefactors I will not attempt to draw up a table of precedence. I desire no more than to enter my protest against the depreciation of a branch of painting which I hold to be the true strength of the English school, and to record my obligation to the eloquent writer who first claimed its place for landscape art, who first explained its principles, and told its history.

But it must be admitted that landscape painting has not so far advanced as has painting of the figure, and that, *pace* Turner and Ruskin, it has not yet produced its Raphael or its Michael Angelo. Nor is this surprising when we consider that the one art is scarcely three hundred years old, whereas the other is more than three thousand! Moreover, the latter art has many advantages in practice over the former. The figure can be painted indoors, the model can be posed, the drapery can be hung on the lay-figure, the light can be adjusted, the effect can be chosen and reproduced. The landscape painter is dependent on the weather. He is perpetually on the defensive against his enemies—the sun, the wind, the rain, and the gnats. He is scorched and blown about, and wetted and bitten. The aspect of nature is ever changing. In the most settled weather, what was in light in the morning is in shade in the afternoon; but the weather is seldom settled, seldomest where the scenery is most picturesque. Clouds and mist sweep across the scene; the sun plays at hide-and-seek; effects the most various.

each more beautiful and fleeting than the last, dazzle and confound the artist. The best point of view is often difficult to attain. When he has attained it, he is often unable to sit or stand with comfort. Indeed, some robustness and physical endurance are required, which are apt to fail after middle life, whereupon the artist, having to fall back upon his old stock of ideas without acquiring new, commonly reproduces them with less and less freshness and truth, falls into mannerism, and deteriorates. There is, however; apparently a law of compensation which sustains him in his decadence—the worse he paints the farther he recedes from nature, the more his mannerisms become developed the more fervid usually is the worship of his admirers. There has been comparatively little school or academy teaching of landscape, which must be in a great measure learned out of doors; and yet it is not an art which can be brought to perfection in one lifetime, or in many. A long series of Umbrian painters, ending with Perugino; another series of Florentine painters, from the earliest Renaissance, Pisano, Cimabue, Giotto, Masaccio, Ghirlandajo, and others, led up to Raphael, who would not have been possible without them. Claude had, as we have seen, in the Darwinian sense, no ancestors, but created himself. It would have been no less than a miracle if he had become the Raphael of landscape.

To attempt a history even in outline of landscape art, or a review of its different schools, would obviously exceed the limits of this article. With respect to the French-Italian school, headed by Claude, the Poussins, and Salvator, I content myself with saying that I subscribe to most of what has been written of them by Mr. Ruskin. Claude painted very well only sunlight. He had little feeling for the grand, as distinguished from the beautiful; his foregrounds were bad; his trees often conventional; his cows abominable. Salvator's rocks were ill-drawn; in short, he drew nothing very well. The Poussins unduly darkened their foregrounds and middle distance in order to bring them out into stronger relief against the sky (it should, however, be borne in mind that the blackness of the foregrounds of old pictures is in some measure attributable to repeated varnishing). They thought that the effect of sunlight was to be rendered by dark, undefined shadows, instead of by gray shadows, sharp-edged, and were guilty of numerous other blunders and delinquencies. I have only to say on behalf of the artists that, considering they had to invent a new art, I am more inclined to be grateful to them for what they have done than to blame them for their shortcomings, though I freely acknowledge the good service Mr. Ruskin has rendered in dissipating many venerable delusions. As for those ignorant connoisseurs who have been in the habit of praising the old masters of land-

scape at the expense of far better modern painters, I have no desire to shelter them from his just indignation.

He appears, however, somewhat less than just to the Dutch landscape school, which arose about the same time, and forms a series of true and original painters of landscape, though not of the highest order, on the whole more faithful to nature than the French and Italian schools. It may well be conjectured that their pictures were brighter, and in every respect better, before dirt and many layers of varnish had given them that "tone" which so delights the eye of the connoisseur. Landscape art appears to have a good deal degenerated all over Europe toward the end of the seventeenth and far into the eighteenth century, and to have been in some danger of dying out; but in the latter part of that century and during the present it has more than regained its own, and England may take the principal credit for its revival. Wilson, who may be called the earliest of our landscape painters, imported from Italy the manner of Claude, and produced many pretty landscapes, agreeably colored, though for the most part somewhat feeble and conventional, indicating insufficient study of nature, Gainsborough, more vigorous, but not more accurate, painted in a broad dashing manner what I should venture to call rather sketches than pictures. Both these painters deserve honor as the chief founders of the English school, though I cannot help thinking that most of their works would now be deservedly rejected at the Academy.

Crome, Cotman, and others of what is termed the Norwich school were better painters, though too much affected by the traditions of Umber, which, under the auspices of Sir George Beaumont, for a long time embrowned English landscape. Constable was a powerful and original painter, excellent in his careful work, though often coarse and careless, and so mannered as to be easily imitable. Unless I am much mistaken, a very few years ago a spurious Constable was conspicuously hung in an exhibition of pictures by old masters at Burlington House; so was a spurious Turner, which had been painted by a young artist a few months before. On Constable's style is supposed to be in a great measure founded a new French school of landscape, about which something will be said hereafter. Space permits only mention of the names of Stanfield, perhaps the greatest of marine painters, though his genius was not confined to that class of subject; of Calcott, of Creswick, of Roberts, of Bonnington, of Müller (little recognized in his short lifetime), of Linnell (still happily among us), of Collins, of Morland, each of whom has done much to advance landscape art and the reputation of the English school.

Turner is by general consent the greatest of landscape painters. Whatever may be the future of the art, to whatever perfection it

may be carried, his advent must always be an important epoch in its history. Availing himself of all that was known before he, vastly extended the field of knowledge, he ranged over all nature, none of whose aspects was alien to him, and conquered new worlds for art. Yet I by no means subscribe to the blind adoration of his worshippers. In his early days he studied from nature elaborately and minutely, and this study always stood him in good stead. I venture, however, to think he would have done well to renew that study from time to time in later life, and that he suffered from not renewing it. In his later pictures, when he gave freest range to his imagination, his drawing somewhat failed, his coloring still more, and he became untrue to nature.

But it may be asked, "What is truth to nature?" A difficult question, some attempt to answer which must be made.

It is a trite observation that imitation is not the object of art, and, in a sense, a true one, though sometimes obscured by hazy writing. To select for imitation a piece of nature, which admits of being imitated, without reference to composition or effect, is to make a study, not a picture. Nor is deception the object of art. The old story of the birds pecking at the painted grapes certainly illustrates somewhat crude ideas on the subject. Mr. Ruskin declares that the grapes must have been very ill-painted, and denounces all exact representation of nature as low art. It is but just to him, however, to say that many passages may be found in his writings maintaining precisely the reverse. Whether a picture be or be not deceptive depends less on itself than on its surroundings. A portrait hung on a wall cannot be deceptive—it is plainly impossible for a man to be where the figure is, and further, the realism of the portrait, however great, is subdued by the greater realism and force of the surrounding objects—greater in proportion as nature's light is stronger than the artist's white paint. But remove the picture from its frame, pose the figure where a man might naturally stand, by a disposition of curtains or otherwise dim everything around it, concentrating a strong light upon it, and most good portraits will become in a great degree deceptive, none more so than those of Velasquez or Rembrandt. By such means panoramas and dioramas are made deceptive; indeed the simple process of looking through a tube excluding the frame and all other objects, gives a picture some appearance of reality—a good painting of a bas-relief in a proper light must be deceptive. The modern painter of fruit and flowers desires not to deceive birds or men, but to convey the beauty of his subject by the best disposition of forms and colors. Assuming his conception and general treatment of his subject to be good, will it be gravely contended that he can paint his grapes too like real grapes, and must make them look a little unnatural lest the birds should peck at them?

The power of imitation, which may under certain circumstances amount to deception, and is in truth neither more nor less than quite accurate drawing and coloring, is the foundation of all artistic excellence, without which no poetical or imaginative superstructure can stand. It is a power possessed by but few, and sneered at by many who are unable to appreciate or attain it.

There are people who talk and write as if every aspect of nature could be perfectly imitated, provided the artist would but condescend to do so; they insist, however, that he ought not so to demean himself, because all imitation is beneath the dignity of high art, which is concerned with expressing the ideas of the artist, infinitely finer, as they are, than anything in nature. Indeed there are some art critics who run down every picture which does not contain some element of *unlikeness* to nature. The truth is, that while many natural forms and surfaces admit of almost exact imitation, there are certain aspects of nature, and these the finest, altogether above and beyond imitation. Has not every one of us been struck from time to time by effects of nature, most commonly seen about the hours of sunrise or sunset, which have impressed us with a sense of overpowering and transcendent beauty altogether beyond the reach of art—which, if they could be literally imitated and transferred to canvas, would put to shame every picture and extinguish whole galleries? To speak with contempt of the imitation of such scenes is sheer ignorance and presumption—the imitation of them is above, not below, the highest art. They are for the most part transient, and will not wait to be painted; nor could they be if they would: they have a brilliancy and force, combined with a subtlety and delicacy, not to be attained by the rude and imperfect materials with which the painter works. It should be remembered that nature has colors compounded of sunlight not to be found on his palette. But these effects, stored in his memory, become food for his imagination, which is worth little unless fed by such food drawn plentifully and freshly from nature. He may compose and combine recollected effects with advantage, but the more realistic his painting—in other words, the more nearly it approaches the forms and colors of nature—the greater will be the effect; for it should be always borne in mind that in the power of impressing the imagination—his highest aim—nature is greater than he, and that only by obeying her can he command. I have used the word “realistic,” which I am aware is an abomination to many persons who regard “the real” as something antagonistic to the “ideal.” There is no such antagonism; they work together in perfect harmony, and their harmony is the triumph of art. Dante and Shakespeare were at once the most imaginative and realistic of poets. How terribly real is most of the “Inferno!” How terribly real is the ghost scene in “Hamlet!”

The "Madonna di San Sisto" of Raphael would impress us less were not the ideal beauty of the virgin combined with the form of a real and breathing woman, well modelled, perfectly symmetrical, natural in its attitude, with drapery disposed in natural folds, standing out from the background rounded and solid; not a mere flat piece of color, such as now seems to be regarded by a certain school as the highest art.

The term "realism" must not of course be understood as excluding composition in a picture, or requiring the artist to paint precisely what he sees before him in a given space at a given time. Nature is seldom so accommodating as to present to us a complete picture which can be inclosed in a rectangle, separated from its surroundings, transferred to canvas, and put into a frame. To remove an inconvenient tree or rock, to bring others into the picture which lie beyond it, to shift the foreground, which may often be done by a slight change of position, is dealing with the accidents rather than with the essentials of the scene, and is no violation of truth to nature. Greater liberties may at times be taken with advantage, though much caution should be observed in dealing with mountain forms which are usually far finer than anything the artist can invent. The effects of sky, however, perpetually changing as they are, and thereby influencing the landscape by gleaming lights and passing shadows, always afford a wide field for imagination based on knowledge, and a prosaic scene may be poeticized by recollected or possible effects. Still it must always be remembered that whatever is worth painting is worth painting truly, and that at the least all objects meant to be clearly seen—that is, not obscured by mist, or darkness, or distance—should be painted with fidelity; the trunk and branches of the tree should be properly articulated, the rock should be properly stratified, and look hard and solid; if the foreground be of grass, it should look like grass, if of heather it should look like heather—it should never be a mere tricky combination of colors, still less should it be a smudge. The same observations apply in a great degree to landscapes which may be called wholly imaginary, such as Turner's "Building of Carthage," and his "Garden of the Hesperides," two of the best of his imaginative works. In the latter the dragon is finely conceived and painted. He derives much of his terror from the realistic manner in which he is vertebrated, and scaled, and legged, and winged, so as to resemble a possible megalosaurus.

It is scarcely necessary to say that realism consists in the rendering, not merely of the obvious truths of nature which, as it were, stare us the face, but of those more recondite and subtle, but not less important truths of form, color, and tone which only reveal themselves slowly to patient study. At the same time over-subtlety and over-refinement, a fastidious preference for what is recondite

over what is patent to the profane vulgar, may be a fault in art, as it is in literature, leading to affectation and coxcombrty of style.

To apply these observations. Many of Turner's pictures fall in truth both of drawing and of coloring. Some of his most famous Italian pictures are marred by an ill-drawn fir, conspicuously placed, showing how far he had deteriorated in tree drawing since he painted "Crossing the Brook." His rocks are often poorly drawn, far inferior to Stanfield's, as appears in some faithful engravings published by Mr. Ruskin (altogether *alto intuitu*), in which the rocks have somewhat the appearance of feather-beds. His figures, which were presentable in his early days, when he painted "A Frosty Morning," became latterly quite intolerable. Mr. Ruskin of course defends them, and denounces the ignorance of those who would desire them to be made out and emphasized. Figures are often the better for not being made out or emphasized, but as far as they are shown they should at least resemble possible human beings, and not fantastic monsters. The falsity of the color of some of Turner's later pictures, which cannot be adequately pointed out without the pictures being before one, may be described in general terms as consisting mainly in a preponderance of red and yellow together with some too positive blue. Great as Turner undoubtedly was, he has not so completely succeeded in combining the real with the ideal as to make it impossible to conceive that a greater than Turner may arise.

It is, by the way, worthy of note that Turner, as far as I am aware, very rarely, if ever, painted a bit of positive green, such as the green of grass and meadow and some kinds of foliage, at no great distance from the eye—a beautiful color in nature, beautiful in a picture if used with discretion, and at the present time effectively employed by the best landscape painters. Turner, with all his originality, seems never to have succeeded in completely emancipating himself from the traditions of the brown school. Nothing indicates more the indiscriminating character of Mr. Ruskin's admiration than his failing to notice this.

Turner's aberrations were after all those of genius, and he is fine even in his falseness; but it is difficult to speak with equal indulgence of other kinds of offences against truth to nature.

There is a description of falseness which may not inaptly be called the tricky style of drawing and painting, ever the delight of the drawing-master as distinguished from the artist. The late Mr. J. D. Harding was the king of drawing-masters, and in his works the most conspicuous examples of this style are to be found. Artificial rules of form and color are laid down, to which nature must be made to conform whether she will or not. A certain class of lines require lines of a certain other class to counteract them; there must be antagonism of color, a cold blue cloud must be opposed by

a brown chalet, or something warm : the light must be taken into the picture in a certain way, and taken out of it in a certain other way, etc. The use of some of these rules is not denied, provided they are our slaves and not our masters ; but the Hardings would bind us with them hand and foot. An excellent specimen of a painting altogether according to rule is or was lately to be seen in Messrs. Agnew's collection in Old Bond Street, entitled "The Well-hörn and Wetter-hörn," by J. D. Harding. The forms of these mountains, among the finest in the world, are not good enough for Mr. Harding. They are accordingly produced, elongated, elevated, depressed, and improved out of all likeness to themselves ; fantastic, non-existent waterfalls, preternaturally green, leap about the picture ; a brown stump is invented for the express purpose of contrasting with a blue mist ; cold green brambles relieve themselves against yellow grass ; rocks, brown, red, blue, and gray, are scattered about in what is supposed to be picturesque confusion, with the effect of vulgarizing one of the finest scenes in the Alps. Elijah Walton is an offender of the same class. Seeking to improve the Swiss mountains by exaggeration of form and forced unnatural coloring, he succeeds in making them look small and poor. A well-known school of landscape, commonly called the Düsseldorf school, though it has produced good painters, is somewhat open to the charge of aiming at tricky and theatrical effect.

The modern French school of landscape, headed by Corot, Daubigny, Duprés, Dyas, and others, has the merit of some originality and some truth. Speaking of the school generally, its main object seems to have been to evade the difficulties of landscape painting by confining itself in a great measure to some few aspects of nature which are most easily rendered on canvas. It ignored difficult and complicated forms, such as test the artist's powers of hard drawing and knowledge of perspective, in rocky and mountainous scenes—indeed it ignored all careful drawing whatever—it ignored in a great measure space and distance ; it ignored in a great measure sunlight ; it ignored altogether the brilliancy and the variety of nature's coloring, being content for the most part to represent a small portion of her in a gray and sombre garb. Great indeed is the change from Turner's boundless range over all earth, and sea, and sky, to a school whose centre was Paris, and whose radius seldom extended beyond Fontainebleau. I do not say that nature is not beautiful in a gray and sombre garb, or that she should never be so painted ; nor do I deny the merit of a school which has found and shown the picturesque in common scenes, and what would have doubtless appeared to most of the old masters dull, unpaintable effects ; but I protest against such painting being considered the be-all and the end-all of landscape art.

Corôt, who may be taken as the representative artist of the school, painted poetically and with sentiment a phase of nature little painted before him, which may be termed the phase of haze, and grayness, and mystery; his coloring, though pitched at a key somewhat lower than nature's, is, as far as it goes, true, harmonious, and expressive of a certain kind of atmospheric effect. Whether his pictures are improved by the introduction of poorly-drawn fauns, dryads, and other classical persons, ill adapted to northern fogs, may perhaps be questioned. Mystery is certainly a powerful factor in landscape, used by nature with great effect; but nature is seldom or never all mystery. In a hazy wooded landscape—Corôt's favorite scene—you see in the natural foreground, delicately articulated branches, weeds, and ferns, beautiful in form, and, though subdued in color, perfectly made out, giving value to the mystery beyond. You see at some distance trunks of trees still more subdued in color, but firm and solid, without a particle of indecision. Corôt makes out no form; all his lines are undecided, wavy, blurred. "He represents foliage shaken by the wind," say his admirers. Aspens might be appropriately so represented; but Corôt's oaks are as wavy and undecided as his aspens, and his rocks are as soft as sand-heaps. In short, nature draws as well as colors. Corôt chooses to ignore that she draws, and is content to paint one phase of her coloring. There is some difficulty in placing an artist so *borné* among the masters of landscape.

Some of Corôt's later pictures, in which he almost lost sight of nature, seem quite valueless, indeed worse; for they have bred a swarm of imitators who simply reproduce and exaggerate his defects. Daubigny had a far wider scope, and at one time towered above the school. Some of his early landscapes, painted from the fresh study of nature, seem to me almost perfect; but some years before his death, when he probably painted only in his studio, he became careless, coarse, and blotty. I believe that, according to a law before indicated, his later pictures are those most admired by his disciples. It seems strange, that whereas the French painter expends the utmost care and elaboration in the rendering of every object indoors, no sooner does he go out than he seems to think the most random touch, the most careless smear, good enough for nature.

But perhaps I am speaking of a school in some measure passed. The French *Salon* certainly now gives some evidence of a new departure, promising better results.

Mention must not be omitted of our own water-color school, unique as it is, and without a rival. The familiar names occur of Copley Fielding, De Wint, Cox, Prout, and above all Turner, supreme in water as in oil, not unworthily succeeded by the present generation—Frith, Davison, Topham, Dodson, Naftel, Jackson,

Syer, Collingwood Smith, and a host of others. Water-color has in some respects a charm beyond that of oil; it has its own peculiar lightness, airiness, and freshness. Delicate effects are suggested by a wash, when the same color similarly laid on in oil would look opaque and heavy. For expressing some of nature's truths, water-color has the advantage; yet for expressing the whole truth, and for large pictures, it is not comparable to oil. We are satisfied with less finish on the part of the water-color painter than we expect from the oil painter—much on the principle that to whom more is given from him will more be required. Cox appears to stand at the head of the water-color school, Turner excepted. He certainly had the merit of painting certain aspects of nature, somewhat limited in number, with great truth of color, and possessed that gift of genius which consists in revealing the beauty of common things, such as a breeze sweeping over grass. But I must enter my protest against the adoration of Cox, as I have against the adoration of Turner. Some of Cox's later works are mere careless blotches to which he did not give his mind—without drawing (in drawing he was never strong), without atmospheric effect (in this he *was* strong)—in truth nothing more than a jumble of mountain and cloud, the latter as solid as the former, having no appearance of vapor, or indeed of anything but dirty paint. And yet these worthless smears fetch fabulous sums, the price of many excellent pictures.

The truth must be told. Many large buyers of pictures are wholly ignorant of art, and in the hands of dealers, who have their reasons for running up or down this or that artist. Nor are many of the art-critics in the newspapers and periodicals more trustworthy guides than the picture-dealers. Indeed I have more confidence in the judgment of the educated public, as far as landscape art is concerned, than in that of the professed art-critics.

The education of the public in landscape has advanced with extraordinary rapidity in the present century. Its teachers have been poets as well as painters, and increased facilities of locomotion have aided the instruction. People now travel not only to see men and cities, but landscapes. The most picturesque parts of the United Kingdom, as well as of the continent, are inconveniently crowded. The love of mountain scenery sends hundreds to the Rocky Mountains and the Himalayas, tens of thousands to Switzerland, and has founded half a dozen Alpine clubs. You see the best scenery dotted with white umbrellas, and the efforts of the amateur are at the least attended with the result, if with no other, of his acquiring some acquaintance with the difficulties of art, and some appreciation of its successes. Surely intelligent persons observing and loving nature must be capable of judging to some extent whether she is well or ill painted.

Undoubtedly there are art-critics, of wide knowledge and sympathies, more capable than the public of judging pictures. But there are art-critics who have much to unlearn before they are capable of judging as well. There are those who, possessing some acquaintance with galleries and treatises on art, have never read the "books in the running brooks," and try pictures not by nature's standard, but by arbitrary rules which they have crammed and are unable to apply. There are those who belong to cliques, and see each through the spectacles of his clique. There are those who pique themselves on relishing only what is "caviare to the general," and rejoice in that superiority which rises to the admiration of what, to minds on a lower level, seems ugliness and affectation. In short, the present state of art-criticism is not satisfactory, and I regard it as an advantage to art that an appeal lies from the critics to the public, which has often justly reversed their verdict. Of course the public taste is not infallible, or beyond the influence of fashion; yet in the long run it has a strong tendency to discriminate between the genuine and the spurious. Educated persons are beginning more and more to ask themselves, not whether a picture is after the manner of Turner or of Cox, nor what art-critics or professors say about it, but whether it conveys to their minds the sublimity or the beauty of nature.

To return from this digression. The more careful study of nature, the increasing habit of painting out of doors, and perhaps may be added photography, a valuable auxiliary to art if used with discretion, have greatly advanced the painting of landscape. More accuracy of form has been attained, more truth of color, and many time-honored conventionalities have disappeared. More attention has been drawn to the beauty of what used to be grandly ignored as the mere detail of nature, beneath the notice of the artist, and interfering with the breadth of his effect, a beauty which did not escape Wordsworth when he painted in his way the mountain daisy—

The beauty of its star-shaped shadow thrown
On the smooth surface of the naked stone.

Artists now condescend to paint, and to paint carefully, weeds, grass, brambles, and ferns, which were "generalized," as it is called, that is to say, not painted at all, by most of the old masters. Not indeed by all; for Titian sometimes painted weeds finely. The historical painter never supposed himself exempt from the necessity of from time to time studying from his models; the landscape painter is beginning to discover that study from *his* models—the rocks, the rivers, the trees—is no less necessary to him, and that by neglect of it he deteriorates. The effect of this more conscientious study is apparent in our exhibitions, and in some measure in those of the continent. Millais's foreground in "Over the

Hills and Far Away" is, I believe, better of its kind than anything painted by Turner; so are Brett's shingle, wet sand, and breaking waves; so are Vicat Cole's cornfields; so are Davis's cattle pieces; so are Leader's grass, gorse, and brambles; so are Loppé's glaciers; though none of these artists possess Turner's extent of knowledge, his imagination, and mastery of effect. To these names may be added those of Graham, of Hunter, of M'Whirter, of Smart, of M'Callum, of Hunt, of Henry Moore, of Oakes, of Parton, of C. E. Johnson, and many more, some of whom, perhaps scarcely enough appreciated in their day, may possibly, when they become old masters, be overestimated at the expense of their successors by connoisseurs of the future.

Nor in this country alone has landscape art experienced a revival. Good landscape painters have appeared in Norway, in Sweden, in Russia, and indeed throughout the greater part of the continent. America, too, can boast of her Church and her Bierstadt, undaunted by the Rocky Mountains and Niagara.

I must, however, be allowed to express some regret that many of our landscape painters confine themselves so much to special departments of landscape. Having achieved success in some one field, the artist is too much disposed to linger there, instead of ranging to pastures new. There is a tendency to too much subdivision in art. It is difficult to give a good reason for a hard line of demarcation between the figure painter and the landscape painter; but the further subdivision of landscape painters into marine painters, mountain painters, architectural painters, etc., seems positively injurious, limiting the artist's vision and narrowing his mind. Every truth of form and color is related immediately or remotely to every other, and the most comprehensive survey is necessary for a thorough acquaintance with myriad-minded nature. When an artist shall be found to combine the technical skill and power of truly rendering particular scenes, possessed by the best painters of our day, with an imagination ranging over nature, and stored with what is grand and beautiful in all her aspects, then, and not till then, will arise the Michael Angelo of landscape.

R. P. COLLIER, *in the Nineteenth Century*.

XANTIPPE: A FRAGMENT.

WHAT, have I waked again? I never thought
To see the rosy dawn, or e'en this gray,
Dull, solemn stillness, ere the dawn has come;
The lamp burns low; low burns the lamp of life;

The still morn stays expectant, and my soul,
 All weighted with a passive wonderment,
 Waiteth and watcheth, waiteth for the dawn.
 Come hither, maids ; too soundly have ye slept
 That should have watched me ; nay, I would not chide—
 Oft have I chidden, yet I would not chide
 In this last hour—now all should be at peace.
 I have been dreaming in a troubled sleep
 Of weary days I thought not to recall ;
 Of stormy days, whose storms are hushed long since ;
 Of gladsome days, of sunny days ; alas !
 In dreaming, all their sunshine seem'd so sad,
 As though the current of the dark To-Be
 Had flow'd, prophetic, through the happy hours.
 And yet, full well, I know it was not thus ;
 I mind me sweetly of the summer days,
 When, leaning from the lattice, I have caught
 The fair, far glimpses of a shining sea ;
 And nearer, of tall ships which thronged the bay,
 And stood out blackly from a tender sky,
 All flecked with sulphur, azure, and bright gold ;
 And in the still, clear air have heard the hum
 Of distant voices ; and methinks there rose
 No darker fount to mar or stain the joy
 Which sprang ecstatic in my maiden breast,
 Than just those vague desires, those hopes and fears,
 Those eager longings, strong, though undefined,
 Whose very sadness makes them seem so sweet.
 What cared I for the merry mockeries
 Of other maidens sitting at the loom ?
 Or for sharp voices, bidding me return
 To maiden labor ? Were we not apart,
 I and my high thoughts, and my golden dreams,
 My soul which yearned for knowledge, for a tongue
 That should proclaim the stately mysteries
 Of this fair world, and of the holy gods ?
 Then followed days of sadness as I grew
 To learn my woman-mind had gone astray,
 And I was sinning in those very thoughts—
 For maidens, mark, such are not woman's thoughts—
 (And yet, 'tis strange, the gods who fashion us
 Have given us such promptings). . . .

Fled the years.

Till seventeen had found me tall and strong,
 And fairer, runs it, than Athenian maids
 Are wont to seem ; I had not learnt it well—

My lesson of dumb patience—and I stood
 At Life's great threshold with a beating heart,
 And soul resolved to conquer and attain. . . .
 Once, walking 'thwart the crowded market place,
 With other maidens, bearing in thetwigs,
 White doves for Aphrodite's sacrifice,
 I saw him, all ungainly and uncouth,
 Yet many gathered round to hear his words,
 Tall youths and stranger-maidens—Sokrates—
 I saw his face and marked it, half with awe,
 Half with a quick repulsion at the shape. . . .
 The richest gem lies hidden farthest down,
 And is the dearer for the weary search ;
 We grasp the shining shells which strew the shore,
 Yet swift we fling them from us ; but the gem
 We keep for aye and cherish. So a soul,
 Found after weary searching in the flesh
 Which half repelled our senses, is more dear,
 For that same seeking, than the sunny mind
 Which lavish Nature marks with thousand hints
 Upon a brow of beauty. We are prone
 To overweigh such subtle hints, then deem,
 In after disappointment, we are fooled. . . .
 And when, at length, my father told me all,
 That I should wed me with great Sokrates,
 I, foolish, wept to see at once cast down
 The maiden image of a future love,
 Where perfect body matched the perfect soul.
 But slowly, softly did I cease to weep ;
 Slowly I 'gan to mark the magic flash
 Leap to the eyes, to watch the sudden smile
 Break round the mouth, and linger in the eyes :
 To listen for the voice's lightest tone—
 Great voice, whose cunning modulations seemed
 Like to the notes of some sweet instrument.
 So did I reach and strain, until at last
 I caught the soul athwart the grosser flesh.
 Again of thee, sweet Hope, my spirit dreamed !
 I, guided by his wisdom and his love,
 Led by his words, and counselled by his care,
 Should lift the shrouding veil from things which be
 And at the flowing fountain of his soul
 Refresh my thirsting spirit. . . .

And indeed,
 In those long days which followed that strange day
 When rites and song, and sacrifice and flow'rs

Proclaimed that we were wedded, did I learn,
 In sooth, a-many lessons ; bitter ones
 Which sorrow taught me, and not love inspired,
 Which deeper knowledge of my kind impressed
 With dark insistance or reluctant brain ;
 But that great wisdom, deeper, which dispels
 Narrowed conclusions of a half-grown mind,
 And sees athwart the littleness of life
 Nature's divineness, and her harmony,
 Was never poor Xantippe's. . . .

I would pause,
 And would recall no more, no more of life,
 Than just the incomplete, imperfect dream
 Of early summers, with their light and shade,
 Their blossom-hopes, whose fruit was never ripe ;
 But something strong within me, some sad chord
 Which loudly echoes to the later life,
 Me to unfold the after-misery
 Urges with plaintive wailing in my heart.
 Yet, maidens, mark ; I would not that ye thought
 I blame my lord departed, for he meant
 No evil, so I take it, to his wife.
 'Twas only that the high philosopher,
 Pregnant with noble theories and great thoughts,
 Deigned not to stoop to touch so slight a thing
 As the fine fabric of a woman's brain—
 So subtle as a passionate woman's soul.
 I think if he had stooped a little, and cared,
 I might have risen nearer to his height,
 And not lain shattered, neither fit for use
 As goodly household vessel, nor for that
 Far finer thing which I had hoped to be. . . .
 Death, holding high his retrospective lamp,
 Shows me those first, far years of wedded life,
 Ere I had learnt to grasp the barren shape
 Of what the fates had destined for my life.
 Then, as all youthful spirits are, was I
 Wholly incredulous that Nature meant
 So little, who had promised me so much.
 At first I fought my fate with gentle words,
 With high endeavors after greater things—
 Striving to win the soul of Sokrates,
 Like some slight bird, who sings her burning love
 To human master, till at length she finds
 Her tender language wholly misconceived,
 And that same hand whose kind caress she sought,

XANTIPPE: A FRAGMENT.

With fingers flippant flings the careless corn.
I do remember how, one summer's eve,
He, seated in an arbor's leafy shade,
Had bade me bring fresh wine-skins. . . .

As I stood

Ling'ring upon the threshold, half concealed
By tender foliage ; and my spirit light
With draughts of sunny weather, did I mark
An instant, the gay group before mine eyes.
Deepest in shade, and facing where I stood,
Sat Plato, with his calm face and low brows,
Which met above the narrow Grecian eyes ;
The pale, thin lips just parted to the smile,
Which dimpled that smooth olive of his cheek.
His head a little bent, sat Sokrates,
With one swart-finger raised admonishing,
And on the air were borne his changing tones.
Low lounging at his feet, one fair arm thrown
Around his knee (the other, high in air
Brandish'd a brazen amphor, which yet rained
Bright drops of ruby on the golden locks
And temples with their fillets of the vine),
Lay Alkibiades the beautiful.
And thus, with solemn tone, spake Sokrates :
" This fair Aspasia, which our Pericles
Hath brought from realms afar, and set on high
In our Athenian city, hath a mind,
I doubt not, of a strength beyond her race ;
And makes employ of it beyond the way
Of women nobly gifted : woman's frail—
Her body rarely stands the test of soul ;
She grows intoxicate with knowledge ; throws
The laws of custom, order, 'neath her feet,
Feasting at life's great banquet with wide throat."
Then sudden, stepping from my leafy screen,
Holding the swelling wine-skin o'er my head,
With breast that heaved, and eyes and cheeks aflame,
Lit by a fury and a thought, I spake :
" By all great powers around us ! can it be
That we poor women are empirical ?
That gods who fashioned us did strive to make
Beings too fine, too subtly delicate,
With sense that thrilled response to ev'ry touch
Of nature's, and their task is not complete ?
That they have sent their half-completed work
To bleed and quiver, here upon the earth ?—

To bleed and quiver, and to weep and weep,
To beat its soul against the marble walls
Of men's cold hearts, and then at last to sin !"
I ceased, the first hot passion stayed and stemmed
And frightened by the silence : I could see,
Framed by the arbor foliage, which the sun
In setting softly gilded with rich gold,
Those upturned faces, and those placid limbs ;
Saw Plato's narrow eyes and niggard mouth,
Which half did smile and half did criticise,
One hand held up, the shapely fingers framed
To gesture of entreaty—" Hush, I pray,
Do not disturb her ; let us hear the rest—
Follow her mood, for here's another phase
Of your black-browed Xantippe. . . ."

Then I saw

Young Alkibiades, with laughing lips
And half-shut eyes, contemptuous, shrugging up
Soft, snowy shoulders, till he brought the gold
Of flowing ringlets round about his breasts.
But Sokrates, all slow and solemnly,
Raised, calm, his face to mine, and sudden spake :
" I thank thee for the wisdom which thy lips
Have thus let fall among us : prythee tell
From what high source, from what philosophies
Didst cull the sapient notion of thy words ?"
Then stood I straight and silent for a breath ;
Dumb, crushed with all that weight of cold contempt ;
But swiftly in my bosom there uprose
A sudden flame, a merciful fury sent
To save me ; with both angry hands I flung
The skin upon the marble, where it lay
Spouting red rills and fountains on the white ;
Then, all unheeding faces, voices, eyes,
I fled across the threshold, hair unbound—
White garment stained to redness—beating heart
Flooded with all the flowing tide of hopes
Which once had gushed out golden, now sent back
Swift to their sources, never more to rise. . . .
I think I could have borne the weary life,
The narrow life within the narrow walls,
If he had loved me ; but he kept his love
For this Athenian city and her sons ;
And, haply, for some stranger-woman, bold
With freedom, thought, and glib philosophy. . . .
Ah me ! the long, long weeping through the nights,

The weary watching for the pale-eyed dawn
 Which only brought fresh grieving ; then I grew
 Fiercer, and cursed from out my inmost heart
 The Fates which marked me an Athenian maid.
 Then faded that vain fury ; hope died out ;
 A huge despair was stealing on my soul,
 A sort of fierce acceptance at my fate—
 He wished a household vessel—well ! 'twas good,
 For he should have it ! He should have no more
 The yearning treasure of a woman's love,
 But just the baser treasure which he sought.
 I called my maidens, ordered out the loom,
 And spun unceasing from the morn till eve ;
 Watching all keenly over warp and woof,
 Weighing the white wool with a jealous hand,
 I spun until, methinks, I spun away
 The soul from out my body, the high thoughts
 From out my spirit ; till at last I grew
 As ye have known me—eye exact to mark
 The texture of the spinning ; ear all keen
 For aimless talking when the moon is up,
 And ye should be a-sleeping ; tongue to cut
 With quick incision, 'thwart the merry words
 Of idle maidens

Only yesterday

My hands did cease from spinning ; I have wrought
 My dreary duties, patient till the last.
 The gods reward me ! Nay, I will not tell
 The after years of sorrow : wretched strife
 With grimpest foes—sad Want and Poverty ;
 Nor yet the time of horror when they bore
 My husband from the threshold ; nay, not when
 The subtle weed had wrought its deadly work.
 Alas, alas, I was not there to soothe
 The last great moment ; never any thought
 Of her that loved him—save at least the charge,
 All earthly, that her body should not starve. . . .
 You weep, you weep ; I would not that ye wept ;
 Such tears are idle ; with the young, such grief
 Soon grows to gratulation, as, " her love
 Was withered by misfortune ; mine shall grow
 All nurtured by the loving," or " her life
 Was wrecked and shattered—mine shall smoothly sail." . . .
 Enough, enough. In vain, in vain, in vain !
 The gods forgive me ! Sorely have I sinned

In all my life. A fairer fate befall
You all that stand there. . . .

Ha ! the dawn has come ;
I see a rosy glimmer—nay ! it grows dark ;
Why stand ye so in silence ? throw it wide,
The casement, quick ; why tarry ?—give me air—
Oh fling it wide, I say, and give me light !

AMY LEVY, in the *University Magazine*.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU: HIS CHARACTER AND OPINIONS.

I.

THOREAU's thin, penetrating, big-nosed face, even in a bad wood-cut, conveys some hint of the limitations of his mind and character. With his almost acid sharpness of insight, with his almost animal dexterity in act, there went none of that large, unconscious geniality of the world's heroes. He was not easy, not ample, not urbane, not even kind ; his enjoyment was hardly smiling, or the smile was not broad enough to be convincing ; he had no waste lands nor kitchen-midden in his nature, but was all improved and sharpened to a point. "He was bred to no profession," says Emerson ; "he never married ; he lived alone ; he never went to church ; he never voted ; he refused to pay a tax to the state ; he ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco ; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun. When asked at dinner what dish he preferred, he answered, 'The nearest.'" So many negative superiorities began to smack a little of the prig. From his later works he was in the habit of cutting out the humorous passages, under the impression that they were beneath the dignity of his moral muse ; and there we see the prig stand public and confessed. It was "much easier," says Emerson acutely, much easier for Thoreau to say *no* than *yes* ; and that is a characteristic which depicts the man. It is a useful accomplishment to be able to say *no*, but surely it is the essence of amiability to prefer to say *yes* where it is possible. There is something wanting in the man who does not hate himself whenever he is constrained to say *no*. And there was a great deal wanting in this born dissenter. He was almost shockingly devoid of weaknesses ; he had not enough of them to be truly polar with humanity ; whether you call him demi-god or demi-man, he was at least not altogether one of us, for he was not touched with a feeling of our infirmities. The world's heroes have room for all positive quali-

ties, even those which are disreputable, in the capacious theatre of their dispositions. Such can live many lives ; while a Thoreau can live but one, and that only with perpetual foresight.

He was no ascetic, rather an Epicurean of the nobler sort ; and he had this one great merit, that he succeeded so far as to be happy. " I love my fate to the core and rind," he wrote once ; and even while he lay dying, here is what he dictated (for it seems he was already too feeble to control the pen) : " You ask particularly after my health. I suppose that I have not many months to live, but of course know nothing about it. I may say that I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing." It is not given to all to bear so clear a testimony to the sweetness of their fate, nor to any without courage and wisdom ; for this world in itself is but a painful and uneasy place of residence, and lasting happiness, at least to the self conscious, comes only from within. Now Thoreau's content and ecstasy in living was, we may say, like a plant that he had watered and tended with womanish solicitude ; for there is apt to be something unmanly, something almost dastardly, in a life that does not move with dash and freedom, and that fears the bracing contact of the world. In one word, Thoreau was a skulker. He did not wish virtue to go out of him among his fellow-men, but slunk into a corner to hoard it for himself. He left all for the sake of certain virtuous self-indulgences. It is true that his tastes were noble ; that his ruling passion was to keep himself unspotted from the world ; and that his luxuries were all of the same healthy order as cold tubs and early rising. But a man may be both coldly cruel in the pursuit of goodness and morbid even in the pursuit of health. I cannot lay my hands on the passage in which he explains his abstinence from tea and coffee, but I am sure I have the meaning correctly. It is this : He thought it bad economy and worthy of no true virtuoso to spoil the natural rapture of the morning with such muddy stimulants ; let him but see the sun rise, and he was already sufficiently inspirited for the labors of the day. That may be reason good enough to abstain from tea ; but when we go on to find the same man, on the same or similar grounds, abstain from nearly everything that his neighbors innocently and pleasurably use, and from the rubs and trials of human society itself into the bargain, we recognize that valetudinarian healthfulness which is more delicate than sickness itself. We need have no respect for a state of artificial training. True health is to be able to do without it. Shakespeare, we can imagine, might begin the day upon a quart of ale, and yet enjoy the sunrise to the full as much as Thoreau, and commemorate his enjoyment in vastly better verses. A man who must separate himself from his neighbors' habits in order to be happy, is in much the same case with one who requires to take opium for the same pur-

pose. What we want to see is one who can breast into the world, do a man's work, and still preserve his first and pure enjoyment of existence.

Thoreau's faculties were of a piece with his moral shyness ; for they were all delicacies. He could guide himself about the woods on the darkest night by the touch of his feet. He could pick up an exact dozen of pencils by the feeling, pace distances with accuracy, and gauge cubic contents by the eye. His smell was so dainty that he could perceive the fœtor of dwelling houses as he passed them by at night ; his palate so unsophisticated that, like a child, he disliked the taste of wine—or perhaps, living in America, had never tasted any that was good ; and his knowledge of nature was so complete and curious that he could have told the time of year, within a day or so, by the aspect of the plants. In his dealings with animals, he was the original of Hawthorne's Donatello. He pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail ; the hunted fox came to him for protection ; wild squirrels have been seen to nestle in his waistcoat : he would stoop his face into a pool and bring forth a bright, panting fish, lying undismayed in the palm of his hand. There were few things that he could not do. He could make a house, a boat, a pencil, or a book. He was a surveyor, a scholar, a natural historian. He could run, walk, climb, skate, swim, and manage a boat. The smallest occasion served to display his physical accomplishment : and a manufacturer, from merely observing his dexterity with the window of a railway carriage, offered him a situation on the spot. " The only fruit of much living," he observes, " is the ability to do some slight thing better." But such was the exactitude of his senses, so alive was he in every fibre, that it seems as if the maxim should be changed in his case, for he could do most things with unusual perfection. And perhaps he had an approving eye to himself when he wrote : " Though the youth at last grows indifferent, the laws of the universe are not indifferent, *but are forever on the side of the most sensitive.*"

II.

Thoreau had decided, it would seem, from the very first to lead a life of self-improvement : the needle did not tremble as with richer natures, but pointed steadily north ; and as he saw duty and inclination in one, he turned all his strength in that direction. He was met upon the threshold by a common difficulty. In this world, in spite of its many agreeable features, even the most sensitive must undergo some drudgery to live. It is not possible to devote your time to study and meditation without what are quaintly but happily denominated private means ; these absent, a man must contrive to earn his bread by some service to the public such as the public cares to pay him for ; or, as Thoreau loved to put it, Apollo

must serve Admetus. This was to Thoreau even a sorer necessity than it is to most ; there was a love of freedom, a strain of the wild man ; in his nature, that rebelled with violence against the yoke of custom ; and he was so eager to cultivate himself, and to be happy in his own society, that he could consent with difficulty even to the interruptions of friendship. "*Such are my engagements to myself* that I dare not promise," he once wrote in answer to an invitation ; and the italics are his own. Marcus Aurelius found time to study virtue, and between whiles to conduct the imperial affairs of Rome ; but Thoreau is so busy improving himself, that he must think twice about a morning call. And now imagine him condemned for eight hours a day to some uncongenial and unmeaning business ! He shrank from the very look of the mechanical in life : all should, if possible, be sweetly spontaneous and swimmingly progressive. Thus he learned to make lead pencils, and, when he had gained the best certificate and his friends began to congratulate him on his establishment in life, calmly announced that he should never make another. "Why should I," said he ; "I would not do again what I have done once." For when a thing has once been done as well as it wants to be, it is of no further interest to the self-improver. Yet in after years, and when it became needful to support his family, he returned patiently to this mechanical art—a step more than worthy of himself.

The pencils seem to have been Apollo's first experiment in the service of Admetus ; but others followed. "I have thoroughly tried school-keeping," he writes, "and found that my expenses were in proportion, or rather out of proportion, to my income ; for I was obliged to dress and train, not to say think and believe, accordingly, and I lost my time into the bargain. As I did not teach for the benefit of my fellow-men, but simply for a livelihood, this was a failure. I have tried trade ; but I found that it would take ten years to get under way in that, and that then I should probably be on my way to the devil." Nothing, indeed, can surpass his scorn for all so-called business. Upon that subject, gall squirts from him at a touch. "The whole enterprise of this nation is not illustrated by a thought," he writes ; "it is not warmed by a sentiment ; there is nothing in it for which a man should lay down his life, nor even his gloves." And again : "If our merchants did not most of them fail, and the banks too, my faith in the old laws of this world would be staggered. The statement that ninety-six in a hundred doing such business surely break down is perhaps the sweetest fact that statistics have revealed." The wish was probably father to the figures ; but there is something enlivening in a hatred of so genuine a brand, hot as Corsican revenge and sneering like Voltaire.

Pencils, school-keeping, and trade being thus discarded one after

another, Thoreau, with a stroke of strategy, turned the position. He saw his way to get his board and lodging for practically nothing; and Admetus never got less work out of any servant since the world began. It was his ambition to be an oriental philosopher; but he was always a very Yankee sort of oriental. Even in the peculiar attitude in which he stood to money, his system of personal economics, as we may call it, he displayed a vast amount of truly down-east calculation, and he adopted poverty like a piece of business. Yet his system is based on one or two ideas which, I believe, come naturally to all thoughtful youths, and are only pounded out of them by city uncles. Indeed, something essentially youthful distinguishes all Thoreau's knock-down blows at current opinion. Like the posers of a child, they leave the orthodox in a kind of speechless agony. These know the thing is nonsense. They are sure there must be an answer, yet somehow cannot find it. So it is with his system of economy. He cuts through the subject on so new a plane that the accepted arguments apply no longer; he attacks it in a new dialect where there are no catchwords ready made for the defender; after you have been boxing for years on a polite, gladiatorial convention, here is an assailant who does not scruple to hit below the belt.

"The cost of a thing," says he, "is *the amount of what I will call life* which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run." I have been accustomed to put it to myself, perhaps more clearly, that the price we have to pay for money is paid in liberty. Between these two ways of it, at least, the reader will probably not fail to find a third definition of his own; and it follows, on one or other, that a man may pay too dearly for his livelihood, by giving, in Thoreau's terms, his whole life for it, or, in mine, bartering for it the whole of his available liberty, and becoming a slave till death. There are two questions to be considered—the quality of what we buy, and the price we have to pay for it. Do you want a thousand a year, a two thousand a year, or a ten thousand a year livelihood? and can you afford the one you want? It is a matter of taste; it is not in the least degree a question of duty, though commonly supposed so. But there is no authority for that view anywhere. It is nowhere in the Bible. It is true that we might do a vast amount of good if we were wealthy, but it is also highly improbable; not many do; and the art of growing rich is not only quite distinct from that of doing good, but the practice of the one does not at all train a man for practising the other. "Money might be of great service to me," writes Thoreau; "but the difficulty now is that I do not improve my opportunities, and therefore I am not prepared to have my opportunities increased." It is a mere illusion that, above a certain income, the personal desires will be satisfied and leave a wider margin for the

generous impulse. It is as difficult to be generous, or anything else, except perhaps a member of Parliament, on thirty thousand as on two hundred a year.

Now Thoreau's tastes were well defined. He loved to be free, to be master of his times and seasons, to indulge the mind rather than the body; he preferred long rambles to rich dinners, his own reflections to the consideration of society, and an easy, calm, unfettered, active life among green trees to dull toiling at the counter of a bank. And such being his inclination he determined to gratify it. A poor man must save off something; he determined to save off his livelihood. "When a man has attained those things which are necessary to life," he writes, "there is another alternative than to obtain the superfluities; *he may adventure on life now*, his vacation from humbler toil having commenced." Thoreau would get shelter, some kind of covering for his body, and necessary daily bread; even these he should get as cheaply as possible; and then, his vacation from humbler toil having commenced, devote himself to oriental philosophers, the study of nature, and the work of self-improvement.

Prudence, which bids us all go to the ant for sluggards and hoard against the day of sickness, was not a favorite with Thoreau. He preferred that other, whose name is so much misappropriated: Faith. When he had secured the necessities of the moment he would not reckon up possible accidents or torment himself with trouble for the future. He had no toleration for the man "who ventures to live only by the aid of the mutual insurance company, which has promised to bury him decently." He would trust himself a little to the world. "We may safely trust a good deal more than we do," says he. "How much is not done by us! or what if we had been taken sick?" And then, with a stab of satire, he describes contemporary mankind in a phrase: "All the day long on the alert, at night we unwillingly say our prayers and commit ourselves to uncertainties." It is not likely that the public will be much affected by Thoreau, when they blink the direct injunctions of the religion they profess; and yet, whether we will or no, we make the same hazardous ventures; we back our own health and the honesty of our neighbors for all that we are worth; and it is chilling to think how many must lose their wager.

In 1845, twenty-eight years old, an age by which the liveliest have usually declined into some conformity with the world, Thoreau, with a capital of something less than five pounds and a borrowed axe, walked forth into the woods by Walden Pond, and began his new experiment in life. He built himself a dwelling, and returned the axe, he says with characteristic and workmanlike pride, sharper than when he borrowed it; he reclaimed a patch, where he cultivated beans, peas, potatoes, and sweet corn; he had

his bread to bake, his farm to dig, and for the matter of six weeks in the summer he worked at surveying, carpentry, or some other of his numerous dexterities, for hire. For more than five years this was all that he required to do for his support, and he had the winter and most of the summer at his entire disposal. For six weeks of occupation a little cooking and a little hygienic gardening, the man, you may say, had as good as stolen his livelihood. Or we must rather allow that he had done far better; for the thief himself is continually and busily occupied; and even one born to inherit a million will have more calls upon his time than Thoreau. Well might he say, "What old people tell you you cannot do; you try and find you can." And how surprising is his conclusion: "I am convinced that *to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely; as the pursuits of simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial.*"

When he had enough of that kind of life, he showed the same simplicity in giving it up as in beginning it. There are some who could have done the one, but, vanity forbidding, not the other; and that is perhaps the story of the hermits; but Thoreau made no fetish of his own example, and did what he wanted squarely. And five years is long enough for an experiment and to prove the success of transcendental Yankeeism. It is not his frugality which is worthy of note; for, to begin with, that was inborn, and therefore inimitable by others who are differently constituted; and again, it was no new thing, but has often been equalled by poor Scotch students at the universities. The point is the sanity of his view of life, and the insight with which he recognized the position of money, and thought out for himself the problem of riches and a livelihood. Apart from his eccentricities, he had perceived, and was acting on, a truth of universal application. For money enters in two different characters into the scheme of life. A certain amount, varying with the number and empire of our desires, is a true necessity to each one of us in the present order of society; but beyond that amount money is a commodity to be bought or not to be bought, a luxury in which we may either indulge or stint ourselves, like any other. And there are many luxuries that we may legitimately prefer to it, such as a grateful conscience, a country life, or the woman of our inclination. Trite, flat, and obvious as this conclusion may appear, we have only to look round us in society to see how scantily it has been recognized; and perhaps even ourselves, after a little reflection, may decide to spend a trifle less for money, and indulge ourselves a trifle more in the article of freedom.

III.

"To have done anything by which you earned money merely," says Thoreau, "is to be" (have been, he means) "idle and worse."

There are two passages in his letters, both, oddly enough, relating to firewood, which must be brought together to be rightly understood. So taken, they contain between them the marrow of all good sense on the subject of work in its relation to something broader than mere livelihood. Here is the first: "I suppose I have burned up a good-sized tree to-night—and for what? I settled with Mr. Tarbell for it the other day; but that wasn't the final settlement. I got off cheaply from him. At last one will say, 'Let us see, how much wood did you burn, sir?' And I shall shudder to think that the next question will be, 'What did you do while you were warm?'" Even after we have settled with Admetus in the person of Mr. Tarbell, there comes, you see, a further question. It is not enough to have earned our livelihood. Either the earning itself should have been serviceable to mankind, or something else must follow. To live is sometimes very difficult, but it is never meritorious in itself; and we must have a reason to allege to our own conscience why we should continue to exist upon this crowded earth. If Thoreau had simply dwelt in his house at Walden, a lover of trees, birds, and fishes, and the open air and virtue, a reader of wise books, an idle, selfish self-improver, he would have managed to cheat Admetus, but, to cling to metaphor, the devil would have had him in the end. Those who can avoid toil altogether and dwell in the Arcadia of private means, and even those who can, by abstinence, reduce the necessary amount of it to some six weeks a year, having the more liberty, have only the higher moral obligation to be up and doing in the interest of man.

The second passage is this: "There is a far more important and warming heat, commonly lost, which precedes the burning of the wood. It is the smoke of industry, which is incense. I have been so thoroughly warmed in body and spirit, that when at length my fuel was housed I came near selling it to the ashman, as if I had extracted all its heat." Industry is, in itself and when properly chosen, delightful and profitable to the worker; and when your toil has been a pleasure, you have not, as Thoreau says, "earned money merely," but money, health, delight, and moral profit all in one. "We must heap up a great pile of doing for a small diameter of being," he says in another place; and then exclaims, "How admirably the artist is made to accomplish his self-culture by devotion to his art!" We may escape uncongenial toil, only to devote ourselves to that which is congenial. It is only to transact some higher business that even Apollo dare play the truant from Admetus. We must all work for the sake of work; we must all work, as Thoreau says again, in any "absorbing pursuit—it does not much matter what, so it be honest;" but the most profitable work is that which combines into one continued effort the largest proportion of the powers and desires of a man's nature

and into which he will plunge with ardor, and from which he will resist with reluctance; in which he will know the weariness of fatigue, but not that of satiety; and which will be ever fresh, pleasing, and stimulating to his taste. Such work holds a man together, braced at all points; it does not suffer him to doze or wander; it keeps him actively conscious of himself, yet raised among superior interests; it gives him the profit of industry with the pleasures of a pastime. This is what his art should be to the true artist, and that to a degree unknown in other and less intimate pursuits. For other professions stand apart from the human business of life; but an art has its seat at the centre of the artist's doings and sufferings, deals directly with his experiences, teaches him the lessons of his own fortunes and mishaps, and becomes a part of his biography. So says Goethe:

Spät erklingt was früherklang;
Glück und Unglück wird Gesang.

Now Thoreau's art was literature; and it was one of which he had conceived most ambitiously. He loved and believed in good books. He said well, "Life is not habitually seen from any common platform so truly and unexaggerated as in the light of literature." But the literature he loved was of the heroic order. "Books, not which afford us a cowering enjoyment, but in which each thought is of unusual daring; such as an idle man cannot read, and a timid one would not be entertained by; which even make us dangerous to existing institutions—such I call good books." He did not think them easy to be read. "The heroic books," he says, "even if printed in the character of our mother tongue, will always be in a language dead to degenerate times; and we must laboriously seek the meaning of each word and line, conjecturing a larger sense than common use permits out of what wisdom and valor and generosity we have." Nor does he suppose that such books are easily written. "Great prose, of equal elevation, commands our respect more than great verse," says he, "since it implies a more permanent and level height, a life more pervaded with the grandeur of the thought. The poet often only makes an irruption, like the Parthian, and is off again, shooting while he retreats; but the prose writer has conquered like a Roman and settled colonies." We may ask ourselves, almost with dismay, whether such works exist at all but in the imagination of the student. For the bulk of the best of books is apt to be made up with ballast; and those in which energy of thought is combined with any stateliness of utterance may be almost counted on the fingers. Looking round in English for a book that should answer Thoreau's two demands of a style like poetry and sense that shall be both original and inspiring, I come to Milton's "Areopagitica,"

and can name no other instance for the moment. Two things at least are plain : that if a man will condescend to nothing more commonplace in the way of reading, he must not look to have a large library ; and that if he proposes himself to write in a similar vein, he will find his work cut out for him.

Thoreau composed seemingly while he walked, or at least exercise and composition were with him intimately connected ; for we are told that " the length of his walk uniformly made the length of his writing." He speaks in one place of " plainness and vigor, the ornaments of style," which is rather too paradoxical to be comprehensively true. In another he remarks : " As for style of writing, if one has anything to say it drops from him simply as a stone falls to the ground." We must conjecture a very large sense indeed for the phrase " if one has anything to say." When truth flows from a man, fittingly clothed in style and without conscious effort, it is because the effort has been made and the work practically completed before he sat down to write. It is only out of fulness of thinking that expression drops perfect like a ripe fruit ; and when Thoreau wrote so nonchalantly at his desk, it was because he had been vigorously active during his walk. For neither clearness, compression, nor beauty of language come to any living creature till after a busy and a prolonged acquaintance with the subject on hand. Easy writers are those who, like Walter Scott, choose to remain contented with a less degree of perfection than is legitimately within the compass of their powers. We hear of Shakespeare and his clean manuscript ; but in face of the evidence of the style itself and of the various editions of *Hamlet*, this merely proves that Messrs. Hemming and Condell were unacquainted with the common enough phenomenon called a fair copy. He who would recast a tragedy already given to the world must frequently and earnestly have revised details in the study. Thoreau himself, and in spite of his protestations, is an instance of even extreme research in one direction ; and his effort after heroic utterance is proved not only by the occasional finish, but by the determined exaggeration of his style. " I trust you realize what an exaggerator I am—that I lay myself out to exaggerate," he writes. And again, hinting at the explanation : " Who that has heard a strain of music feared lest he should speak extravagantly any more forever ?" And yet once more, in his essay on Carlyle, and this time with his meaning well in hand : " No truth, we think, was ever expressed but with this sort of emphasis, that for the time there seemed to be no other." Thus Thoreau was an exaggerative and a parabolical writer, not because he loved the literature of the East, but from a desire that people should understand and realize what he was writing. He was near the truth upon the general question ; but in his own particular method, it

appears to me; he wandered. Literature is not less a conventional art than painting or sculpture; and it is the least striking, as it is the most comprehensive, of the three. To hear a strain of music, to see a beautiful woman, a river, a great city, or a starry night, is to make a man despair of his Lilliputian arts in language. Now, to gain that emphasis which seems denied to us by the very nature of the medium, the proper method of literature is by selection, which is a kind of negative exaggeration. It is the right of the literary artist, as Thoreau was on the point of seeing, to leave out whatever does not suit his purpose. Thus we extract the pure gold; and thus the well-written story of a noble life becomes, by its very omissions, more thrilling to the reader. But to go beyond this, like Thoreau, and to exaggerate directly, is to leave the saner classical tradition, and to put the reader on his guard. And when you write the whole for the half, you do not express your thought more forcibly, but only express a different thought which is not yours.

Thoreau's true subject was the pursuit of self-improvement combined with an unfriendly criticism of life as it goes on in our societies; it is there that he best displays the freshness and surprising trenchancy of his intellect; it is there that his style becomes plain and vigorous, and therefore, according to his own formula, ornamental. Yet he did not care to follow this vein singly, but must drop into it by the way in books of a different purport. "Walden, or Life in the Woods," "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," "The Maine Woods"—such are the titles he affects. He was probably reminded by his delicate critical perception that the true business of literature is with narrative; in reasoned narrative, and there alone, that art enjoys all its advantages, and suffers least from its defects. Dry precept and disembodied disquisition, as they can only be read with an effort of abstraction, can never convey a perfectly complete or a perfectly natural impression. Truth, even in literature, must be clothed with flesh and blood, or it cannot tell its whole story to the reader. Hence the effect of anecdote on simple minds; and hence good biographies and works of high, imaginative art are not only far more entertaining but far more edifying than books of theory or precept. Now Thoreau could not clothe his opinions in the garment of art, for that was not his talent; but he sought to gain the same elbow-room for himself, and to afford a similar relief to his readers, by mingling his thoughts with a record of experience.

Again, he was a lover of nature. The quality which we should call mystery in a painting, and which belongs so particularly to the aspect of the external world and to its influence upon our feelings, was one which he was never weary of attempting to reproduce in his books. The seeming significance of nature's appearances, their

unchanging strangeness to the senses, and the thrilling response which they waken in the mind of man, continued to surprise and stimulate his spirits. It appeared to him, I think, that if we could only write near enough to the facts, and yet with no pedestrian calm, but ardently, we might transfer the glamour of reality direct upon our pages; and that, if it were once thus captured and expressed, a new and instructive relation might appear between men's thoughts and the phenomena of nature. This was the eagle that he pursued all his life long, like a schoolboy with a butterfly-net. Hear him to a friend: "Let me suggest a theme for you—to state to yourself precisely and completely what that walk over the mountains amounted to for you, returning to this essay again and again until you are satisfied that all that was important in your experience is in it. Don't suppose that you can tell it precisely the first dozen times you try, but at 'em again; especially when, after a sufficient pause, you suspect that you are touching the heart or summit of the matter, reiterate your blows there, and account for the mountain to yourself. Not that the story need be long, but it will take a long while to make it short." Such was the method, not consistent for a man whose meanings were to "drop from him as a stone falls to the ground." Perhaps the most successful work that Thoreau ever accomplished in this direction is to be found in the passages relating to fish in the "Week." These are remarkable for a vivid truth of impression and a happy suitability of language, not frequently surpassed.

Whatever Thoreau tried to do was tried in fair, square prose, with sentences solidly built, and no help from bastard rhythms. Moreover, there is a progression—I cannot call it a progress—in his work toward a more and more strictly prosaic level, until at last he sinks into the bathos of the prosy. Emerson mentions having once remarked to Thoreau, "Who would not like to write something which all can read, like 'Robinson Crusoe?' and who does not see with regret that his page is not solid with a right materialistic treatment which delights everybody?" I must say in passing that it is not the right materialistic treatment which delights the world in Robinson, but the romantic and philosophic interest of the fable. The same treatment does quite the reverse of delighting us when it is applied, in "Colonel Jack," to the management of a plantation. But I cannot help suspecting Thoreau to have been influenced either by this identical remark or by some other closely similar in meaning. He began to fall more and more into a detailed materialistic treatment; he went into the business doggedly, as who should make a guide-book; he not only chronicled what had been important in his own experience, but whatever might have been important in the experience of anybody else; not only what had affected him, but all that he saw or heard. His ardor

had grown less, or perhaps it was inconsistent with a right materialistic treatment to display such emotions as he felt; and to complete the eventful change, he chose, from a sense of moral dignity, to put these later works of the saving quality of humor. He was not one of those authors who have learned, in his own words, "to leave out their dulness." He inflicts his full quantity upon the reader in such books as "Cape Cod," or "The Yankee in Canada." Of the latter he confessed that he had not managed to get much of himself into it. God knows he had not, nor yet much of Canada, we may hope. "Nothing," he says somewhere, "can shock a brave man but dulness." Well, there are few spots more shocking to the brave than the pages of "The Yankee in Canada."

There are but three books of his that will be read with much pleasure: the "Week," "Walden," and the collected letters. As to his poetry, Emerson's word shall suffice for us, it is so accurate and so prettily said: "The thyme and marjoram are not yet honey." In this, as in his prose, he relied greatly on the good-will of the reader, and wrote throughout in faith. It was an exercise of faith to suppose that many would understand the sense of his best work, or that any could be exhilarated by the dreary chronicling of his worst. "But," as he says, "the gods do not hear any rude or discordant sound, as we learn from the echo; and I know that the nature toward which I launch these sounds is so rich that it will modulate anew and wonderfully improve my nudest strain."

IV.

"What means the fact," he cries, "that a soul which has lost all hope for itself can inspire in another listening soul such an infinite confidence in it, even while it is expressing its despair?" The question is an echo and an illustration of the words last quoted; and it forms the keynote of his thoughts on friendship. No one else, to my knowledge, has spoken in so high and just a spirit of the kindly relations; and I doubt if it be a drawback that these lessons should come from one in many ways so unfitted to be a teacher in this branch. The very coldness and egoism of his own intercourse gave him a clearer insight into the intellectual basis of our warm, mutual tolerations; and testimony to their worth comes with added force from one who was solitary and disobliging, and of whom a friend remarked, with equal wit and wisdom, "I love Henry, but I cannot like him."

He can hardly be persuaded to make any distinction between love and friendship, in such rarefied and freezing air, upon the mountain-tops of meditation, had he taught himself to breathe. He was, indeed, too accurate an observer not to have remarked that "there exists already a natural disinterestedness and liberality" between men and women; yet, he thought, "friendship is no

respecter of sex." Perhaps there is a sense in which the words are true ; but they were spoken in ignorance ; and perhaps we shall have put the matter most correctly if we call love a foundation for a nearer and freer degree of friendship than can be possible without it. For there are delicacies, eternal between persons of the same sex, which are melted and disappear in the warmth of love.

To both, if they are to be right, he attributes the same nature and condition. "We are not what we are," says he, "nor do we treat or esteem each other for such, but for what we are capable of being." "A friend is one who incessantly pays us the compliment of expecting all the virtues from us, and who can appreciate them in us." "The friend asks no return but that his friend will religiously accept and wear and not disgrace his apotheosis of him." "It is the merit and preservation of friendship that it takes place on a level higher than the actual characters of the parties would seem to warrant." This is to put friendship on a pedestal indeed ; and yet the root of the matter is there ; and the last sentence, in particular, is like a light in a dark place, and makes many mysteries plain. We are different with different friends ; yet if we look closely we shall find that every such relation reposes on some particular apotheosis of one's self ; with each friend, although we could not distinguish it in words from any other, we have at least one special reputation to preserve ; and it is thus that we run, when mortified, to our friend or the woman that we love, not to hear ourselves called better, but to be better men in point of fact. We seek this society to flatter ourselves with our own good conduct. And hence any falsehood in the relation, any incomplete or perverted understanding, will spoil even the pleasure of these visits. Thus says Thoreau again : "Only lovers know the value of truth." And yet again : "They ask for words and deeds when a true relation is word and deed."

But it follows that since they are neither of them so good as the other hopes, and each is, in a very honest manner, playing a part above his powers, such an intercourse must often be disappointing to both. "We may bid farewell sooner than complain," says Thoreau, "for our complaint is too well grounded to be uttered." "We have not so good a right to hate any as our friend."

"It were treason to our love
And a sin to God above,
One iota to abate
Of a pure, impartial hate."

Love is not blind, nor yet forgiving. "O yes, believe me," as the song says, "Love has eyes !" The nearer the intimacy the more cuttingly do we feel the unworthiness of those we love ; and because you love one, and would die for that love to-morrow, you have not forgiven, and you never will forgive, that friend's mis-

conduct. If you want a person's faults, go to those who love him. They will not tell you, but they know. And herein lies the magnanimous courage of love, that it endures this knowledge without change.

It required a cold, distant personality like that of Thoreau, perhaps to recognize and certainly to utter this truth; for a more human love makes it a point of honor not to acknowledge those faults of which it is most conscious. But his point of view is both high and dry. He has no illusions; he does not give way to love any more than to hatred, but preserves them both with care like valuable curiosities. A more bald-headed picture of life, if I may so express myself, or a more selfish, has seldom been presented. He is an egoist; he does not remember, or does not think it worth while to remark, that, in these near intimacies, we are ninety-nine times disappointed in our beggarly selves for once that we are disappointed in our friend; that it is we who seem most frequently undeserving of the love that unites us; and that it is by our friend's conduct that we are continually rebuked and yet strengthened for a fresh endeavor. Thoreau is dry, priggish, and selfish. It is profit he is after in these intimacies; moral profit, certainly, but still profit to himself. If you will be the sort of friend I want, he remarks naively, "my education cannot dispense with your society." His education! as though a friend were a dictionary. And with all this, not one word about pleasure, or laughter, or kisses, or any quality of flesh and blood. It was not inappropriate, surely, that he had such close relations with the fish. We can understand the friend already quoted, when he cried, "As for taking his arm, I would as soon think of taking the arm of an elm-tree!"

As a matter of fact he experienced but a broken enjoyment in his intimacies. He says he has been perpetually on the brink of the sort of intercourse he wanted, and yet never completely attained it. And what else had he to expect when he would not, in a happy phrase of Carlyle's, "nestle down into it"? Truly, so it will be always if you only stroll in upon your friends as you might stroll in to see a cricket match; and even then not simply for the pleasure of the thing, but with some afterthought of self-improvement, as though you had come to the cricket match to bet. It was his theory that people saw each other too frequently, so that their curiosity was not properly whetted, nor had they anything fresh to communicate; but friendship must be something else than a society for mutual improvement—indeed, it must only be that by the way, and to some extent unconsciously; and if Thoreau had been a man instead of a manner of elm-tree, he would have felt that he saw his friends too seldom, and have reaped benefits unknown to his philosophy from a more sustained and easy inter-

course. We might remind him of his own words about love: "We should have no reserve; we should give the whole of ourselves to that business. But commonly men have not imagination enough to be thus employed about a human being, but must be cooping a barrel, forsooth." Ay, or, reading oriental philosophers. It is not the nature of the rival occupation, it is the fact that you suffer it to be a rival that renders loving intimacy impossible. Nothing is given for nothing in this world; there can be no true love, even on your own side, without devotion; devotion is the exercise of love, by which it grows; but if you will give enough of that, if you will pay the price in a sufficient amount of what you call life, why then indeed, whether with wife or comrade, you may have months and even years of such easy, natural, pleasurable, and yet improving intercourse as shall make time a moment and kindness a delight.

The secret of his retirement lies not in misanthropy, of which he had no tincture, but part in his engrossing design of self-improvement, and part in the real deficiencies of social intercourse. He was not so much difficult about his fellow human beings as he could not tolerate the terms of their association. He could take to a man for any genuine qualities, as we see by his admirable sketch of the Canadian woodcutter in "Walden;" but he would not consent, in his own words, to "feebly fabulate and paddle in the social slush." It seemed to him, I think, that society is precisely the reverse of friendship, in that it takes place on a lower level than the characters of any of the parties would warrant us to expect. The society talk of even the most brilliant man is of greatly less account than what you will get from him in (as the French say) a little committee. And Thoreau wanted geniality; he had not enough of the superficial, even at command; he could not swoop into a parlor and, in the naval phrase, "cut out" a human being from that dreary port; nor had he inclination for the task. I suspect he loved books and nature as well and near as warmly as he loved his fellow-creatures: a melancholy, lean degeneration of the human character.

"As for the dispute about solitude and society," he thus sums up, "any comparison is impertinent. It is an idling down on the plain at the base of the mountain instead of climbing steadily to its top. Of course you will be glad of all the society you can get to go up with? Will you go to glory with me? is the burden of the song. It is not that we love to be alone, but that we love to soar, and when we do soar the company grows thinner and thinner till there is none at all. It is either the tribune on the plain, a sermon on the mount, or a very private ecstasy still higher up. Use all the society that will abet you." But surely it is no very extravagant opinion that it is better to give than to receive, to serve

than to use our companions ; and above all, where there is no question of service upon either side, that it is good to enjoy their company like a natural man. It is curious and in some ways dispiriting that a writer may be always best corrected out of his own mouth ; and so, to conclude, here is another passage from Thoreau which seems aimed directly at himself : " Do not be too moral ; you may cheat yourself out of much life so. . . . *All fables, indeed, have their morals ; but the innocent enjoy the story.*"

V.

" The only obligation," says he, " which I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right." " Why should we ever go abroad, even across the way, to ask a neighbor's advice?" " There is a nearer neighbor within, who is incessantly telling us how we should behave. *But we wait for the neighbor without to tell us of some false, easier way.*" " The greater part of what my neighbors call good I believe in my soul to be bad." To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life. It is " when we fall behind ourselves" that " we are cursed with duties and the neglect of duties." " I love the wild," he says, " not less than the good." And again : " The life of a good man will hardly improve us more than the life of a freebooter, for the inevitable laws appear as plainly in the infringement as in the observance, and" (mark this) " *our lives are sustained by a nearly equal expense of virtue of some kind.*" Even although he were a prig, it will be owned he could announce a startling doctrine. " As for doing good," he writes elsewhere, " that is one of the professions that are full. Moreover, I have tried it fairly, and, strange as it may seem, am satisfied that it does not agree with my constitution. Probably I should not conscientiously and deliberately forsake my particular calling to do the good which society demands of me, to save the universe from annihilation ; and I believe that a like but infinitely greater steadfastness elsewhere is all that now preserves it. If you should ever be betrayed into any of these philanthropies, do not let your left hand know what your right hand does, for it is not worth knowing." Elsewhere he returns upon the subject, and explains his meaning thus : " If I ever *did* a man any good in their sense, of course it was something exceptional and insignificant compared with the good or evil I am constantly doing by being what I am."

There is a rude nobility, like that of a barbarian king, in this unshaken confidence in himself and indifference to the wants, thoughts, or sufferings of others. In the whole man I find no trace of pity. This was partly the result of theory, for he held the world too mysterious to be criticised, and asks conclusively, " What right have I to grieve who have not ceased to wonder?"

But it sprang still more from constitutional indifference and superiority ; and he grew up healthy, composed, and unconscious from among life's horrors, like a green bay tree from a field of battle. It was from this lack in himself that he failed to do justice to the spirit of Christ ; for while he could glean more meaning from individual precepts than any score of Christians, yet he conceived life in such a different hope, and viewed it with such contrary emotions, that the sense and purport of the doctrine as a whole seems to have passed him by or left him unimpressed. He could understand the idealism of the Christian view, but he was himself so unaffectedly unhuman that he did not recognize the human intention and essence of that teaching. Hence he complained that Christ did not leave us a rule that was proper and sufficient for this world, not having conceived the nature of the rule that was laid down ; for things of that character that are sufficiently unacceptable become positively non-existent to the mind. But perhaps we shall best appreciate the defect in Thoreau by seeing it supplied in the case of Whitman. For the one, I feel confident, is the disciple of the other ; it is what Thoreau clearly whispered that Whitman so uproariously bawls ; it is the same doctrine, but with how immense a difference ! the same argument, but used to what a new conclusion ! Thoreau had plenty of humor until he tutored himself out of it, and so forfeited that best birthright of a sensible man ; Whitman, in that respect, seems to have been sent into the world naked and unashamed ; and yet by a strange consummation, it is the theory of the former that is arid, abstract, and clausal. Of these two philosophies so nearly identical at bottom, the one pursues self-improvement—a churlish, mangy dog ; the other is up with the morning, in the best of health, and following the nymph Happiness, buxom, blithe, and debonair. Happiness, at least, is not solitary ; it joys to communicate ; it loves others, for it depends on them for its existence ; it sanctions and encourages to all delights that are not unkind in themselves ; if it lived to a thousand, it would not make excision of a single humorous passage ; and while the self-improver dwindles toward the prig, and, if he be not of an excellent constitution, may even grow deformed into an Obermann, the very name and appearance of a happy man breathe of good-nature, and help the rest of us to live.

In the case of Thoreau, so great a show of doctrine demands some outcome in the field of action. If nothing were to be done but build a shanty beside Walden Pond, we have heard altogether too much of these declarations of independence. That the man wrote some books is nothing to the purpose, for the same has been done in a suburban villa. That he kept himself happy is perhaps a sufficient excuse, but it is disappointing to the reader. We may be unjust, but when a man despises commerce and philanthropy

alike, and has views of good so soaring that he must take himself apart from mankind for their cultivation, we will not be content without some striking act. It was not Thoreau's fault if he were not martyred; had the occasion come he would have made a noble ending. As it is, he did once seek to interfere in the world's course; he made one practical appearance on the stage of affairs; and a strange one it was, and strangely characteristic of the nobility and the eccentricity of the man. It was forced on him by his calm but radical opposition to negro slavery. "Voting for the right is doing nothing for it," he said; "it is only expressing to men feebly your desire that it should prevail." For his part, he would not "for an instant recognize that political organization for his government which is the *slave's* government also." "I do not hesitate to say," he adds, "that those who call themselves Abolitionists should at once effectually withdraw their support, both in person and property, from the government of Massachusetts." That is what he did: in 1843 he ceased to pay the poll-tax. The highway-tax he paid, for he said he was as desirous to be a good neighbor as to be a bad subject; but no more poll-tax to the State of Massachusetts. Thoreau had now seceded, and was a polity unto himself; or, as he explains it with admirable sense: "In fact, I quietly declare war with the State after my fashion, though I will still make what use and get what advantage of her I can, as is usual in such cases." He was put in prison; but that was a part of his design. "Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison. I know this well, that if one thousand, if one hundred, if ten men whom I could name—ay, if *one* HONEST man, in this State of Massachusetts, *ceasing to hold slaves* were actually to withdraw from this copartnership, and be locked up in the county jail therefor, it would be the abolition of slavery in America. For it matters not how small the beginning may seem to be; what is once well done is done forever." Such was his theory of civil disobedience.

And the upshot? A friend paid the tax for him; continued year by year to pay it in the sequel; and Thoreau was free to walk the woods unmolested. It was a *flasco*, but to me it does not seem laughable; even those who joined in the laughter at the moment would be insensibly affected by this quaint instance of a good man's horror for injustice. We may compute the worth of that one night's imprisonment as outweighing half a hundred voters at some subsequent election; and if Thoreau had possessed as great a power of persuasion as (let us say) Falstaff, if he had counted a party however small, if his example had been followed by a hundred or by thirty of his fellows, I cannot but believe it would have greatly precipitated the era of freedom and justice. We feel the misdeeds of our country with so little fervor, for we are not wit-

nesses to the suffering they cause ; but when we see them wake an active horror in our fellow-man, when we see a neighbor prefer to lie in prison rather than be so much as passively implicated in their perpetration, even the dullest of us will begin to realize ~~them~~ with a quicker pulse.

Not far from twenty years later, when Captain John Brown was taken at Harper's Ferry, Thoreau was the first to come forward in his defence. The committees wrote to him unanimously that his action was premature. "I did not send to you for advice," said he, "but to announce that I was to speak." I have used the word "defence;" in truth he did not seek to defend him, even declared it would be better for the good cause that he should die; but he praised his action as I think Brown would have liked to hear it praised.

Thus this singularly eccentric and independent mind, wedded to a character of so much strength, singleness, and purity, pursued its own path of self-improvement for more than half a century, part gymnosophist, part backwoodsman; and thus did it come twice, though in a subaltern attitude, into the field of political history.*

R. L. S., in *Cornhill Magazine*.

HEALTH AT HOME.

PART IV.

FURNITURE, BEDS, AND BEDDING.

It may be taken as a general rule that a bedroom should have in it the least possible amount of furniture, and that whatever furniture there is in it should be as free as possible of all that can hold dust and fluff.

I cannot do better than commence what I have to say concerning beds and bedding by protesting against the double bed. The system of having beds in which two persons can sleep is always, to some extent, unhealthy. No two persons are so constituted as to sleep naturally under the same weight of bed-clothes and on the same kind of bed or mattress. But sleep to be perfect and profound and restorative should be so prepared for that not a single discom-

* Since this study was in type I have learned that Thoreau's diaries remain complete in manuscript. They cannot fail to be of interest to all who love nature, literature, or virtue. But there seems a conspiracy to keep that from us which we most desire. When so many books are lost beyond recall, there is no excuse for the apathy which leaves us without the diaries of Thoreau, and with no more luxury of a complete "Arabian Nights" than Mr. M'Naughten's appetizing volume.

fort should interrupt it. A good illustration of the fact to which I am directing attention is shown at the industrial schools at Annerley. The visitor to those schools, in which children most unhealthily born are reared into a condition of health which is singularly good, and which seems to prove that even hereditary evils may be educated out of the body almost in one generation—the visitor to those schools will find in the dormitories there that each child has its own little bed. It will be asked perhaps—in fact, I heard it asked—whether this plan is not very expensive and troublesome, causing double bed-making, double bed-airing, double laundry-work, and double cost of bed linen and coverings. Well, the reply was, that there is an extra cost in regard to those particulars, but that, on the whole, there is an untold saving in relation to health. The children rise from their beds really refreshed and in every way better for the separate occupation. In this manner the sick list is kept free to a great extent; and as one sick child in its infirmary sick-couch is an anxiety by night as well as by day, and as one sick child confined to its bed by its sickness is more trouble and anxiety than half a dozen healthy children occupying each a separate bed during sleeping hours, there is a positive saving of trouble and of expense in the course of the year from the practice of the single-bed system. It is not difficult to discover the reason of the saving of health. The fact that no two persons are constituted to require the same kind of clothes and the same-kind of bedding has been already adverted to, to which may be added the further fact that no children or persons can sleep under the same covering without one being a cause of some discomfort to the other, by movement, position, or drag of clothing. Beyond these discomforts, moreover, there is the question of emanations from the breath. At some time or other the breath of one of the sleepers must, in some degree, affect the other; the breath is heavy, disagreeable, it may be so intolerable that in waking hours, when the senses are alive to it, it would be sickening; soon after a short exposure to it. Here in bed with the senses locked up the disagreeable odor may not be realized, but assuredly because it is not detected it is not less injurious.

I need not pursue this subject much farther, common-sense will tell everybody who will reflect on the subject with common-sense that I am correct, and that it is best for persons of every age to have to themselves the shelter within which they pass one third of their whole lives—thirty years of life if they live to be ninety years old. I dwell, therefore, only on one point more in favor of the single bed, and that is to enforce the lesson that under the single-bed system it is rendered impossible to place very old and very young persons to sleep together. To the young this is a positive blessing, for there is no practice more deleterious to them than to

sleep with the aged. The vital warmth that is so essential for their growth and development is robbed from them by the aged, and they are enfeebled at a time when they are least able to bear the enfeeblement.

The single bed for every sleeper determined on, the size of the bedstead and the number of bedsteads in the room, according to space, should be considered. For ordinary adult persons the bedstead need not exceed 3 feet 6 inches in width by 6 feet 6 inches in length; and in no room, however well it may be ventilated, should a bedstead be placed in less than a thousand cubic feet of breathing space. A bedroom for two single beds should not measure less than 16 feet long by 12 feet wide and 11 feet high. There are some sanitarians who would not be satisfied with those dimensions for a room to be occupied by two persons, and I frankly admit the dimensions are close to the minimum, though with good ventilation they may, I think, suffice. With bad ventilation they are confessedly out of court, and I name them merely for the sake of meeting the necessities of the limited bedroom space that pertains to the houses of great cities. In my own mind I do not consider twice the amount of space named at all too much, even with the ventilation as free as I have suggested in previous chapters of this essay.

There can be no mistake that the bedstead should be constructed of metal, of iron or brass, or of a combination of those metals. Wooden bedsteads are altogether out of date in healthy houses. They are not cleanly, they harbor the unclean, and they are not cleansable like a metal framework. The framework of the bed should be so constructed that the bed or mattress is raised two feet from the floor of the room, and the whole framework should be steady and so well knit together that the movements of the sleeper shall cause neither creaking nor vibration.

A good deal of controversy has been raised on the matter of curtains for beds. From the old system of curtains all round the bed, like a tent, there has been a reaction to an entire abolition of the curtains. I am of opinion that this complete change is not beneficial. Two light side head-curtains, with a curtain at the back of the head and a small tester, are, I think, very good parts of a bedstead. The curtains fulfil a doubly useful purpose; they shield the head and face of the sleeper from draughts, and they enable the sleeper to shut out the direct light from the window without in any way necessitating him to shut the light out at the window itself. The room may be filled with light, and yet the sleeper may be shielded from the direct action of it upon his eyes if he have the curtain as a shield.

The kind of bed on which the body should rest is a question on which there is extreme divergence of opinion. Whenever we

leave our own bed to go to sleep elsewhere, in an hotel or in the house of a friend, it is almost certain we shall find a bed differing from that to which we are accustomed. We may find a bed of down so soft that to drop into it is like dropping into light dough ; we may find a soft feather bed, or a soft mattress, or a spring mattress, a moderately hard mattress, or a mattress as hard, I had nearly said, as the plank bed for which our prisons are now so unenviably notorious. These differences are determined by the taste of the owner of the bed without much reference to principle, or to the likings of any one else in the world ; not a very good or satisfactory state of things. There ought to be some principle for guidance in a trial so solemn as that which settles the mode in which our bodies shall rest for a third of our mortal existence.

I fear it is hard to fix on definite principles, but there is one principle, at any rate, which may be relied on, and which, when it is understood, goes a long way toward solving the question of the best kind of bed for all sleepers. The principle is, that the bed, whatever it be made of, should be so flexible, if I may use the term, that all parts of the body may rest upon it equally. It ought to adapt itself to the outline of the body in whatever position the body may be placed. The very hard mattress which yields nothing, and which makes the body rest on two or three points of corporeal surface, is at once excluded from use by this principle, and I know of no imposition that ought to be excluded more rigorously. On the other hand, the bed that is so soft that the body is enveloped in it, though it may be very luxurious, is too oppressive, hot, and enfeebling ; it keeps up a regular fever which cannot fail to exhaust both physical and mental energies, and at the same time it really does not adapt itself perfectly to the outline of the body.

The best kind of bed, taking everything into consideration, is one of two kinds. A fairly soft feather bed laid upon a soft horse-hair mattress, or a thin mattress laid upon one of the elastic steel-spring beds which have lately been so ingeniously constructed of small connected springs that yield in a wave-like manner to every motion. It is against my inclination to try to write out the time-honored old feather bed and mattress, but I am forced to state that the new steel-spring bed is, of necessity, the bed of the future. It fulfils every intention of flexibility ; it is durable ; it goes with the bedstead, as an actual part of it, and it can never be a nest or receptacle of contagion or impurity.

On the subject of bed-clothes, the points that have most to be enforced are that heavy bed clothing is always a mistake, and that weight in no true sense means warmth. The light down quilts or coverlets which are now coming into general use are the greatest improvements that have been made, in our time, in regard to bed-clothes. One of these quilts takes well the place of two blankets.

and they cause much less fatigue from weight than layer upon layer of blanket-covering.

As to the actual quantity of clothes which should be on the sleeper, I can lay down no rule of numbers or quantities, because different people require such different amounts. I can, nevertheless, offer one very good practice which every person can learn to apply. It should be the rule to learn so to adapt the clothing that the body is never cold and never hot while under the clothes. The first rule is usually followed, and need not be dwelt on; the last is too commonly broken. It is a practice too easily acquired to sleep under so much clothing that the body becomes excessively heated, feverishly heated. This condition gives rise to exhaustion, to disturbing dreams, to headache, to dyspepsia, and to constipation. It is so injurious that it is better to learn to sleep with even too little than with too much clothing over the body. This, specially, is true for the young and the vigorous. It is less true for the old, but in them it holds good in a modified degree.

The position of the bed in the bedroom is of moment. The foot of the bed to the fireplace is the best arrangement when it can be carried out. The bed should be away from the door, so that the door does not open upon it, and it should never, if it can be helped, be between the door and the fire. If the head of the bed can be placed to the east, so that the body lies in the line of the earth's motion, I think it is in the best position for the sleeper.

The furniture of the bedroom, other than the bed, should be of the simplest kind. The chairs should be uncovered, and free from stuffing of woollen or other material; the wardrobe should have closely fitting doors; the utensils should have closely fitting covers; and everything that can in any way gather dust should be carefully excluded.

In a word, the bedroom, the room for the third of this mortal life, and that third the most helpless, should be a sanctuary of cleanliness and order, in which no injurious exhalation can remain for a moment, and no trace of uncleanness offend a single sense.

In speaking of beds and bedding it is of moment to remember that in the cleansing of the feathers which are used to fill pillows and bolsters, the utmost care ought to be taken never to put the feathers back into the tick until they are thoroughly dried. If only a little moisture attach to the feathers they decompose; they give out ammoniacal and sulphuretted compounds, and they become in this manner not only offensive to the sense of smell, but sometimes an insidious source of danger to health.

A few years ago I went with my family to a well-known seaside place, where during the season we were obliged to take what we could get in the way of house accommodation. I was myself located in a small bedroom, which was scrupulously clean and comfort-

able, such as bedrooms go, well ventilated. The first night after going to bed I awoke in early morning with the most oppressive of headaches, with a sense of nausea, and with coldness of the body. The thought that these unpleasant symptoms arose from smallness of the room and close air led me to open the window. I was soon somewhat relieved, but could sleep no more that morning, so I dressed, took a walk, and after a few hours felt fairly well, and as wanting nothing more than a few hours of extra sleep. The next night I took the precaution to set the window open, but again in early morning I awoke as before, and even in worse condition. I now canvassed all possible causes for the phenomena. Had I contracted some contagious disease? Was this bedroom recently tenanted by a person suffering from a contagious malady? Had I taken some kind of food or drink which had disagreed with me? The answer to each of these queries was entirely negative. All I could get at was that I had a sense of an odor of a very peculiar kind, which came and went, and which seemed to have some connection with the temporary derangement. On the third night I went to bed once more, but rather more restless and alert than before; and an hour or two after I had been in bed I woke with a singular dream. I was a boy again, and I was reading the story, so I dreamed, of Philip Quarles, who, like Robinson Crusoe, was lost on a desolate island, and who could not sleep on a pillow stuffed with the feathers of certain birds which he had killed, and the feathers of which he had used for a pillow. The dream led me to examine the pillow on which my own head reclined. It was a soft large downy cushion, with a fine white case and a perfectly clean tick; but when I turned my face for a moment on the pillow and inhaled through it, I detected the most distinct sulphur ammoniacal odor, which was so sickening I had no difficulty in discovering mine enemy. The bolster I found to be the same. I put both away, made a temporary pillow out of a railway rug, went to sleep again, and woke in the morning quite well. It turned out that the pillow and bolster had been recently made up with imperfectly dried feathers, and some of these were undergoing decomposition.

This experience of mine is a good illustration detected, as it happened, on the spot. It is by no means singular. Little children are often made sleepless, dreamful, and restless in their cots from a similar cause.

BED VENTILATION.

In treating of bed and bedding I have dwelled on the importance of allowing the clothes so to lie on the sleeper that they shall not too closely wrap him up in his own cutaneous exhalations. What I wished to convey by this teaching was that the bed should be ventilated not less than the room. Benjamin Franklin

used to take what he called an air bath, which consisted in walking about in an open room, sharply, for a short time in a loose dress, so that the air might come well and briskly on to the surface of his skin and exert its purifying and cleansing influence on the cutaneous envelope. The good and refreshing effect of this simple measure of cleanliness is well experienced by those who resort to it, and part of the value of the Turkish bath is due to Franklin's method, which is there of necessity carried out. But there is no doubt that an improvement might be made in beds themselves by a process of ventilation of them; and I am glad to say that this principle has been introduced lately by a clever and simple invention, called O'Brien's Bed-ventilating Tube. The late Dr. Chowne showed that the ordinary motion of the air through tubes vertically placed and open at each end is in one continued upward direction, the air inclosed within the tubes being always of slightly higher temperature than that outside. I saw many of Dr. Chowne's experiments on this subject; and although I could never see what he called the siphon principle which he supposed to be in action, I am bound to admit that he could in the most equable and even atmosphere cause a current of air to circulate down a short arm of a vertical tube, and up a longer arm of another tube connected with the shorter by a joint or bend. Mr. O'Brien, taking advantage of this fact, has then invented a tube which ventilates the bed while the sleeper is in it. A tube of two inches diameter at the foot of the bed opens just under the bed-clothes; it passes beneath the frame of the bed to the bed's head, and runs up at the bed's head until it nearly reaches the ceiling, or when convenient passes into a flue. Through this tube a current of air, entering the bed at the upper part and passing over the sleeper, is made to circulate out of the bed by the ventilating tube, carrying with it the watery matter that is exhaled by the skin, and keeping up, in fact, a perfectly ventilated space, in which the body for so many hours reposes. The quantity of fluid from the skin which condenses in this tube in the course of a night is, to common observation, quite remarkable, consisting of several ounces. I consider the O'Brien tube to be a marked hygienic improvement in the construction of bedsteads and bedding. It ought to be fitted to every bedstead, and in the beds of all sick-rooms and wards of hospitals it should have an immediate and settled introduction.

WINDOW CURTAINS AND WINDOW BLINDS IN THE BEDROOM.

There is much difference of opinion on the question of window curtains and window blinds in the bedroom. Some persons who have been unhealthily educated are unable to sleep except when the room is entirely dark, the faintest ray of light being sufficient

to break their repose. Others can sleep when light enters into the room in the fullest degree. I have no doubt those are most healthy who can sleep without any window shade whatsoever, and I am sure that every one can be trained so as to sleep without blinds if the training do but commence early enough in life. Light purifies and invigorates; and children that sleep in darkness, by their blanched faces alone, may be distinguished from those who sleep in a well-lighted room. More than this, the admission of daylight early in the morning tends to create a habit of early rising, which is so conducive to health. He who hails the sun instead of letting the sun hail him is the wise man. Those who sleep like moles in a hole, though they may grow sleek and fat, are not sun-healthy; they are feeble, subject to headaches, excitable, pale, and nervous. For these reasons I would, therefore, teach that the half-blind of muslin is all that is sufficient for the bedroom window, and that the roller-blind should only be used to prevent the actual glare of the sun, or to shut out the view into a room that is exposed to other houses that overlook it. Heavy curtains for bedroom windows, or curtains of any kind, are altogether out of place, except as mere ornamental appendages, and they, when present for appearance' sake, should never be drawn except on emergency, in seasons of extreme cold or heat.

A light green color is best for the muslin blind and the roller-blind.

ANSWERS TO SOME INQUIRIES.

Before I leave the bedroom it is well for me to take the opportunity of replying to one or two of a great number of inquiries that have been sent to me respecting the various points that have been mooted in these papers.

1. For daylight reflectors Chapuis's are, I think, up to this time, without a rival.

2. For the floors of bedrooms in cases where the wooden flooring is bad, an oil-cloth covering is in all particulars good. The oil-cloth can be cleaned by the dry method perfectly well.

3. A portion of stove-piping carried from the calorigen stove to the outer air for the purpose of admitting fresh air answers fairly well; but no plan is so good as to clear away all rubbish from beneath the floor of the room, make plenty of opening from the outer air to beneath the floor, and then let the tube for feeding the fresh air to the stove perforate the flooring into the space beneath.

4. The open gas fireplace in the bedroom is perfectly safe so long as there is a good chimney draught, but if there is anything like a down draught the stove is very dangerous to health. The product which injures most from the gas fire is not carbonic acid, but carbonic oxide.

5. The mean temperature of the bedroom should be from 65° to 68° Fahr. This is easily maintained by the calorigen stove, and at a very moderate expense. The calorigen that burns with coal is perhaps the steadiest of the varieties of coal stoves which warm and ventilate at the same time.

6. A paper, for walls, which "will wash like linen," as one of my correspondents suggests, is not at all out of the question. Indeed, since these essays have been in progress, Dr. Scofield has sent me a small specimen of his cupri-ammonium prepared paper which can even be boiled or steamed without being destroyed. A little improvement in a paper of this construction, so as to make it more artistic, would give a basis for a perfectly healthy wall paper, which could be put up, in panel, without paste, on a glazed wall, and permit of being taken down, at any time, for cleansing, as easily as a picture.

7. There is, it must be acknowledged, a great difficulty in admitting air into the bedroom from the outside, and at the same time excluding damp. In foggy weather, in such seasons as the one we have just passed through, this difficulty is almost insurmountable, and we are unfortunately placed between Scylla and Charybdis in relation to it. I have tried several plans for drying air in its course from the outside into the room, but only with partial success. When the air of the room is well and equally warmed, the injury arising from moisture is greatly lessened, and it is therefore of moment, in foggy seasons, to keep up a considerable temperature in the room by which the water vapor will be removed, if there be at the same time free exit ventilation. But all plans of artificial drying are partial or mischievous. To stretch a layer of porous and dry woollen stuff over the opening that lets air into the room is the only mechanical plan I can suggest that is of real value. This at all events filters the air. It might be supplemented by introducing into the ventilating tube some loosely packed charcoal in good-sized pieces, over which the air would pass on its entrance into the chamber. Dr. Stenhouse has suggested this plan as a means of purification of air, and it is a good suggestion in that particular.

THE STAIRCASE LANDING.

We may leave the bedroom now, and pass to the landing of the staircase outside. This space, or landing, is, as a rule, a terrible trouble to the sanitary mind. It is a rialto on which varied kinds of sanitary difficulties combine. It often is deficient in light. On it is placed the receptacle, necessary but fearful, of the housemaid's cupboard or closet. On it is placed the sink and water-butt. Worst of all, in nearly every London house it is the place for the water-closet. When there are two landing floors in the house these

convenient inconveniences are usually divided, but frequently, in houses less fortunately placed, they are all in conjunction.

GOOD LIGHT AND COSTLESS VENTILATION.

It is essential on the landing of the bedroom floor first of all to have abundance of light. The window should be made as large as is consistently possible, and it should be kept specially clean. When light is deficient here the reflector ought to be brought into immediate use. In a large and newly-built house in this metropolis, into which I was, lately, led by a professional summons, an artificial light had actually to be kept for a portion of the day, and for the whole day when the sky was clouded, in order that the passage could be sufficiently illuminated for ordinary purposes. A great blank of dead wall opposite the window kept up a perpetual eclipse. I suggested a reflector, and as soon as it was in position the passage became actually brilliant with light, to the immense comfort of the occupiers of the house.

After light on the landing of the staircase comes the admission of air by the window, and here I can have no hesitation what to recommend. The costless system of ventilation introduced by Dr. Peter Hinckes Bird is for all intents the best. Dr. Bird's plan is simplicity itself. The lower sash of the window is lifted up about three inches, and in the space between the sill and the sash a piece of wood is introduced to fill up the space. The lower sash at its upper part is thus brought a few inches above the lower part of the upper sash, which it by so much overlaps. In this manner there is left in the middle between the two sashes an open space, up which the air is constantly passing from the outside into the house. At all times the air is finding its way, and, as the current is directed in an upward course, draught is not felt even when the air blows in freely. At the same time the sashes can be opened or closed as may be desired without altering the arrangement for ventilation.

I have recommended and employed Dr. Bird's costless ventilation so many years with such excellent practical results, I hardly like to venture on a shade of suggestion for its modification. There is, however, one change in it which, while it adheres entirely to the principle, is, I venture to think, an improvement in detail. This consists simply in letting the lower sash remain unchanged, and in bringing down the upper sash three inches, so as to let it by that distance overlap the lower. The space above on the upper part of the top sash has then to be filled up, and I recommend for this purpose a permanent bar of wood, against which the upper sash can close. The advantages of this detail are, that the window looks better; that light at the lower part is saved; that lower blinds are not interfered with; that the interposed piece

of wood is out of the reach of the servants, so that it cannot be taken away without great trouble; and, that if there be a draught at the space where the sash touches, the interposed portion of wood, it is at the top instead of the bottom sash, and is not felt by those who are passing the window on ascending the stairs.

The costless ventilation once effected, it should be in operation all the year round. It is true that in cold weather it causes a lower temperature on the landing than would exist if the window were absolutely closed; but this must be met by increasing the warmth within the house, not by the process of excluding the outer air.

It will be soon detected in windows in which the costless ventilation is set up, how large a quantity of dust there is in the air which finds its way into the dwelling-house of the great city. The space through which the air passes is very quickly charged with dust, some of which settles on the panes of the window and the framework, and requires removal at short regular intervals. It is raised by some as an objection to the system of costless ventilation that the dust enters so freely through the permanent opening as to become, in its turn, a nuisance. Hence we often find the opening partly filled up with a sandbag or else with a plate of perforated zinc, the openings of which are quite closed up with dust. Both these practices are bad; the open space should never be closed. In spite of the acknowledged inconvenience of dust, it is far better to have a free admission of air than to exclude the air. In practice, moreover, the dust nuisance is less than would be expected. It is only occasionally present, while bad air, if outer air be kept out, is always present.

The floor of the landing should be treated precisely in the same manner as the floor of the bedroom. In the course of the tread in the centre of the landing, for a width, say, of from eighteen inches to two feet, a line of carpet may be laid down, but the floor space on either side of the carpet should be uncovered, and if it be of wood it should be dry scrubbed and treated with wax and turpentine, when the boards will allow of it. Where the staircase and landing are of stone, nothing is more healthful than the stone itself duly cleaned and whitened. When the floor surface is of different wood or stone, it may, with advantage, be covered with oil-cloth, with the centre carpet. In no case should the whole of a landing be carpet-covered so as to make the carpet hug the wall. A floor covered in that manner holds the dust, and keeps the air charged with dust, every step and every gust of air that moves the carpet from beneath tending to waft some particles of dust into the air above.

Of oil-cloth as a covering for landings, passages, and outer parts of bedroom floors, nothing can be said that it is unfavorable, granting always that it is laid down with skill and care. As a rule

It should be closely fitted to the floor, and well glued and nailed down at the edges, so that it cannot become a coating for a thick layer of dust beneath it. Fixed firmly in its place in such a way as to form part of the floor itself, oil-cloth can be cleaned with as much facility as can a boarded floor, and can be waxed as perfectly. It does not retain dust; it shows the presence of dust and dirt, and it is a good non-conductor of heat. The substance called Kieselguhr is, in some particulars, an improvement on oil-cloth, because it is a better non-conductor. Kamptulceon is more enduring than either, but it does not admit of such perfect cleaning; it catches the dust more, and it never looks so bright and cheery as the others do. We are told that it is so much more serviceable, and that is true; but then it is not good to have forever in view a structure that is unchangeable and practically indestructible. An occasional change of structure is a positive relief, and when it can be obtained at slight cost is a useful luxury.

The walls of the landing, like those of the bedroom, should be covered with a paint or paper that will readily admit of being washed. Failing this, they should be distempered.

ASCENDING VENTILATING SHAFT.

It is always good practice wherever it is practicable to make an opening from the stair-landing into and out of the roof of the house, or into the stack of the chimney. If the landing be just under the roof, then it is good to get a direct opening through the roof, or the cockloft leading to it, so that there may be an immediate communication with the outer air above. In most houses this upper landing-place is connected by the staircase with the whole of the lower part of the house. The house from below ventilates into it, and if upon it there be no efficient outlet it is in a bad position indeed. Should there be an intervening floor between the floor and the roof of the house a small shaft should be carried up, and beneath that shaft a gas-burner may with much advantage be suspended, so as to make the shaft a chimney for the conveyance of the products of the gas and of air, away from the interior of the house.

THE WATER-CLOSET ON THE STAIRCASE LANDING.

In the houses of crowded cities the worst sanitary difficulty of all lies in the arrangement of the water-closet on the landings of the staircases. Some sanitarians propose to meet these difficulties by introducing the dry earth-closet system, or by some other special system distinct from what is in general use. I do not object to such suggestions where they are practicable; but my business, at this time, is to indicate the safest mode of meeting the present

objectionable system, and, until a better mode of construction is effected, to improve to the utmost the water-closet as it now exists. I will deal with the earth-closet in the next paper.

It cannot be denied that great danger attends the water-closet system in many houses. The closet itself is placed so as to be in the centre of the sleeping-part of the domicile. It is most imperfectly ventilated and lighted. The flow from it is often exceedingly bad; the leverage and the water supply are apt to get out of order; the pans soon become unclean, and whatever care the housekeeper may exercise, there is an odor from the closet which will pervade the floor of the house in which the closet is placed, and will declare the unwholesomeness of the arrangement.

To meet these unfortunate conditions, the first care should be to secure an absolutely free course from the pan of the closet into the soil-pipe, and from the soil-pipe into the sewer, in such a manner that at some point before it reaches the trap leading to the sewer the pipe shall be open to the air. I shall explain in a future paper how this may be done; but for the present I point it out as a necessity. The second care is to secure a good and steady supply of water, so that the pan of the closet can always be thoroughly flushed and charged with water. The third care is to have a closet apparatus that shall let the water completely empty the pan, and shall afterward leave a good supply of water there. Underhay's plan is one of the best for securing this advantage; it gives a free fall of water when the trap is raised, and it fills, if it may be so said, as it empties, thereby rendering the return of air from the soil-pipe all but impossible.

These plans secured, the next step consists in arranging for the purification of the closet itself; for the free ventilation of it specially.

When there is a ready means of making a window or direct shaft from the closet into the open air the difficulty of finding an exit opening is fairly solved, and I need only to say of such an opening that it can hardly be too large or too free. The great obstacles are found when the closet is in the centre of the floor, and there is no means of direct communication with out-door air. In many of our London houses so circumstanced it is actually not uncommon to see a window from the water-closet opening into the staircase, a plan as bad as can possibly be imagined. To avoid that, I would offer the following arrangement, which I have carried out with very satisfactory results.

To ventilate freely under the conditions named it is requisite to make an opening through the ceiling of the closet, and to secure an outlet, so as to allow the air of the closet to find free exit. This is best done when the closet is under the roof of the house by carrying a three or four inch tube into the space under the roof, and

either running it from there into a chimney shaft, or direct out on to the roof by a chimney of its own. In cases where there is an intervening floor it is necessary to carry the opening through the ceiling of the closet into the space between the ceiling and the floor above, and from that, by a tube laid between floor and ceiling, to the side wall, and through that wall into the open air by an exit shaft. Or else to carry a tube through the ceiling and floor direct up to and through the roof, or into a chimney shaft. If gas be at hand it is well to have a burner put into the closet, and to allow the light to be suspended immediately beneath the ascending exit air-tube. By this method the escape of air from the closet is always well secured and part of the difficulties are overcome.

Following, however, upon this it is necessary to let air freely into the closet, so that there may always be a free current of air circulating through it. To effect this object one step more must be taken. Through the floor of the closet in front of the seat, at either or at both ends, there must be cut a free opening into the space between the floor and the ceiling of the room below. From this opening another free communication must be made to the outer air by an opening made through the wall of the house. It may be necessary here to carry a tube from the opening in the outer wall to the closet, but, as a rule, it is only requisite to insert a few perforated bricks in the wall on the level of the space between the floors and the ceilings of the rooms beneath. This space then becomes an air-chamber, which feeds the closet with air in the freest manner. The air introduced should pass also freely under the seat of the closet.

By the simple plan now detailed I have seen a closet in the centre of a floor rendered free of all odor, and so flushed with air that it was purer than some closets are which are placed out of doors.

Recently a very ingenious invention has been brought out by the Deodorizing Water-closet Company in the Harrow Road by which the pan of the closet is kept free of odor. Under the seat of the closet, but quite concealed by the front of the seat, there is placed an apparatus which contains a large supply of permanganate deodorizing solution. A tube from this apparatus enters from above into the basin of the closet, and after water has been allowed to flow through the pan, just as the lever descends to shut off the water, a portion of the deodorizing solution is pumped into the water that remains in the basin, and is left there. The water is colored red by the solution, and not only deodorizes, but becomes a test of the cleanliness of the closet itself. If the pan of the closet be very unclean the water is almost immediately decolorized; if, on the other hand, the closet be in a wholesome state the water retains the color of the solution for several hours. I have had this apparatus set up in my own house, and find it to answer

excellently. It will, I suspect, become a necessity in hotels, convalescent homes, and hospitals.

The walls of the water-closet should either be painted so that they may be washed frequently, or they should be coated with distemper often renewed. All porous coverings for the walls are particularly objectionable.

The closet should be frequently cleansed throughout, and once in a twelve-month, at least, the pans should be taken out, and it and all the parts and tubes beneath should be systematically cleansed and purified. Once every week the closet should be thoroughly flushed with water; and through the seat, over the handle of the lever that lifts the plug to let in the water, an opening should be cut so that the handle can be raised during the flushing, while the lid of the closet is closed down.

B. W. RICHARDSON, in *Good Words*.

PLEA FOR MUSICIANS.

I HAVE before me an impression of Hogarth's "Grub-Street." How well the woes of the poor author are told! A sense of aspiration disappointed pervades the apartment. The milk-woman clamors for money, the baby wails for milk, in vain; the cat and kitten, trespassing in search of warmth on their master's coat, will shortly be turned off with ignominy; the dog, who is making free with the scanty viands reserved for a future meal, will be discovered; and so on, down to the poor poet, who,

Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound,
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Then writ and floundered on in mere despair.

Such were, such are, the woes of undiscovered authorship; and the world sympathizes. But there is another class of composer, whose ranks are crowded with indigent members similarly endeavoring to subsist on a barren imagination—I allude to musicians. No Hogarth has delineated their griefs; it has been reserved, I believe, for melodramatists of recent years in rambles after fresh subjects to paint mixed pictures of their absurdities and sufferings. The world has no sympathy with them, and what is the reason of her insensibility? Is she not grateful to them for the many hours of happiness they have afforded her? How could she give her evening parties without Signor Rimbombo and Herr von Ström, whose joint efforts create a satisfactory emulation among the voices of the conversationists?

The world has no gratitude; no memory for aught but disagree-

ables. And yet I know not why one should speak of her so hardly, making her, as it were, the scapegoat of individuals—so weak and unrevenged as she is too. I suppose the cause is cowardice; a collective hatred, too, has all the relish without the bitter after-taste of a personal animosity. But to continue: The world hates all musicians because they make a noise. She classes them with German bands, barrel-organs, paper-boys; old-clothes-men; the irrepressible sparrow; the matutinal quack of the park-lauding duck and the town-bred chanticleer, who, by crowing throughout the night, forfeits his only claim to respect. Musicians violate the peace of the domestic hearth; their art is an obtrusive one. The poet who recites his verses and tears his hair is not, though his ravings equal those of the Cuman Sibyl, as a rule, audible through that razor-like partition which, as in Swedenborg's other world, separates many a heaven and hell; but the abortive efforts of the tyro-musician cannot be restrained by the thickest and hardest of walls. Shut the window and door, the detestable flat notes drift down the chimney with perplexing perseverance. Do what you will, short of stopping your ears with wax, you cannot escape those unsirenish sounds. The only resource left to you is to fly to your piano—I don't ask if you have one—has a prize-fighter fists? did Fitzgerald possess a pair of pistols?—to fly to your piano and revenge yourself on your unoffending neighbor on the other side. Thus the musician is not only the direct means of destroying other people's comfort, but is indirectly the author of multitudinous evils, and consequently an object of universal execration. Would not the composer of "Home, Sweet Home," whoever he may be, turn in his grave if he knew that his innocent composition was daily torturing the most Christian souls into mingled thoughts of hatred and revenge? The Persians have doubtless lived to curse that king, who, in mistaken kindness, when he saw his subjects dancing without music, introduced 12,000 musicians and singers from abroad.

Yet no one will say roundly that he hates music. "Are you fond of music?" you ask your partner in the mazy waltz. "Very," she replies, with a look of rapture; "but," she adds, "I don't care for Mozart, Handel, Beethoven," etc. One of England's wisest men is devoted to music, but *dislikes all compositions in the minor*.

Music is like the quack panacea for all ailments, to which, if it be successful, each attributes a particular virtue. "Ah! it may not be of any use in cases of pericarditis or acute mania, but it has often saved me from a fit of gout. Jim, you know, takes it for the hiccuph." Music is the good fairy of our childhood, in whose basket is something good for every good boy. "Il Barbiere" for me; the "Eroica" symphony for you. It is not her fault that we

little boys will quarrel as to which gift is the best, and abuse the donor.

The many-sidedness of music makes her many enemies. That which pleases everybody delights nobody; and music, like everything else, has points that invite criticism. London walls are not built to withstand the battery of sound with which they are so often assailed. Hence the surly attitude of the householder, enhanced, no doubt, by British idiosyncrasies. "An Englishman's house is his castle" is a favorite English proverb, a typical "John-Bullitude." The blessings of privacy are little understood in southern climates, where the necessity of a house as a shelter from the elements is not so imperative. A well-known artist, travelling in the south of Italy, had occasion to make lively protestations against an ancient sow for a bedfellow, and he subsequently heard the natives exclaiming among themselves, "Son matti! son matti; tatti gli Inglesi son matti." We Englishmen resent the slightest circumstance which forces us to acknowledge ourselves as part of the community; and there is no more forcible reminder, except perhaps a summons to serve on a grand jury, that such is our position; than the impertinent intrusion of the music of our neighbors. The faintest sound that penetrates the sacred *paries* we regard as violating our national privilege. We harden our hearts against it. We blunt our aesthetic sensibilities. We have a stereotyped formula to express our opinion of all music so heard. It is execrable. I once had lodgings next door to a famous tenor. I thought he sang atrociously; and it was only when I found out who he was that I was obliged to recognize in him the artist who had so often entranced me at the opera. We are, in fact, like dogs—dogs in the manger—who howl at all music alike, good and bad. True it is we are not always so fortunate. True it is that the vicinity of the ambitious amateur is not to be coveted—nay, hardly to be borne.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.

But if those voices be *not* soft, and if those concertos be discords; the vibrations of which the memory is sensible are more pronounced, more prolonged. We mark our disapprobation of the noise-loving qualities of Frenchmen by calling them "our lively neighbors," but if we apply these words to "the people next door" it is with a ghastly facetiousness that masks a world of concentrated spite and hoarded venom appalling in these days of civilization. We are shocked at the immodesty that causes them to give publicity to their abortive efforts. We cannot understand their want of consideration for the feelings and comfort of others; we fail to imagine how they can derive enjoyment from such ill-assorted harmony (?); we are at a loss to comprehend why their

common-sense does not step in and put a check upon them. Our dilemma is excusable, and the horns of it are wide apart and grievously pointed.

My facetious friend T. H. says that every man, when he is under an arch, thinks he can sing; echo is the cause of many a self-admiration. Now there are people who are born, who spend their existences, under an arch—a moral arch, I mean. To them, if their bent be musical, crescendos and diminuendos are fantastic adornments, time an unnecessary restriction, semitones needless refinements. They thump, they bang, they bellow, they roar, they shout, they scream, they squeal. But to them the meanest, the most erratic sound they make is better than heaven's sweetest music. It is trying to listen to the facile, well-connected amateur who dashes off a *pot-pourri* of the popular airs of the day. It is trying to detect the labored efforts of the humble, untiring, untalented student, who is ever striving, ever failing, to attain the correct rendering of a well-known classical composition. But, reader, have you ever lived next door to a family of orthodox ladies who every afternoon sing a selection of *hymns ancient and modern*, artfully so contrived that there is at least one note in each tune half a tone beyond the compass of the performer's voice? Why is it—I submit, it to you—why is it that all musicians, good as well as bad, are prouder of their extreme notes than of any other portion of their voice? Why should the bass be ever struggling to perform feats natural to the tenor? why should the soprano be constantly endeavoring to commit larceny on the property of the contralto?

Is it because the result attained, though perchance unsatisfactory to others, is endeared to the performer by reason of the difficulty of the undertaking? Is this why these sorry sounds are prized as things of beauty, the more precious because they cannot last forever? Perhaps! But I think a deeper moral truth is here involved.

Gentle friend, have you ever been stirred into consciousness in the early morning, when the fires are unlit, when the housemaid is in bed, when the winter snow is on the ground, and the east wind is howling unreasonable retribution—by the sounds of the piano? Has the citadel of your slumber ever been thus rudely assaulted by the scaling ladders of perversely laborious young ladies? If not, you have not known regret. Young ladies, I weep tears—no *crocodile* tears—over your scales.

Thou, wicked old creature, with thy sallow notes, thy withered legs, thy cracked voice, of what hours of misery, of what ghastly profanities, of what needless chilblains hast thou not been the cause? Picture me, reader, as I lie in bed, thus bereft of two hours of blissful forgetfulness. "The people next door"—that is to say,

that portion of the people next door in whom I am so painfully interested, consist of five young ladies ranging from twelve years of age to twenty—"sweet and twenty," it is called—all immolating themselves on the altar of fashion, striving to be musical. They succeed each other, for to each is allotted a certain period of ante-prandial martyrdom. As there are family characteristics in voice, in figure, in face, so are there in music. I have heard of a self-made man, who purchased a nobleman's castle in the north, and employed a skilled painter to construct him a gallery of ancestors, in which his plebeian bottled-nose was palpably deduced, through a hundred nicely modulated gradations, from the delicate aquiline that came over with the Conqueror. A similar study is now presented to me, not in noses, but in ears; here are five young ladies all playing in succession the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata, with a stress of varying degrees of diabolicity on the last note of each triplet. There is some interest in the subject, but it is soon exhausted. This species of torture is enhanced when the torturer is scientific. I was calling the other day on some friends who have the impudence to imagine that living in a flat is the secret of true comfort. I found them in the wildest despair. I asked, "Why?" They only answered, "Listen." I listened. Overhead was a piano. They told me it was *tenanted*—I say *tenanted*, because I fancy the piano was of more importance to its owner than the room in which it stood—it was tenanted by an operatic composer. He was rehearsing a storm. "Tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—rom ! pom !" There was no mistake about its being a storm, and what a storm it was ! If I thought the composer was in any way attempting to be faithful to nature I would not visit even Paris again. I have since come to the conclusion that he must have studied meteorology, and in theory only. The hero was probably a meteorologist gone mad, that is, one who had over-meteorologized himself. An ideal or complete storm was visiting him in his dream; a storm with fixtures; a storm with all possible accessories; a storm with frightful, unheard of, auxiliary occurrences. Such a storm in fact as would have effectually prevented *Aeneas from eating his tables*—such a storm as Walt Whitman would delight to catalogue :

I hear the so-ho of the sailors and the creaking of the chain that uplifts the anchor :

I hear the squeelch of the billows on the gunwale :

I hear the cheery champing of hungry jaws at dinner :

I hear and rejoice ;

For am not I part of them and they of me ?

I hear in the morning at breakfast the champing of jaws diminish :

I hear the angry warnings of the rising gale :

I hear the mutterings of the animated ocean :

I hear and fear, for am not I part of them and they of me ?

I appreciate the bravado of the captain :
I appreciate the sang-froid of the officers :
I appreciate the futile questionings of the anxious passengers.
For am not I part of them and they of me ?

I fear the whirlwind, the whirlpool, the tornado, the simoom, and the scirocco.
I fear likewise the thunder and the lightning.
I fear the plagues of Egypt.
For am not I part of them and they of me ?

I listen to the creaking of the straining cordage :
I listen to the orders of the captain amid the overbearing din of the tempest :
I listen to the clatter of the axes and the crashing fall of the mainmast :
I listen to the thud of the keel on the shingle :
I listen to the unbounded license of the crew :
I listen to the screaming of the affrighted passengers :
I listen to the awful *ultimate* silence.
For is *that* not part of me and I of *that* ?

So did we listen perforce, and we wished it had been. He pauses breathless. We congratulate ourselves that Providence has placed limits to human exertion even in moments of the wildest inspiration. Silence at last ! But no ! tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—*from ! pom !* Another storm is brewing. I bid my friends farewell and return home—I confess it—to speculate on the enormous advantages that would accrue to mankind if operas could dispense with composition. But was I right thus to give way to irritability ? Let me calculate the comparative importance of my discomfort and my musical friend's unpleasant undertaking ! Am I penning an epic that will eclipse "Paradise Lost ?" Am I writing a history that will outdo Macaulay ? Or rather, do I think I am ? Then let me use all my endeavors to suppress my tuneful neighbor. I fear, however, that it is only when I am idle that I find time to grumble, or that there is aught to grumble at.

Most of us run in a groove and make ourselves very unpleasant if that groove is not well oiled for us ; and thus it comes that the minor calamities of life constitute its real unhappiness, just as the little unexpected pleasures furnish the chief contribution to its happiness. After all, we are little better than children to whom the divine justice of nature has decreed that so many sugar-plums entail so much castor-oil. Therefore let us not repine if the permission to sleep in a warm soft bed is qualified with a seasoning of adjacent discords.

We tolerate infancy ; let us be charitable to infant musicians. We gloze over that period of our children's lives when their existence is a hideous nightmare—a constant alternation of famine and surfeit ; when the wail of inanition follows hard upon the stertorous breathing of repletion, for the sake partly of the sudden random gleam of inner light that breaks from them, and reminds us of the great anti-Darwin. But, to make prose of one of England's

most beautiful poems, an admixture of the world's baser influences is necessary to utilize the divine essence of man. Experience teaches expression, though in that expression the subtler, ethereal quality of the mind becomes for the most part bewildered into commonplace. Divine wisdom must conform to the rules of grammar and the coarse sounds of current speech : so must the harmony of Apollo himself be thrust through the straitened mould of chromatic scales and made to thread the intricacies of counter-point.

Therefore, grumble not, O hardened, unsympathetic Londoner, if thy morning slumbers be broken by the shriek of the fiddle or the shrill pertinacity of the flute. You cannot of course bring yourself to believe that futile attempts to master a simple theme may be the untutored stammering of a soul bursting with music, whose lot perhaps in some future day, in some future world, will be to entrance his thousands, even as Israfil holds spell-bound the denizens of Paradise with the music of his heart-strings. This, you say, is hard to believe ; therefore let me put another picture before you !

The scene is a garret ; it is a bitter winter's day ; the wind howls around and enters through a hundred crevices ; an ember or two smoulders on the hearth. At a rickety table, huddled up into the corner in a vain attempt to elude the network of draughts which intersect the apartment, sits, lost in his work, the young musician. He has just completed the score of his symphony ; it is his first. Smaller works he has done, and has tried in vain to get them performed, but this is that work which will make him famous for centuries to come. Perhaps it is the last thing he will ever do. Pinched by famine, benumbed with cold, he has, sown in his veins, the seeds of a fatal disease. He has just finished his score, which he regards with admiration. He has no doubts of its success. He turns to the beginning, hums the theme, gets more and more excited, rises to his feet, and seizes the crutch on which he drags himself to the nearest eating-house when he has money for a meal. He fancies himself in the national concert hall. Thousands of eager spectators throng that vast auditorium behind him. He hears the hum of expectancy. He gives the signal. The muted violins whisper forth the air ; the basses and the cellos give it body ; it develops ; the brass contributes a mellow fulness ; a running wave-like accompaniment is heard from the harp ; the whole body of instruments is now at work. "Crescendo !" The action of the young composer's arm becomes animated. The time is quickened. Faster ! Faster ! The movement is reaching a climax. "Forte ! forte ! più ! più ! fortissimo !" There peals forth a tremendous unison. But no ! poor soul, there is no answer to his call but the trembling of the crazy boards on which he sways his feeble frame. There are no thousands in whose hearts he can

false a kindred glow of emotion. That symphony, too, like his other works, will decay unknown in the closet. He sinks into his chair in a passion of weeping.

No doubt he is one of those whose efforts at composition, before he was forced to sell his piano, have educated many a muttered oath from his luckless neighbors. But he is a man of a great soul and a noble, useful life.

You deny; you disbelieve. You deny the utility of a life that achieves nought but disappointment. Reader, the fame of many a contemporary is built on such disappointments—the disappointments of others. You disbelieve that the history I have sketched is possible in these days of enterprising managers, of universal good taste, of charity organizations. Reader, the world is a wide world, and there is many a dreary spot in it. You ask, "Why does he waste his time and his life in seeking after the unattainable?" You hate the pride that spurns what you call "a useful life." You would have him scrape the fiddle in a music-hall. You would wish him to dance attendance in the school-rooms of the rich. But you forget that where nature bestows fine brains she seldom adds a broad back. You forget that the subtle imagination of the artist may be blighted in the tussle with mechanical routine and enforced inferiority. And yet you doubtless have friends whose existences have been embittered by the impossibility of exercising a fancied creative power, but to whom the necessity for bread has appeared paramount. Our poor friend did not so regard that necessity; and seeing the alternative, there is much to be said for his way of thinking. I beg pardon, I have unwittingly become serious.

Hogarth, I said, had not represented the woes of musicians—I meant the woes of unrecognized musical talent. His picture of the "Enraged Musician" portrays the outrage of musical sensibility. The ear that has, by long use, become accustomed only to sweet concordance, feels acutely the babel of that barbarous serenade. The sufferings of the "Enraged Musician" are our own intensified. It never, I confess, occurred to me till the other day that a musician who had thus suffered might mentally transfer his martyrdom to his neighbor, and thus become so struck with the brutality he is committing as to desist altogether from music. This possibility suggested itself to me while reading Mr. Schuyler's interesting book on Turkestan. There appears to exist among the Tartars a refinement of feeling not credited to European votaries of harmony. Mr. Schuyler will doubtless pardon me for not quoting the anecdote *verbatim*; as certain variations of language are necessary to elucidate the meaning which I attach to the fable.

The hero was a local saint, Khorkhut by name, whose stature, fourteen feet, made him an object of some eminence in the country.

He was fond of music, and had a desire to learn to play upon the lute. Accordingly, being of a sensitive temperament himself, and knowing of what discomfort to others are the ill-harmonies evoked by the unskilled hand, he unselfishly withdrew to the edge of the world in order to complete his musical education. In this hope, however, he was disappointed. Visited one night by a dream, he thought he saw some men digging a grave. "For whom is that grave?" he asked. "For Khorkhut," they replied. He awoke, and the result of this short but plainly-pointed conversation was that he speedily removed his abiding-place. So hasty a determination, so evident a care for life, may strike the reader as inconsistent with that strength of character which marks every truly great man. A word about this hereafter. From the edge of the world Khorkhut now removes to its eastern corner. No rest, however, can this giant son of harmony find here. The same vision again assails him, and with the same results. Now he pitches his tent on the western corner; now on the northern; now on the southern; but all in vain. At length it dawned upon him that his only resource was to try the centre of the world; and he consequently encamped upon the banks of the Syr-Daria, which, as every well-informed person knows, is the centre of the world. But alas! there too these hideous phantoms pursued him. "Must I," he cried, in piteous lamentation, "must I then resign all hope of being able to discourse with thee, O lute, O mistress, in that sweet language which thou alone understandest? Ye gods, if there be any pity in heaven," he continued (unconsciously quoting *Æneas's* stock phrase), "have mercy on your hapless slave, who, after all, only wants to learn to play upon the lute." Then seeing the dark waters of the Syr-Daria rolling beneath, and despairing of pity, he cast his mantle on the stream and himself on the mantle. But, wonderful to relate, those murky waters did not engulf him. He floated, and there, in this unassailable position, he found peace at length. He played his lute; he played it for a hundred years; and then he died. The manner or the cause of his death has not been transmitted to us. It must ever remain a mystery whether his passion for the lute was the secret of his longevity; or whether, had he been no musician, and lived like other folk, he might not have attained to even a greater age. Perhaps the mere fact of having so completely his own way delayed the process of natural decay. But, be that as it may, the issue is foreign to our subject.

The question which now concerns us is why was Khorkhut sainted? In some rustic European calendars we find such undeserving saints as Pilate and his wife; but the Easterns have generally some sufficient reason for their canonizations. Of his pedigree we know nothing; we may conclude therefore that the dignity was not hereditary. Stature is a sign of distinction in the East,

But it is an attribute of devils as well as heroes. Thus we may conjecture that his sainthood was conferred on him for some such reason as the following. He was a man who lived a long life with a distinct object in view, and, despite the difficulties thrown in his way, at last attained that object. These difficulties were aggravated—1, by the fact of his enormous stature, which rendered his proceedings a matter of general notoriety; 2, because of his extremely sensitive nature, which did not allow him to interfere with the comfort of his fellows; for the nightmares, which haunted him, were nothing but the reproaches of his unselfish conscience. Once, however, in the midst of the desolate flood of the Syr-Daria, he knew that he was at length alone, and could learn how to unburden his music-laden soul without annoyance to any one. These are nice points of feeling to be commemorated by barbarian Tartars, say you. Timour was a Tartar; and the reasons he alleged for conquest were substantially the same as those now put forward by Christian Russia.

Music is a physical necessity for certain people. No one will be inclined to doubt this who has been at the university, and heard the simultaneous burst of melody which arises the very instant that the clock marks the hour when the authority of learning is placed in abeyance and music sways the alternating sceptre. Thus, without doubt, there are many of us whom delicacy of feeling prevents from seeking to express our thoughts in harmony; herded together, as we are, in the metropolis, and since, unlike Khorkhut, we cannot play nomad.

Half of us thrive on noise, and the other half cannot subsist without absolute quiet. What, then, can be done? Can we, like the reverse of a solution I once heard of the poor-rate difficulty in London, namely, to surround each rich man's house with a circle of squalid hovels—can we banish all pianos and such-like inventions of the evil one to one quarter of London? Imagine, if you can, the difficulties of this! And if it were accomplished, imagine the rivalry that would spring up between the musical and the non-musical members of the community. Our boasted London would then be little better than the Indian village of which Sir William Sleeman writes, where there are two Mohammedan parties, who celebrate their religion, one in silence, the other to the sound of the tom-tom. (N.B. I should think the quietists would ultimately adopt the rival mode of worship.)

I know of no remedy for this state of affairs. To me the problem appears insoluble. But let us not sit with folded hands! There is a palliative which suggests itself to me—a medicine prescribed by the most famous physicians—a medicine easy of application, but difficult to meet with. It is *charity*.

Do I doctor myself with the medicine I prescribe to others? you

ask ; or am I a musician, and thus plead the cause of my profession ?

Between ourselves, dear reader, neither is the case. I certainly do not practise what I preach, but being capable of some sort of studied noise which the lenient might possibly recognize as music, I am thus in a position to exercise the "*lex talionis*," which I do rigidly—"an eye for an eye," a headache for a headache. For further particulars inquire next door.

L. T., in *Cornhill Magazine*.

DR. CHANNING, THE ABOLITIONIST.

THE Unitarian body in the new and old world have just been celebrating the centenary of Dr. William Ellery Channing, whom they claim as one of their greater prophets. That claim has been often challenged, and it must be allowed that to the average wayfarer the difficulty of differencing Channing from the best type of Christian known to us in these latter days is a very serious one. However, as he was bred in that church, and never formally withdrew from it, the Unitarians have, on the whole, a better right than any others to seize on the occasion for bringing him and his testimony once again prominently before us, and deserve the thanks of all friends of human progress for having done so with excellent taste and no little success. His life and work were many-sided, and well worth study on all sides, but my purpose is to touch on one only, and to speak of him in his relations to that small band of men and women who, to my mind, have earned the highest place as benefactors of our race in this strange and eventful century—to whom the seeker for heroic and Christian lives, for the simplest, the truest, the bravest followers of the Son of Man, will find his highest examples—the abolitionists of New England. I do not forget, I am proud always to remember, that Old England led the way, and that the struggle here too was one which tried men's hearts and ruins. But honor to whom honor is due ! And if we will try to think what our anti-slavery movement would have been had our 800,000 slaves been scattered over the southern counties of England, instead of over islands thousands of miles away, and had belonged by law to the noblemen and squires in those counties more strictly than their rabbits and hares belong to them under our game laws, we shall have little hesitation, I think, in yielding freely the foremost place to the group of New Englanders among whom Channing stood out a noteworthy figure, in some respects undoubtedly the most noteworthy of all.

Yes, as Mr. Lowell sings,

"All honor and praise to the women and men
Who spoke out for the dumb and the downtrodden then.
I need not to name them—already for aye
I see history preparing the statue and niche.
They were harsh; but shall you be so shocked at hard words
Who have beaten your pruning-hooks up into swords? . . .
You needn't look shy at your sisters and brothers
Who stabbed with sharp words for the freedom of others—
No, a wreath, twine a wreath, for the loyal and true
Who, for sake of the many, dared stand with the few."

This defence, which he who was to become one of their most powerful voices here finds himself driven to make for the harshness of the abolitionists, was never needed for Channing; and it is for this reason that I have referred to him as perhaps the most noteworthy of them all. For in all the excitement of a controversy which he felt to be for the life itself, and to be going down to the roots of things; when the religious and respectable world shrank from the side of the teacher they had pretended to love and honor for thirty years; when the finger of hatred and scorn was pointed at him in the most influential journals as the fomentor of revolution and the associate of felons and fanatics—no word ever fell from his lips or pen which was not weighted with consideration for and sympathy with his enemies, and generous allowance for the difficulties of the Southern slave-owner. In his first great anti-slavery manifesto—his letter to H. Clay on the annexation of Texas—he speaks of his own early residence in the South, and his life-long attachment to them in these words: "There is something singularly captivating in the unbounded hospitality, the impulsive generosity, the carelessness for the future, the frank, open manners, the buoyant spirit and courage, which marks the people;" and from this attitude he never swerved in later years, when the contest had become most envenomed.

"Hitherto the Christian world has made very little progress in the divine art of assailing and overcoming evil," was one of his sayings; and it was with scrupulous care that he strove to set some example of the divine method in the great controversy of his own time.

Let me now, as briefly as possible, recall the position of the question in 1830. The struggle in England was drawing to an end. Those of us who are old enough will recollect those days—how children were brought up to use no sugar, and to give every penny they could call their own for the cause of the slave; when grown men and women were spending themselves freely for the same cause; how the time was one of bright hope and enthusiastic work! for the goal was full in view. On the 1st of August, 1834, the act passed, and emancipation was a fact.

In the United States it was far otherwise. There year by year the prospect was growing darker, and the clouds were gathering. The Southern tone had changed under the strain of the immense development of the cotton trade. Instead of lamenting slavery as an evil inheritance from their fathers, which was to be curtailed by every prudent method, and finally extinguished, Calhoun and the other Southern leaders were now openly proclaiming it to be the true condition of the laborer, and the mainstay of Christian society. They were looking round eagerly for new slave States to balance the steady increase of free States in the North, and by savage word and savage act were challenging and trying to stamp out every attempt to interfere with their domestic institution.

Their challenge had been at last formally accepted, and the gage of battle taken up in deadly earnest. It was in this winter of 1830-1 that Garrison, the immortal journeyman printer, by extraordinary self-denial and energy, got out the first number of the *Liberator*, declaring slavery to be a "league with death and covenant with hell," and pledging himself and his friends to war with it to the bitter end. Their watchword was, uncompromising, immediate emancipation.

It was in this same winter that Channing went to spend some months at St. Croix. He had not been in a slave State since his boyhood, and he returned with all his old impressions confirmed and strengthened. Slavery he felt to be even a greater curse to the world than he had always proclaimed it, and so he preached on his return to New England. At the same time, without joining them openly he showed much interest in the work of Garrison and the uncompromising party, pleading for them that "deeply moved souls will speak strongly, and ought to speak, so as to move and shake nations." No wonder that they turned eagerly to him in the hope that he would come forward and lead their attack. But for the moment this could not be. The temper of the combatants, waxing fiercer day by day, was a barrier which he could not cross as yet, and no doubt the social ostracism—so formidable to one who for a generation had stood foremost among those whom his countrymen delighted to honor—weighed somewhat with him. He could defend the abolitionists as "men moved by a passionate devotion to truth and freedom," which led them to speak "with an indignant energy which ought not to be measured by the standard of ordinary times;" but join them at once he could not.

And they in their disappointment were almost ready to denounce him as one of those New England recreants who are addressed in the first stirring appeal of Hosea Biglow to his Massachusetts fellow-citizens:

"Wall, go 'long to help 'em stealin',
Bigger pens to cram with slaves,

Help the men that's ollers dealin'
 Insults on your fathers' graves;
 Help the strong to grind the feeble,
 Help the many agin the few;
 Help the men that call your people
 Whitewashed slaves and peddlin' crew!"

The question whether Channing would have done well to join the abolitionists in these early days will always remain fairly debatable, and will be settled by each of us according to the strength of his own fighting instinct. Those who blame him for delaying can at any rate call himself as a witness on their side. For when at the end of 1834 the Rev. Samuel May, general agent of the Boston Anti-Slavery Society, in answer to Channing's expostulations as to the harshness and violence of their language, and the heat and one-sidedness of the abolitionist meetings, turned upon him with, "Why then have you left the movement in young and inexperienced hands? Why, sir, have you not moved why have you not spoken before?" Channing, after a pause, replied in his kindest tones, "Brother May, I acknowledge the justice of your reproof. I have been silent too long."

Looking, however, at the man's age and character, I cannot join in casting blame on Channing. Other men might have deserved reproach for not emphasizing their convictions in this way; but not he. At school he had gained the name of the Peacemaker. He had been true to that character for half a century. While a gleam of hope remained that the South might even yet move in the direction of abolition, a gentle firmness in remonstrance was the only weapon he could conscientiously sanction. And in 1830 there was still such a gleam of hope in the lurid clouds. As late as 1832 the question of abolition was discussed in the Virginia Legislature. Some few of the best Southern public men still held the old doctrine, and were ready to work for gradual emancipation. They were even doing so by a colonization society and other stop-gaps, the hollowness and worthlessness of which had not yet been proved. The Peacemaker therefore might still hope to prevail.

But now the time had indeed come when further hesitation would have left a stain on his armor. I have said that the South were on the lookout for new territories into which to carry their slaves, and the devil rarely fails to find what they are in search of for men on such a quest as that. In 1827 the Spanish American colonies had gained their independence. Mexico, the chief of them, and the nearest neighbor to the United States, had from the first looked up to the great republic with hope and admiration. But from her elder sister no response came. Her good-will was coldly put aside, for she had declared freedom to all slaves in her borders, and these borders, unhappily for her, comprised a magnificent ter-

ritory called Texas, as large as any four States of the Union, and eminently fitted for cotton-growing, and therefore for slave labor.

The temptation of this Naboth's vineyard soon proved too strong for the slaveholders, and an immigration of planters and slaves set in. The Mexican government remonstrated, and high words ended in a declaration of independence by the new settlers, and fighting, which must soon have resulted in their defeat, for they scarcely amounted to 20,000 in all, but for the constant replenishment of their ranks by bands of filibusters from the other side of the Mississippi. By this means Texas maintained a precarious kind of independence, which she was bent on converting into annexation to the Union. For some time every American statesman scouted so shameless a proposal, but by degrees the value of the country began to impress the slave States more and more. Talk of "manifest destiny" began to be heard, not only in the *New Orleans Picayune* and in the border ruffian country, but within the walls of Congress, till in 1836-6 it became clear that the question of annexation, involving almost certain war with Mexico, was about to be submitted to the great council of the nation.

Here then was a new departure, involving on the part of the nation a sanction of slavery such as had never yet been tolerated. Already Channing had begun to redeem his pledge. He had published a volume on slavery, taking firm ground against the furious madness of the Southerners, who were calling for the suppression of anti-slavery publications, and setting prices on the heads of leading abolitionists; and against the more odious respectable Northern mobs, which even in Boston had broken up meetings, and in New York had dragged Garrison through the streets with a halter round his neck, intent on hanging him. Channing had also opened his pulpit to May, the general agent of the anti-slavery societies. Now he stepped forward as a leader, and stood frankly side by side with the abolitionists.

Selecting for his correspondent Henry Clay of Kentucky, the best and most moderate of Southern politicians, he addressed to him the most famous of his political writings, the letter on the annexation of Texas. I have already quoted from this work one of many passages which show his friendly temper toward the Southern slaveholders, but the most thoroughgoing abolitionist could take no exception to the firmness of the position taken, or the power with which it was held. Space will only allow me to give the briefest outline of this masterly paper.

"Congress," Channing said, "is about to be called on to decide whether Texas shall be annexed to the Union. Public questions have not been those on which my work has been spent; but no one speaks, the danger presses, and I cannot be silent. There are crimes which in their magnitude have a touch of the sublime, and

this will be one of them. The current excuses only make it more odious. The annexationists talk of their zeal for freedom ! what they really mean is their passion for unrighteous spoil—of manifest destiny ! away with such vile sophistry ; there can be no necessity for crime. Mexico came to us seven years ago, a sister republic just escaped from the yoke of a European tyranny, looking to us hopefully for good-will and sympathy. Instead of these, in our unholy greed, we have sent them land speculators and ruffians who are waging war upon a nation to which we owed protection against such assaults. Is the time never to come when the neighborhood of a more powerful and civilized people will prove a blessing and not a curse to an inferior community ?

“ But the crime is aggravated by the real cause of it, which is the extension and perpetuation of the slave trade. What will other nations, what especially will England, say to it ? We hope to prop up slavery by this filibustering, but the fall of slavery is as sure as the fall of your own Ohio to the sea. A nation provoking war by cupidity, by encroachment, and, above all, by efforts to spread slavery, is alike false to itself, to God, and to the human race. You are entering on a new and fatal path. Let the spread and perpetuation of slavery be once systematically proposed as a Southern policy, and a new feeling will burst forth in the North. Let Texas be once annexed, and there can be no more peace for us. We may not see the catastrophe of the tragedy, the first scene of which we seem so ready to enact ; we who are enlarging the borders of slavery when all over Christendom there are signs of a growing elevation of the poor in every other country. We are sinking below the civilization of our day ; we are inviting the scorn, indignation, and abhorrence of the world. In short, this proposed measure will exert a disastrous influence on the moral sentiments and principles of this country, by sanctioning plunder, by inflaming cupidity, by encouraging lawless speculation, by bringing into the Confederacy a community whose whole history and circumstances are adverse to moral order and wholesome restraint, by violating national faith, by proposing immoral and inhuman ends, by placing us as a people in opposition to the efforts of philanthropy and the advancing movements of the civilized world. Freedom is fighting her battle in the world with long enough odds against her already. Let us not give new chances to her loss.”

It is difficult in our space to give even a faint notion of the power of argument and beauty of style of this splendid protest, but I trust I may have induced some readers to go to the original. Texas was not annexed till after Channing's death, six years later, and there can be no doubt that the influence his letter to Mr. Clay exerted and the encouragement it brought to the minority in Congress helped materially to postpone the evil day.

Occasions for speech now crowded on him thick and fast. In July, 1836, a mob sacked the office of the *Philanthropist* at Cincinnati, and drove Mr. Birney, its editor, from this city. Channing could not rest till he had written him the noble letter (published in his collected works under the title, "The Abolitionists,") exhorting Birney and his friends to hold fast the right of free discussion, but to exercise it as Christians. "The cross is the badge and standard of our religion. I honor all who bear it. I look with scorn on the selfish greatness of this world, and with pity upon the most gifted and prosperous in the struggle for office and power; but I look with reverence on the obscurest man who suffers for the right, who is true to a good but persecuted cause."

But his complete identification with the abolitionists did not come till the next year. In November, 1837, the office of the *Alton Observer*, in Illinois, was attacked, sacked, and its owner and editor, Lovejoy, the friend and fellow-worker of Garrison, killed while defending his property. New England respectability was fairly startled at last. It was resolved by gentlemen of position, who had no dealings with abolitionists, that a meeting must be held in Faneuil Hall to protest against this and other acts of murderous violence, and to maintain the threatened right of free speech. A petition for the use of the hall was prepared, and the first signature was Channing's, above those of Sewall, Sturgis, and others of the best blood in Boston. The board of aldermen refused the hall, but the response from the whole Bay State to a temperate letter of Channing's in the *Daily Advertiser* soon convinced them that they had gone too far. The hall was granted, and the meeting held on December 8th, and Channing proposed resolutions in favor of freedom of speech and meeting prepared by himself. When these had been seconded, the Attorney-General of Massachusetts rose, and in a speech in which he likened the Alton mob to the fathers of the Revolution, opposed the resolutions. The meeting wavered, and they would probably have been lost but for the speech of an unknown youth, who has since proved himself the greatest of anti-slavery orators, Mr. Wendell Phillips. The resolutions were carried in the end by acclamation, and for the moment the cause of freedom triumphed in Boston. But too soon the clouds gathered again, swiftly and ominously, and from that time till his death, in 1842, Channing's soul was vexed, and his patience tried by the blind fury and malignity with which the slave-owners' cause was pressed, and the frequent unwisdom and needless provocation with which the assault was met.

Within a few days of the Faneuil Hall meeting, when a weak or vain man would have been glorying in his triumph, he addressed a letter to the *Liberator* calling on the abolitionists to show their disapproval of Lovejoy's use of force at Alton. "You are a growing

party, burning with righteous zeal," he urged; "but you are distrusted and hated by a multitude of your fellow-citizens. Here are the seeds of deadly strife, conflicts, bloodshed. Show your forbearance now, show that you will not meet force by force. Trust in the laws and the moral sympathy of the community. Try the power of suffering for truth. The first Christians tried it among communities more ferocious than ours, and prevailed."

And now he himself had to bear bitter humiliation for the truth's sake, such as the refusal of the committee of his own church to allow a service connected with the death of his friend, Charles Follen, a leading abolitionist.

Yet he continued his work faithfully and even hopefully, speaking out at every dangerous turn in the conflict which was raging round him. His chief remaining works in connection with the slavery question are "The Duty of the Free States," in which he defends the English Government for refusing to surrender a slave cargo, who had overpowered the officers and crew, and had carried the brig *Creole* into Nassau; and "Emancipation," a tract on the great triumph in the West Indies. They should be read by all who desire to know the length and breadth of his strength and his charity.

As Englishmen, however, we may be allowed to refer with special pride to his last public utterance. In the summer of 1842 he was dying slowly in the lovely Berkshire hills, when the return of August 1st, the anniversary of emancipation in the West Indies, once more inspired him to lift up his voice for the outcast and the oppressed. To the men and women of Berkshire he spoke of the emancipation of the 800,000 British slaves. While giving full credit to the nation, and the men who had been the instruments of this change, he repeats once more, "Emancipation was the fruit of Christian principle acting on the mind and head of a great people. The liberator of those slaves was Jesus Christ." And these are the last words he ever spoke in public: "The song, 'On earth, peace,' will not always sound as a fiction. Oh, come, thou kingdom of God for which we daily pray! Come, friend and Saviour of the race, who didst shed thy blood on the cross to reconcile man to man and earth to Heaven! Come, ye predicted ages of righteousness and love for which the faithful have so long yearned! Come, Almighty Father, and crown with thine omnipotence the humble strivings of thy children to subvert oppression and wrong, to spread light and freedom, peace and joy, the truth and spirit of thy Son through the whole earth."

These were the last words of the great Christian leader of the New England abolitionists. He died before his country had committed the great wrong whose issues he had so clearly seen. The war with Mexico was declared in 1848; Texas and California were

annexed, and, as Channing prophesied, all hope of peace between North and South while slavery survived vanished from that hour. Then followed twelve feverish years of futile compromise and smouldering civil war; the Fugitive Slave Law, the Free Soil crusade in Kansas, the raid of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, culminating in secession and the extinction of slavery on the North American continent in torrents of the best blood of the republic, poured out at last like water to redeem that "strange new world," as the glorious inheritance of all men, without distinction of race, color, or condition.

All honor to the brave and true souls who led the forlorn hope, and to him, the wisest and gentlest, and not the least firm, of all, whose memory his church have been striving to keep green and fresh in men's minds. In thinking of his anti-slavery record, does not the lesson read somehow thus? There are times when it would seem that great causes can only be upheld in this mysterious battle-field of our race by an enthusiasm which can see but one side, backed by the strong arm, prompt to return blow for blow. But such crises can only arise in human affairs from the failure of true insight, patience, charity, at some earlier stage of the drama. And, on the whole—while duly honoring those who have done the roughest work with word and sword—we shall best serve God's purpose by bearing steadily in mind that the victory of the Son of Man—which alone has made any and all other victories possible for his brethren—was won for our race by him of whom it was said by the inspired seer, "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto truth. He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law."

THOMAS HUGHES, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

ON THE METHOD OF ZADIG:

RETROSPECTIVE PROPHECY AS A FUNCTION OF SCIENCE.

"Une marque plus sûre que toutes celles de Zadig."—Cuvier.

It is a usual and a commendable practice to preface the discussion of the views of a philosophic thinker by some account of the man and of the circumstances which shaped his life and colored his way of looking at things; but, though Zadig is cited in one of the most important chapters of Cuvier's greatest work, little is known about him, and that little might perhaps be better authenticated than it is.

It is said that he lived at Babylon in the time of King Moabdar ; but the name of Moabdar does not appear in the list of Babylonian sovereigns brought to light by the patience and the industry of the decipherers of cuneiform inscriptions in these later years ; nor indeed am I aware that there is any other authority for his existence than that of the biographer of Zadig, one Arouet de Voltaire, among whose more conspicuous merits strict historical accuracy is perhaps hardly to be reckoned.

Happily Zadig is in the position of a great many other philosophers. What he was like when he was in the flesh, indeed whether he existed at all, are matters of no great consequence. What we care about in a light is that it shows the way, not whether it is lamp or candle, tallow or wax. Our only real interest in Zadig lies in the conceptions of which he is the putative father ; and his biographer has stated these with so much clearness and vivacious illustration that we need hardly feel a pang, even if critical research should prove King Moabdar and all the rest of the story to be unhistorical, and reduce Zadig himself to the shadowy condition of a solar myth.

Voltaire tells us that, disenchanted with life by sundry domestic misadventures, Zadig withdrew from the turmoil of Babylon to a secluded retreat on the banks of the Euphrates, where he beguiled his solitude by the study of nature. The manifold wonders of the world of life had a particular attraction for the lonely student ; incessant and patient observation of the plants and animals about him sharpened his naturally good powers of observation and of reasoning ; until, at length, he acquired a sagacity which enabled him to perceive endless minute differences among objects which, to the untutored eye, appeared absolutely alike.

It might have been expected that this enlargement of the powers of the mind and of its store of natural knowledge could tend to nothing but the increase of a man's own welfare and the good of his fellow-men. But Zadig was fated to experience the vanity of such expectations.

" One day, walking near a little wood, he saw, hastening that way, one of the queen's chief eunuchs, followed by a troop of officials, who appeared to be in the greatest anxiety, running hither and thither like men distraught, in search of some lost treasure.

" ' Young man,' cried the eunuch, ' have you seen the queen's dog ? ' Zadig answered modestly, ' A bitch, I think, not a dog.' ' Quite right,' replied the eunuch ; and Zadig continued, ' A very small spaniel who has lately had puppies ; she limps with the left foreleg, and has very long ears.' ' Ah, you have seen her then ! ' said the breathless eunuch. ' No,' answered Zadig, ' I have not seen her ; and I really was not aware that the queen possessed a spaniel.'

By an odd coincidence, at the very same time, the handsomest horse in the king's stables broke away from his groom in the Babylonian plains. The grand huntsman and all his staff were seeking the horse with as much anxiety as the eunuch and his people the spaniel; and the grand huntsman asked Zadig if he had not seen the king's horse go that way.

A first-rate galloper, small-hoofed, five feet high; tail three feet and a half long; cheek pieces of the bit of twenty-three carat gold, shoes silver? said Zadig.

Which way did he go? Where is he? cried the grand huntsman.

I have not seen anything of the horse, and I never heard of him before, replied Zadig.

The grand huntsman and the chief eunuch made sure that Zadig had stolen both the king's horse and the queen's spaniel, so they haled him before the High Court of Desterham, which at once condemned him to the knout and transportation for life to Siberia. But the sentence was hardly pronounced when the lost horse and spaniel were found. So the judges were under the painful necessity of reconsidering their decision; but they fined Zadig four hundred ounces of gold for saying he had seen that which he had not seen.

The first thing was to pay the fine; afterward Zadig was permitted to open his defence to the court, which he did in the following terms:

Stars of justice, abysses of knowledge, mirrors of truth, whose gravity is as that of lead, whose inflexibility is as that of iron, who rival the diamond in clearness, and possess no little affinity with gold; since I am permitted to address your august assembly, I swear by Ormuzd that I have never seen the respectable lady dog of the queen, nor beheld the sacrosanct horse of the king of kings.

This is what happened. I was taking a walk toward the little wood near which I subsequently had the honor to meet the venerable chief eunuch and the most illustrious grand huntsman. I noticed the track of an animal in the sand, and it was easy to see that it was that of a small dog. Long faint streaks upon the little elevations of sand between the footmarks convinced me that it was a she dog with pendent dugs—showing that she must have had puppies not many days since. Other scrapings of the sand, which always lay close to the marks of the forepaws, indicated that she had very long ears; and as the imprint of one foot was always fainter than those of the other three, I judged that the lady dog of our august queen was, if I may venture to say so, a little lame.

With respect to the horse of the king of kings, permit me to observe that, wandering through the paths which traverse the

wood, I noticed the marks of horseshoes. They were all equidistant. "Ah!" said I, "this is a famous galloper." In a narrow alley, only seven feet wide, the dust upon the trunks of the trees was a little disturbed at three feet and a half from the middle of the path. "This horse," said I to myself, "had a tail three feet and a half long, and, lashing it from one side to the other, he has swept away the dust." Branches of the trees met overhead at the height of five feet, and under them I saw newly fallen leaves; so I knew that the horse had brushed some of the branches, and was therefore five feet high. As to his bit, it must have been made of twenty-three carat gold, for he had rubbed it against a stone, which turned out to be a touchstone, with the properties of which I am familiar by experiment. Lastly, by the marks which his shoes left upon pebbles of another kind, I was led to think that his shoes were of fine silver.

All the judges admired Zadig's profound and subtle discernment; and the fame of it reached even the king and the queen. From the anterooms to the presence-chamber, Zadig's name was in everybody's mouth; and although many of the magi were of opinion that he ought to be burned as a sorcerer, the king commanded that the four hundred ounces of gold which he had been fined should be restored to him. So the officers of the court went in state with the four hundred ounces; only they retained three hundred and ninety-eight for legal expenses, and their servants expected fees."

Those who are interested in learning more of the fateful history of Zadig must turn to the original; we are dealing with him only as a philosopher, and this brief excerpt suffices for the exemplification of the nature of his conclusions and of the method by which he arrived at them.

These conclusions may be said to be of the nature of retrospective prophecies; though it is perhaps a little hazardous to employ phraseology which perilously suggests a contradiction in terms—the word "prophecy" being so constantly in ordinary use restricted to "foretelling." Strictly, however, the term prophecy as much applies to outspeaking as to foretelling; and even in the restricted sense of "divination," it is obvious that the essence of the prophetic operation does not lie in its backward or forward relation to the course of time, but in the fact that it is the apprehension of that which lies out of the sphere of immediate knowledge, the seeing of that which to the natural sense of the seer is invisible.

The foreteller asserts that, at some future time, a properly situated observer will witness certain events; the clairvoyant declares that, at this present time, certain things are to be witnessed & thou-

sand miles away ; the retrospective prophet (would that there were such a word as "backteller"!) affirms that so many hours or years ago, such and such things were to be seen. In all these cases it is only the relation to time which alters—the process of divination beyond the limits of possible direct knowledge remains the same.

No doubt it was their instinctive recognition of the analogy between Zadig's results and those obtained by authorized inspiration which inspired the Babylonian magi with the desire to burn the philosopher. Zadig admitted that he had never either seen or heard of the horse of the king or of the spaniel of the queen ; and yet he ventured to assert in the most positive manner that animals answering to their description did actually exist, and ran about the plains of Babylon. If his method was good for the divination of the course of events ten hours old, why should it not be good for those of ten years or ten centuries past ; nay, might it not extend to ten thousand years, and justify the impious in meddling with the traditions of Oannes and the fish, and all the sacred foundations of Babylonian cosmogony ?

But this was not the worst. There was another consideration which obviously dictated to the more thoughtful of the magi the propriety of burning Zadig out of hand. His defence was worse than his offence. It showed that his mode of divination was fraught with danger to magianism in general. Swollen with the pride of human reason he had ignored the established canons of magian lore ; and, trusting to what after all was mere carnal common-sense, he professed to lead men to a deeper insight into nature than magian wisdom, with all its lefty antagonism to everything common, had ever reached. What, in fact, lay at the foundation of all Zadig's arguments but the coarse commonplace assumption, upon which every act of our daily lives is based, that we may conclude from an effect to the pre-existence of a cause competent to produce that effect ?

The tracks were exactly like those which dogs and horses leave ; therefore they were the effects of such animals as causes. The marks at the sides of the fore prints of the dog track were exactly such as would be produced by long trailing ears ; therefore the dog's long ears were the causes of these marks—and so on. Nothing can be more hopelessly vulgar, more unlike the majestic development of a system of grandly unintelligible conclusions from sublimely inconceivable premises, such as delights the magian heart. In fact, Zadig's method was nothing but the method of all mankind. Retrospective prophecies, far more astonishing for their minute accuracy than those of Zadig, are familiar to those who have watched the daily life of nomadic people.

From freshly broken twigs, crushed leaves, disturbed pebbles,

and imprints hardly discernible by the untrained eye; such graduates in the university of nature will divine, not only the fact that a party has passed that way, but its strength, its composition, the course it took, and the number of hours or days which have elapsed since it passed. But they are able to do this because, like Zadig, they perceive endless minute differences where untrained eyes discern nothing; and because the unconscious logic of common-sense compels them to account for these effects by the causes which they know to be competent to produce them.

And such mere methodized savagery was to discover the hidden things of nature better than *a priori* deductions from the nature of Ormuzd—perhaps to give a history of the past, in which Oannes would be altogether ignored! Decidedly it were better to burn this man at once.

If instinct, or an unwonted use of reason, led Moabdar's magi to this conclusion two or three thousand years ago, all that can be said is that subsequent history has fully justified them. For the rigorous application of Zadig's logic to the results of accurate and long-continued observation has founded all those sciences which have been termed historical or palætiological, because they are retrospectively prophetic and strive toward the reconstruction in human imagination of events which have vanished and ceased to be.

History, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, is based upon the interpretation of documentary evidence; and documents would have no evidential value unless historians were justified in their assumption that they have come into existence by the operation of causes similar to those of which documents are, in our present experience, the effects. If a written history can be produced otherwise than by human agency, or if the man who wrote a given document was actuated by other than ordinary human motives, such documents are of no more evidential value than so many arabesques.

Archæology, which takes up the thread of history beyond the point at which documentary evidence fails us, could have no existence, except for our well-grounded confidence that incrustments and works of art, or artifice, have never been produced by causes different in kind from those to which they now owe their origin. And geology, which traces back the course of history beyond the limits of archæology, could tell us nothing except for the assumption that, millions of years ago, water, heat, gravitation, friction, animal and vegetable life caused effects of the same kind as they do now. Nay, even physical astronomy, in so far as it takes us back to the uttermost point of time which palætiological science can reach, is founded upon the same assumption. If the law of gravitation ever failed to be true, even to the smallest extent, for

that period, the calculations of the astronomer have no application.

The power of prediction, of prospective prophecy, is that which is commonly regarded as the great prerogative of physical science. And truly it is a wonderful fact that one can go into a shop and buy for small price a book, the "Nautical Almanac," which will foretell the exact position to be occupied by one of Jupiter's moons six months hence; nay more, that, if it were worth while, the Astronomer Royal could furnish us with as infallible a prediction applicable to 1980 or 2980.

But astronomy is not less remarkable for its power of retrospective prophecy.

Thales, oldest of Greek philosophers, the dates of whose birth and death are uncertain, but who flourished about 600 B.C., is said to have foretold an eclipse of the sun which took place in his time during a battle between the Medes and the Lydians. Sir George Airy has written a very learned and interesting memoir in which he proves that such an eclipse was visible in Lydia on the afternoon of the 28th of May in the year 585 B.C.

No one doubts that, on the day and at the hour mentioned by the Astronomer Royal, the people of Asia Minor saw the face of the sun totally obscured. But though we implicitly believe this retrospective prophecy, it is incapable of verification. It is impossible even to conceive any means of ascertaining directly whether the eclipse of Thales happened or not. All that can be said is, that the prospective prophecies of the astronomer are always verified; and that, inasmuch as his retrospective prophecies are the result of following backward the very same method as that which invariably leads to verified results when it is worked forward, there is as much reason for placing full confidence in the one as in the other. Retrospective prophecy is therefore a legitimate function of astronomical science; and if it is legitimate for one science it is legitimate for all; the fundamental axiom on which it rests, the constancy of the order of nature, being the common foundation of all scientific thought. Indeed, if there can be grades in legitimacy, certain branches of science have the advantage over astronomy, in so far as their retrospective prophecies are not only susceptible of verification, but are sometimes strikingly verified.

Such a science exists in that application of the principles of biology to the interpretation of the animal and vegetable remains imbedded in the rocks which compose the surface of the globe, which is called palæontology.

At no very distant time the question whether these so-called "fossils" were really the remains of animals and plants was hotly disputed. Very learned persons maintained that they were nothing of the kind, but a sort of concretion or crystallization which had

taken place within the stone in which they are found ; and which simulated the forms of animal and vegetable life, just as frost on a window-pane imitates vegetation. At the present day it would probably be impossible to find any sane advocate of this opinion ; and the fact is rather surprising, that among the people from whom the circle-squarers, perpetual-motioners, flat-earth men and the like, are recruited, to say nothing of table turners and spirit-rappers, somebody has not perceived the easy avenue to nonsensical notoriety open to any one who will take up the good old doctrine, that fossils are all *lusus nature*.

The position would be impregnable, inasmuch as it is quite impossible to prove the contrary. If a man choose to maintain that a fossil oyster-shell, in spite of its correspondence, down to every minutest particular, with that of an oyster fresh taken out of the sea, was never tenanted by a living oyster, but is a mineral concretion, there is no demonstrating his error. All that can be done is to show him that, by a parity of reasoning, he is bound to admit that a heap of oyster-shells outside a fishmonger's door may also be "sports of nature," and that a mutton-bone in a dust-bin may have had the like origin. And when you cannot prove that people are wrong, but only that they are absurd, the best course is to let them alone.

The whole fabric of palæontology, in fact, falls to the ground unless we admit the validity of Zadig's great principle, that like effects imply like causes ; and that the process of reasoning from a shell, or a tooth, or a bone, to the nature of the animal to which it belonged, rests absolutely on the assumption that the likeness of this shell, or tooth, or bone to that of some animal with which we are already acquainted, is such that we are justified in inferring a corresponding degree of likeness in the rest of the two organisms. It is on this very simple principle, and not upon imaginary laws of physiological correlation, about which, in most cases, we know nothing whatever, that the so-called restorations of the palæontologist are based.

Abundant illustrations of this truth will occur to every one who is familiar with palæontology ; none is more suitable than the case of the so-called *Belemnites*. In the early days of the study of fossils, this name was given to certain elongated stony bodies, ending at one extremity in a conical point, and truncated at the other, which were commonly reputed to be thunderbolts, and as such to have descended from the sky. They are common enough in some parts of England ; and, in the condition in which they are ordinarily found, it might be difficult to give satisfactory reasons for denying them to be merely mineral bodies.

They appear, in fact, to consist of nothing but concentric layers of carbonate of lime, disposed in subcrystalline fibres, or prisms,

perpendicular to the layers. Among a great number of specimens of these Belemnites, however, it was soon observed that some showed a conical cavity at the blunt end; and, in still better preserved specimens, this cavity appeared to be divided into chambers by delicate saucer-shaped partitions, situated at regular intervals one above the other. Now there is no mineral body which presents any structure comparable to this, and the conclusion suggested itself that the Belemnites must be the effects of causes other than those which are at work in inorganic nature. On close examination, the saucer-shaped partitions were proved to be all perforated at one point, and the perforations being situated exactly in the same line the chambers were seen to be traversed by a canal, or *siphuncle*, which thus connected the smallest or apical chamber with the largest. There is nothing like this in the vegetable world; but an exactly corresponding structure is met with in the shells of two kinds of existing animals, the pearly *Nautilus* and the *Spirula*, and only in them. These animals belong to the same division—the *Cephalopoda*—as the cuttle-fish, the squid, and the octopus. But they are the only existing members of the group which possess chambered, siphunculated shells; and it is utterly impossible to trace any physiological connection between the very peculiar structural characters of a cephalopod and the presence of a chambered shell. In fact, the squid has, instead of any such shell, a horny "pen," the cuttle-fish has the so called "cuttle bone," and the octopus has no shell at all, or a mere rudiment of one.

Nevertheless, seeing that there is nothing in nature at all like the chambered shell of the Belemnite, except the shells of the *Nautilus* and of the *Spirula*, it was legitimate to prophesy that the animal from which the fossil proceeded must have belonged to the group of the *Cephalopoda*. *Nautilus* and *Spirula* are both very rare animals, but the progress of investigation brought to light the singular fact that, though each has the characteristic cephalopodous organization, it is very different from the other. The shell of *Nautilus* is external, that of *Spirula* internal; *Nautilus* has four gills, *Spirula* two; *Nautilus* has multitudinous tentacles, *Spirula* has only ten arms beset with horny rimmed suckers; *Spirula*, like the squids and cuttle-fishes, which it closely resembles, has a bag of ink which it squirts out to cover its retreat when alarmed; *Nautilus* has none.

No amount of physiological reasoning could enable any one to say whether the animal which fabricated the Belemnite was more like *Nautilus* or more like *Spirula*. But the accidental discovery of Belemnites in due connection with black elongated masses which were certainly fossilized ink-bags, inasmuch as the ink could be ground up and used for painting as well as if it were recent sepia,

settled the question ; and it became perfectly safe to prophesy that the creature which fabricated the Belemnite was a two-gilled cephalopod with suckers on its arms, and with all the other essential features of our living squids, cuttle-fishes, and *Spirula*. The palæontologist was, by this time, able to speak as confidently about the animal of the Belemnite as Zadig was respecting the queen's spaniel. He could give a very fair description of its external appearance, and even enter pretty fully into the details of its internal organization, and yet could declare that neither he nor any one else had ever seen one. And as the queen's spaniel was found, so happily has the animal of the Belemnite ; a few exceptionally preserved specimens having been discovered which completely verify the retrospective prophecy of those who interpreted the facts of the case by due application of the method of Zadig.

These Belemnites flourished in prodigious abundance in the seas of the mesozoic or secondary age of the world's geological history ; but no trace of them has been found in any of the tertiary deposits, and they appear to have died out toward the close of the mesozoic epoch. The method of Zadig, therefore, applies in full force to the events of a period which is immeasurably remote, which long preceded the origin of the most conspicuous mountain masses of the present world and the deposition, at the bottom of the ocean, of the rocks which form the greater part of the soil of our present continents. The Euphrates itself, at the mouth of which Oannes landed, is a thing of yesterday compared with a Belemnite ; and even the liberal chronology of Magian cosmogony fixes the beginning of the world only at a time when other applications of Zadig's method afford convincing evidence that, could we have been there to see, things would have looked very much as they do now. Truly the magi were wise in their generation ; they foresaw rightly that this pestilent application of the principles of common-sense inaugurated by Zadig would be their ruin.

But it may be said that the method of Zadig, which is simple reasoning from analogy, does not account for the most striking feats of modern palæontology—the reconstruction of entire animals from a tooth or perhaps a fragment of a bone ; and it may be justly urged that Cuvier, the great master of this kind of investigation, gave a very different account of the process which yielded such remarkable results.

Cuvier is not the first man of ability who has failed to make his own mental processes clear to himself, and he will not be the last. The matter can be easily tested. Search the eight volumes of the "*Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles*" from cover to cover, and no reasoning from physiological necessities—nothing but the application of the method of Zadig pure and simple—will be found.

There is one well-known case which may represent all. It is an

excellent illustration of Cuvier's sagacity, and he evidently takes some pride in telling his story about it. A split slab of stone arrived from the quarries of Montmartre, the two halves of which contained the greater part of the skeleton of a small animal. On careful examinations of the characters of the teeth and of the lower jaw, which happened to be exposed, Cuvier assured himself that they presented such a very close resemblance to the corresponding parts in the living opossum that he at once assigned the fossil to that genus.

Now the opossums are unlike most mammals in that they possess two bones attached to the forepart of the pelvis, which are commonly called "marsupial bones." The name is a misnomer, originally conferred because it was thought that these bones have something to do with the support of the pouch, or marsupium, with which some, but not all, of the opossums are provided. As a matter of fact, they have nothing to do with the support of the pouch, and they exist as much in those opossums which have no pouches as in those which possess them. In truth, no one knows what the use of these bones may be, nor has any valid theory of their physiological import yet been suggested. And if we have no knowledge of the physiological importance of the bones themselves, it is obviously absurd to pretend that we are able to give physiological reasons why the presence of these bones is associated with certain peculiarities of the teeth and of the jaws. If any one knows why four molar teeth and an inflected angle of the jaw are almost always found along with marsupial bones, he has not yet communicated that knowledge to the world.

If, however, Zadig was right in concluding from the likeness of the hoofprints which he observed to a horse's that the creature which made them had a tail like that of a horse, Cuvier, seeing that the teeth and jaw of his fossil were just like those of an opossum, had the same right to conclude that the pelvis would also be like an opossum's; and so strong was his conviction that this retrospective prophecy about an animal which he had never seen before, and which had been dead and buried for millions of years, would be verified that he went to work upon the slab which contained the pelvis in confident expectation of finding and laying bare the "marsupial bones", to the satisfaction of some persons whom he had invited to witness their disinterment. As he says: "*Cette opération se fit en présence de quelques personnes à qui j'en avais annoncé d'avance le résultat, dans l'intention de leur prouver par le fait la justice de nos théories zoologiques; puisque le vrai cachet d'une théorie est sans contredit la faculté qu'elle donne de prévoir les phénomènes.*"

In the "*Ossements Fossiles*" Cuvier leaves his paper just as it first appeared in the "*Annales du Muséum*," as "*a curious monument*

of the force of zoological laws and of the use which may be made of them."

Zoological laws truly, but not physiological laws. If one sees a live dog's head, it is extremely probable that a dog's tail is not far off, though nobody can say why that sort of head and that sort of tail go together; what physiological connection there is between the two. So in the case of the Montmartre fossil, Cuvier, finding a thorough opossum's head, concluded that the pelvis also would be like an opossum's. But, most assuredly, the most advanced physiologist of the present day could throw no light on the question why these are associated, or could pretend to affirm that the existence of the one is necessarily connected with that of the other. In fact, had it so happened that the pelvis of the fossil had been originally exposed, while the head lay hidden, the presence of the "marsupial bones," however like they might have been to an opossum's, would by no mean have warranted the prediction that the skull would turn out to be that of the opossum. It might just as well have been like that of some other Marsupial; or even like that of the totally different group of Monotremes, of which the only living representatives are the *Behidna* and the *Ornithorhynchus*.

For all practical purposes, however, the empirical laws of co-ordination of structures which are embodied in the generalizations of morphology may be confidently trusted, if employed with due caution, to lead to a just interpretation of fossil remains; or, in other words, we may look for the verification of the retrospective prophecies which are based upon them.

And if this be the case, the late advances which have been made in palæontological discovery open out a new field for such prophecies. For it has been ascertained with respect to many groups of animals, that, as we trace them back in time, their ancestors gradually cease to exhibit those special modifications which at present characterize the type, and more nearly embody the general plan of the group to which they belong.

Thus, in the well-known case of the horse, the toes which are suppressed in the living horse are found to be more and more complete in the older members of the group, until, at the bottom of the tertiary series of America, we find an equine animal which has four toes in front and three behind. No remains of the horse-tribe are at present known from any Mesozoic deposit. Yet who can doubt that, whenever a sufficiently extensive series of lacustrine and fluvial beds of that age becomes known, the lineage which has been traced thus far will be continued by equine quadrupeds with an increasing number of digits, until the horse type merges in the five-toed form toward which these gradations point?

But the argument which holds good for the horse, holds good,

not only for all mammals, but for the whole animal world. And as the study of the pedigrees or lines of evolution to which at present we have access brings to light, as it assuredly will do, the laws of that process, we shall be able to reason from the facts with which the geological record furnishes us to those which have hitherto remained, and many of which, perhaps, may forever remain, hidden. The same method of reasoning which enables us, when furnished with a fragment of an extinct animal, to prophesy the character which the whole organism exhibited, will, sooner or later, enable us, when we know a few of the later terms of a genealogical series, to predict the nature of the earlier terms.

In no very distant future the method of Zadig, applied to a greater body of facts than the present generation is fortunate enough to handle, will enable the biologist to reconstruct the scheme of life from its beginning, and to speak as confidently of the character of long extinct living beings, no trace of which has been preserved, as Zadig did of the queen's spaniel and the king's horse. Let us hope that they may be better rewarded for their toil and their sagacity than was the Babylonian philosopher; for perhaps, by that time, the Magi also may be reckoned among the members of a forgotten fauna, extinguished in the struggle for existence against their great rival common-sense.

THOMAS H. HUXLEY, *in the Nineteenth Century.*

THE ENGLISH POETS.

"THE future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea is the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry.

Let me be permitted to quote these words of my own, as uttering the thought which should, in my opinion, go with us and govern us in all our study of poetry. In the present work it is the course of one great contributory stream to the world-river of poetry that we are invited to follow. We are here invited to trace the stream of English poetry. But whether we set ourselves, as here, to follow only one of the several streams that make the mighty

river of poetry, or whether we seek to know them all, our governing thought should be the same. We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses, and called to higher destinies, than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science, I say, will appear incomplete without it. For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science;" and what is a countenance without its expression. Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge:" our religion, parading evidences, such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy, pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being; what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize "the breath and finer spirit of knowledge" offered to us by poetry.

But if we conceive thus highly of the destinies of poetry, we must also set our standard for poetry high, since poetry, to be capable of fulfilling such high destinies, must be poetry of a high order of excellence. We must accustom ourselves to a high standard and to a strict judgment. Sainte-Beuve relates that Napoleon one day said, when somebody was spoken of in his presence as a charlatan: "Charlatan as much as you please; but where is there *not* charlatanism?" "Yes," answers Sainte-Beuve, "in politics, in the art of governing mankind, that is perhaps true. But in the order of thought, in art, the glory, the eternal honor is that charlatanism shall find no entrance; herein lies the inviolableness of that noble portion of man's being." It is admirably said, and let us hold fast to it. In poetry, which is thought and art in one, it is the glory, the eternal honor, that charlatanism shall find no entrance; that this noble sphere be kept inviolate and inviolable. Charlatanism is for confusing or obliterating the distinctions between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half sound, true and untrue or only half true. It is charlatanism, conscious or unconscious, whenever we confuse or obliterate these. And in poetry, more than anywhere else, it is unpermissible to confuse or obliterate them. For in poetry the distinction between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half sound, true and untrue or only half true, is of paramount importance. It is

of paramount importance because of the high destinies of poetry. In poetry, as a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty, the spirit of our race will find, we have said, as time goes on and as other helps fail, its consolation and stay. But the consolation and stay will be of power in proportion to the power of the criticism of life. And the criticism of life will be of power in proportion as the poetry conveying it is excellent rather than inferior, sound rather than unsound or half sound, true rather than untrue or half true.

The best poetry is what we want; the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining, and delighting us, as nothing else can. A clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, is the most precious benefit which we can gather from a poetical collection such as the present. And yet in the very nature and conduct of such a collection there is inevitably something which tends to obscure in us the consciousness of what our benefit should be, and to distract us from the pursuit of it. We should therefore steadily set it before our minds at the outset, and should compel ourselves to revert constantly to the thought of it as we proceed.

Yes; constantly, in reading poetry, a sense for the best, the really excellent, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read. But this real estimate, the only true one, is liable to be superseded, if we are not watchful, by two other kinds of estimate, the historic estimate and the personal estimate, both of which are fallacious. A poet or a poem may count to us historically, they may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves, and they may count to us really. They may count to us historically. The course of development of a nation's language, thought, and poetry, is profoundly interesting; and by regarding a poet's work as a stage in this course of development we may easily bring ourselves to make it of more importance as poetry than in itself it really is; we may come to use a language of quite exaggerated praise in criticising it—in short, to overrate it. So arises in our poetic judgments the fallacy caused by the estimate which we may call historic. Then, again, a poet or a poem may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves. Our personal affinities, likings, and circumstances have great power to sway our estimate of this or that poet's work, and to make us attach more importance to it as poetry than in itself it really possesses, because to us it is, or has been, of high importance. Here also we overrate the object of our interest, and apply to it a language of praise which is quite exaggerated. And thus we get the source of a second fallacy in our poetic judgments—the fallacy caused by an estimate which we may call personal. Both fallacies are natural. It is evident how naturally the study

of the history and development of a poetry may incline a man to pause over reputations and works once conspicuous but now obscure, and to quarrel with a careless public for skipping, in obedience to mere tradition and habit, from one famous name or work in its national poetry to another, ignorant of what it misses, and of the reason for keeping what it keeps, and of the whole process of growth in its poetry. The French have become diligent students of their own early poetry, which they long neglected; the study makes many of them dissatisfied with their so-called classical poetry, the court-tragedy of the seventeenth century, a poetry which Pellisson long ago reproached with its want of the true poetic stamp, with its *politesse stérile et rampante*, but which nevertheless has reigned in France as absolutely as if it had been the perfection of classical poetry indeed. The dissatisfaction is natural; yet a lively and accomplished critic, M. Charles d'Héricault, the editor of Clément Marot, goes too far when he says that "the cloud of glory playing round a classic is a mist as dangerous to the future of a literature as it is intolerable for the purposes of history." "It hinders," he goes on, "it hinders us from seeing more than one single point, the culminating and exceptional point; the summary, fictitious and arbitrary, of a thought and of a work. It substitutes a halo for a physiognomy, it puts a statue where there was once a man, and hiding from us all trace of the labor, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures, it claims not study but veneration; it does not show us how the thing is done; it imposes upon us a model. Above all, for the historian this creation of classic personages is inadmissible; for it withdraws the poet from his time, from his proper life, it breaks historical relationships, it binds criticism by conventional admiration, and renders the investigation of literary origins unacceptable. It gives us a human personage no longer, but a God seated immovable amid his perfect work, like Jupiter on Olympus: and hardly will it be possible for the young student, to whom such work is exhibited at such a distance from him, to believe that it did not issue ready made from that divine head."

All this is brilliantly and tellingly said, but we must plead for a distinction. Everything depends on the reality of a poet's classic character. If he is a dubious classic, let us sift him; if he is a false classic, let us explode him. But if he is a real classic, if his work belongs to the class of the very best (for this is the true and right meaning of the word *classic*, *classical*), then the great thing for us is to feel and enjoy his work as deeply as ever we can, and to appreciate the wide difference between it and all work which has not the same high character. This is what is salutary, this is what is formative; this is the great benefit to be got from the study of poetry. Everything which interferes with it, which hinders it, is

injurious. True, we must read our classic with open eyes, and not with eyes blinded with superstition ; we must perceive when his work comes short, when it drops out of the class of the very best, and we must rate it, in such cases, at its proper value. But the use of this negative criticism is not in itself ; it is entirely in its enabling us to have a clearer sense and a deeper enjoyment of what is truly excellent. To trace the labor, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures of a genuine classic, to acquaint one's self with his time and his life, and his historical relationships, is mere literary diletantism unless it has that clear sense and deeper enjoyment for its end. It may be said that the more we know about a classic the better we shall enjoy him ; and, if we lived as long as Methuselah and had all of us heads of perfect clearness and wills of perfect steadfastness, this might be true in fact as it is plausible in theory. But the case here is much the same as the case with the Greek and Latin studies of our school-boys. The elaborate philological groundwork which we require them to lay is in theory an admirable preparation for appreciating the Greek and Latin authors worthily. The more thoroughly we lay the groundwork, the better we shall be able, it may be said, to enjoy the authors. True, if time were not so short, and school-boys' wits not so soon tired and their power of attention exhausted ; only, as it is, the elaborate philological preparation goes on, but the authors are little known and less enjoyed. So with the investigator of "historic origins" in poetry. He ought to enjoy the true classic all the better for his investigations ; he often is distracted from the enjoyment of the best, and with the less good he overbusies himself, and is prone to overrate it in proportion to the trouble which it has cost him.

The idea of tracing historic origins and historical relationships cannot be absent from a compilation like the present. And naturally the poets to be exhibited in it will be assigned to those persons for exhibition who are known to prize them highly, rather than to those who have no special inclination toward them. Moreover the very occupation with an author, and the business of exhibiting him, disposes us to affirm and amplify his importance. In the present work, therefore, we are sure of frequent temptation to adopt the historic estimate, or the personal estimate, and to forget the real estimate ; which latter, nevertheless, we must employ if we are to make poetry yield us its full benefit. So high is that benefit, the benefit of clearly feeling and of deeply enjoying the really excellent, the truly classic in poetry, that we do well, I say, to set it fixedly before our minds as our object in studying poets and poetry, and to make the desire of attaining it the one principle to which, as the "Imitation" says, whatever we may read or come to know, we always return. *Cum multa legeris et cognoveris, ad unum semper oportet redire principium.*

The historic estimate is likely in especial to affect our judgment and our language when we are dealing with ancient poets; the personal estimate when we are dealing with poets our contemporaries, or at any rate modern. The exaggerations due to the historic estimate are not in themselves, perhaps, of very much gravity. Their report hardly enters the general ear; probably they do not always impose even on the literary men who adopt them. But they lead to a dangerous abuse of language. So we hear Cædmon, among our own poets, compared to Milton. I have already noticed the enthusiasm of one accomplished French critic for "historic origins." Another eminent French critic, M. Vitet, comments upon that famous document of the early poetry of his nation, the "*Chanson de Roland*." It is indeed a most interesting document. The *joculator* or *jongleur* Taillefer, who was with William the Conqueror's army at Hastings, marched before the Norman troops, so said the tradition, singing "of Charlemagne and of Roland and of Oliver, and of the vassals who died at Roncevaux;" and it is suggested that in the "*Chanson de Roland*" by one Turoldus or Théroulde, a poem preserved in a manuscript of the twelfth century in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, we have certainly the matter, perhaps even some of the words, of the chaunt which Taillefer sang. The poem has vigor and freshness; it is not without pathos. But M. Vitet is not satisfied with seeing in it a document of some poetic value, and of very high historic and linguistic value; he sees in it a grand and beautiful work, a monument of epic genius. In its general design he finds the grandiose conception, in its details he finds the constant union of simplicity with greatness, which are the marks, he truly says, of the genuine epic, and distinguish it from the artificial epic of literary ages. One thinks of Homer; this is the sort of praise which is given to Homer, and justly given. Higher praise there cannot well be, and it is the praise due to epic poetry of the highest order only, and to no other. Let us try, then, the "*Chanson de Roland*" at its best. Roland, mortally wounded, lays himself down under a pine-tree, with his face turned toward Spain and the enemy:

"De plusurs choses à remembrer li prist,
De tantes teres cume li bers cunquist,
De dulce France, des humes de sun lign,
De Carlemagne sun seignor ki l'nurrit."^{*}

That is primitive work, I repeat, with an undeniable poetic quality

^{*} "Then began he to call many things to remembrance—all the lands which his valor conquered, and pleasant France, and the men of his lineage, and Charlemagne his liege lord who nourished him."—*Chanson de Roland*, iii. 939-942.

of its own. It deserves such praise, and such praise is sufficient for it. But now turn to Homer :

Ὡς φάτο· τοῦδ' ὃ' ἦδη κατέχεν φουίβοος ἀλα
ἐν Λακεδαιμόνι αὖθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.*

We are here in another world, another order of poetry altogether ; here is rightly due such supreme praise as that which M. Vitet gives to the "Chanson de Roland." If our words are to have any meaning, if our judgments are to have any solidity, we must not heap that supreme praise upon poetry of an order immeasurably inferior.

Indeed there can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry. Of course we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them ; it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry which we may place beside them. Short passages, even single lines, will serve our turn quite sufficiently. Take the two lines which I have just quoted from Homer, the poet's comment on Helen's mention of her brothers ; or take his

Ἄ δειλῶ, τί σφῶι δόμεν Ἠελῆϊ ἀνακτι
θνητῷ ; ὑμεῖς δ' ἐστὸν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε.
ἧ ἵνα δυστήνοισι μετ' ἀνδράσιν ἀλγε' ἐχῆτον ; †

the address of Zeus to the horses of Peleus ; or, take finally, his

Καὶ σέ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὀλβιον εἶναι. ‡

the words of Achilles to Priam, a suppliant before him. Take that incomparable line and a half of Dante, Ugolino's tremendous words :

"Io no piangeva ; si dentro impietrai.
Piangevan elli . . ."§

* "So said she ; they long since in Earth's soft arms were reposing.
There, in their own dear land, their fatherland, Lacedæmon."

Iliad, iii. 243-4 (translated by Dr. Hawtrey).

† "Ah, unhappy pair, why gave we you to King Peleus, to a mortal ? but ye are without old age, and immortal. Was it that with men born to misery ye might have sorrow ?"—*Iliad*, xvii. 443-5.

‡ "Nay, and thou too, old man, in former days wast, as we hear, happy."
—*Iliad*, xxiv. 543.

§ "I wailed not, so of stone grew I within ;—they wailed."—*Inferno*, xxxiii. 89, 90.

take the lovely words of Beatrice to Virgil :

" Io son fatta da Dio, sua mercè, tale,
Che la vostra miseria non mi tange,
Nè fiamma d'esto incendio non m' assale. . . . "

take the simple, but perfect, single line :

" In la sua volontade è nostra pace." †

Take of Shakespeare a line or two of Henry the Fourth's expostulation with sleep :

" Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge. . . . "

and take, as well, Hamlet's dying request to Horatio :

" If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story. . . . "

Take of Milton that Miltonic passage

" Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel ; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek. . . . "

add two such lines as :

" And courage never to submit or yield
And what is else not be overcome. . . . "

and finish with the exquisite close to the loss of Proserpine, the loss

" which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world."

These few lines, if we have tact and can use them, are enough even of themselves to keep clear and sound our judgments about poetry, to save us from fallacious estimates of it, to conduct us to a real estimate.

The specimens I have quoted differ widely from one another, but they have in common this : the possession of the very highest poetical quality. If we are thoroughly penetrated by their power, we

* "Of such sort hath God, thanked be his mercy, made me, that your misery toucheth me not, neither doth the flame of this fire strike me."—*Inferno*, li. 91-3.

† "In His will is our peace."—*Paradiso*, lli. 85.

shall find that we have acquired a sense enabling us, whatever poetry may be laid before us, to feel the degree in which a high poetical quality is present or wanting there. Critics give themselves great labor to draw out what in the abstract constitutes the characters of a high quality of poetry. It is much better simply to have recourse to concrete examples; to take specimens of poetry of the high, the very highest quality, and to say: The characters of a high quality of poetry are what is expressed *there*. They are far better recognized by being felt in the verse of the master, than by being perused in the prose of the critic. Nevertheless if we are urgently pressed to give some critical account of them, we may safely, perhaps, venture on laying down, not indeed how and why the characters arise, but where and in what they arise. They are in the matter and substance of the poetry, and they are in its manner and style. Both of these, the substance and matter on the one hand, the style and manner on the other, have a mark, an accent, of high beauty, worth, and power. But if we are asked to define this mark and accent in the abstract, our answer must be: No, for we should thereby be darkening the question, not clearing it. The mark and accent are as given by the substance and matter of that poetry, by the style and manner of that poetry, and of all other poetry which is akin to it in quality.

Only one thing we may add as to the substance and matter of poetry, guiding ourselves by Aristotle's profound observation that the superiority of poetry over history consists in its possessing a higher truth and a higher seriousness (*φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον*). Let us add, therefore, to what we have said, this: that the substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing, in an eminent degree, truth and seriousness. We may add yet further, what is in itself evident, that to the style and manner of the best poetry their special character, their accent, is given by their diction, and even yet more, by their movement. And though we distinguish between the two characters, the two accents, of superiority, yet they are nevertheless vitally connected one with the other. The superior character of truth and seriousness, in the matter and substance of the best poetry, is inseparable from the superiority of diction and movement marking its style and manner. The two superiorities are closely related, and are in steadfast proportion one to the other. So far as high poetic truth and seriousness are wanting to a poet's matter and substance, so far also, we may be sure, will a high poetic stamp of diction and movement be wanting to his style and manner. In proportion as this high stamp of diction and movement, again, is absent from a poet's style and manner, we shall find, also, that high poetic truth and seriousness are absent from his substance and matter.

So stated, these are but dry generalities; their whole force lies

in their application. And I could wish every student of poetry to make the application of them for himself. Made by himself, the application would impress itself upon his mind far more deeply than made by me. Neither will my limits allow me to make any full application of the generalities above propounded ; but in the hope of bringing out, at any rate, some significance in them, and of establishing an important principle more firmly by their means, I will, in the space which remains to me, follow rapidly from the commencement the course of our English poetry with them in my view.

Once more I return to the early poetry of France, with which our own poetry, in its origins, is indissolubly connected. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, that seed-time of all modern language and literature, the poetry of France had a clear predominance in Europe. Of the two divisions of that poetry, its productions in the *langue d'oïl* and its productions in the *langue d'oc*, the poetry of the *langue d'oc* of southern France of the troubadours, is of importance because of its effect on Italian literature—the first literature of modern Europe to strike the true and grand note, and to bring forth, as in Dante and Petrarch it brought forth, classics. But the predominance of French poetry in Europe, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is due to its poetry of the *langue d'oïl*, the poetry of northern France and of the tongue which is now the French language. In the twelfth century the bloom of this romance-poetry was earlier and stronger in England, at the court of our Anglo-Norman kings, than in France itself. But it was a bloom of French poetry ; and as our native poetry formed itself, it formed itself out of this. The romance-poems which took possession of the heart and imagination of Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are French ; “ they are,” as Southey justly says, “ the pride of French literature, nor have we anything which can be placed in competition with them.” Themes were supplied from all quarters ; but the romance-setting which was common to them all, and which gained the ear of Europe, was French. This constituted for the French poetry, literature, and language, at the height of the middle age, an unchallenged predominance. The Italian Brunetto Latini, the master of Dante, wrote his “ Treasure ” in French because, he says, “ la parleure en est plus délitable et plus commune à toutes gens.” In the same century, the thirteenth, the French romance-writer, Christian of Troyes, formulates the claims, in chivalry and letters, of France, his native country, as follows :

“ Or vous ert par ce livre apris,
Que Gresse ot de chevalerie
Le premier los et de clergie ;
Puis vint chevalerie à Rome,
Et de la clergie la some,

Qui ore est en France venue.
 Diex doinst qu'ele i soit retenue,
 Et que li lius li abelisse
 Tant que de France n'isse
 L'onor qui s'i est arestée !"

"Now by this book you will learn that first Greece had the renown for chivalry and letters ; then chivalry and the primacy in letters passed to Rome, and now it is come to France. God grant it may be kept there ; and that the place may please it so well, that the honor which has come to make stay in France may never depart thence !"

Yet it is now all gone, this French romance-poetry, of which the weight of substance and the power of style are not unfairly represented by this extract from Christian of Troyes. Only by means of the historic estimate can we persuade ourselves now to think that any of it is of poetical importance.

But in the fourteenth century there comes an Englishman nourished on this poetry, taught his trade by this poetry, getting words, rhyme, metre from this poetry ; for even of that stanza which the Italians used, and which Chaucer derived immediately from the Italians, the basis and suggestion was probably given in France. Chaucer (I have already named him) fascinated his contemporaries, but so too did Christian of Troyes and Wolfram of Eschenbach. Chaucer's power of fascination, however, is enduring ; his poetical importance does not need the assistance of the historic estimate ; it is real. He is a genuine source of joy and strength which is flowing still for us and will flow always. He will be read, as time goes on, far more generally than he is read now. His language is a cause of difficulty for us ; but so also, and I think in quite as great a degree, is the language of Burns. In Chaucer's case, as in that of Burns, it is a difficulty to be unhesitatingly accepted and overcome.

If we ask ourselves wherein consists the immense superiority of Chaucer's poetry over the romance-poetry, why it is that in passing from this to Chaucer we suddenly feel ourselves to be in another world, we shall find that his superiority is both in the substance of his poetry and in the style of his poetry. His superiority in substance is given by his large, free, simple, clear yet kindly view of human life—so unlike the total want, in the romance-poets, of all intelligent command of it. Chaucer has not their helplessness ; he has gained the power to survey the world from a central, a truly human point of view. We have only to call to mind the prologue to "The Canterbury Tales." The right comment upon it is Dryden's : "It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that *here is God's plenty*." And again : "He is a perpetual foun-

tain of good sense." It is by a large, free, sound representation of things, that poetry, this high criticism of life, has truth of substance; and Chaucer's poetry has truth of substance.

Of his style and manner, if we think first of the romance-poetry and then of Chaucer's divine liquidness of diction, his divine fluidity of movement, it is difficult to speak temperately. They are irresistible, and justify all the rapture with which his successors speak of his "gold dew-drops of speech." Johnson misses the point entirely when he finds fault with Dryden for ascribing to Chaucer the first refinement of our numbers, and says that Gower also can show smooth numbers and easy rhymes. The refinement of our numbers means something far more than this. A nation may have versifiers with smooth numbers and easy rhymes, and yet may have no real poetry at all. Chaucer is the father of our splendid English poetry, he is our "well of English undefiled," because by the lovely charm of his diction, the lovely charm of his movement, he makes an epoch and founds a tradition. In Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, we can follow the tradition of the liquid diction, the fluid movement, of Chaucer; at one time it is his liquid diction of which in these poets we feel the virtue, and at another time it is his fluid movement. And the virtue is irresistible.

Bounded as is my space, I must yet find room for an example of Chaucer's virtue, as I have given examples to show the virtue of the great classics. I feel disposed to say that a single line is enough to show the charm of Chaucer's verse; that merely one line like this:

"O martyr soulded* in virginitee!"

has a virtue of manner and movement such as we shall not find in all the verse of romance-poetry; but this is saying nothing. The virtue is such as we shall not find, perhaps, in all English poetry, outside the poets whom I have named as the special inheritors of Chaucer's tradition. A single line, however, is too little if we have not the strain of Chaucer's verse well in our memory; let us take a stanza. It is from "The Prioress's Tale," the story of the Christian child murdered in a Jewry:

"My throte is cut unto my nekke-bone
Saidè this child, and as by way of kinde
I should have deyde, yea, longe time agone;
But Jesu Christ, as ye in bookès finde,
Will that his glory last and be in minde,
And for the worship of his mother dere
Yet may I sing O Alma loud and clere."

Wordsworth has modernized this tale, and to feel how delicate and

* The French *soudé*; soldered, fixed fast,

evanescent is the charm of verse, we have only to read Wordsworth's first three lines of this stanza after Chaucer's :

" My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,
Said this young child, and by the law of kind
I should have died, yea, many hours ago."

The charm is departed. It is often said that the power of liquidness and fluidity in Chaucer's verse was dependent upon a free, a licentious dealing with language, such as is now impossible ; upon a liberty, such as Burns too enjoyed, of making words like *neck*, *bird*, into a dissyllable by adding to them, and words like *cause*, *rhyme*, into a dissyllable by sounding the *e* mute. It is true that Chaucer's fluidity is conjoined with this liberty, and is admirably served by it ; but we ought not to say that it was dependent upon it. It was dependent upon his talent. Other poets with a like liberty do not attain to the fluidity of Chaucer ; Burns himself does not attain to it. Poets again, who have a talent akin to Chaucer's, such as Shakespeare or Keats, have known how to attain to his fluidity without the like liberty.

And yet Chaucer is not one of the great classics. His poetry transcends and effaces, easily and without effort, all the romance-poetry of Catholic Christendom ; it transcends and effaces all the English poetry contemporary with it, it transcends and effaces all the English poetry subsequent to it down to the age of Elizabeth. Of such avail is poetic truth of substance, in its natural and necessary union with poetic truth of style. And yet, I say, Chaucer is not one of the great classics. He has not their accent. What is wanting to him is suggested by the mere mention of the name of the first great classic of Christendom, the immortal poet who died eighty years before Chaucer—Dante. The accent of such verse as

" In la sua volontade è nostra pace . . . "

is altogether beyond Chaucer's reach ; we praise him, but we feel that this accent is out of the question for him. It may be said that it was necessarily out of the reach of any poet in the England of that stage of growth. Possibly ; but we are to adopt a real, not a historic, estimate of poetry. However we may account for its absence, something is wanting, then, to the poetry of Chaucer, which poetry must have before it can be placed in the glorious class of the best. And there is no doubt what that something is. It is the *σπουδαίτης*, the high and excellent seriousness, which Aristotle assigns as one of the grand virtues of poetry. The substance of Chaucer's poetry, his view of things and his criticism of life, has largeness, freedom, shrewdness, benignity ; but it has not this high seriousness. Homer's criticism of life has it, Dante's has it, Shakespeare's has it. It is this chiefly which gives to our spirits

what they can rest upon ; and with the increasing demands of our modern ages upon poetry, this virtue of giving us what we can rest upon will be more and more highly esteemed. A voice from the slums of Paris, fifty or sixty years after Chaucer, the voice of poor Villon out of his life of riot and crime, has at its happy moments (as, for instance, in the last stanza of "*La Belle Heaulmière* *") more of this important poetic virtue of seriousness than all the productions of Chaucer. But its apparition in Villon, and in men like Villon, is fitful ; the greatness of the great poets, the power of their criticism of life, is that their virtue is sustained.

To our praise, therefore, of Chaucer as a poet there must be this limitation ; he lacks the high seriousness of the great classics, and therewith an important part of their virtue. Still, the main fact for us to bear in mind about Chaucer is his sterling value according to that real estimate which we firmly adopt for all poets. He has poetic truth of substance, though he has not high poetic seriousness, and corresponding to his truth of substance he has an exquisite virtue of style and manner. With him is born our real poetry.

But for my present purpose I need not dwell on our Elizabethan poetry, or on the continuation and close of this poetry in Milton. We all of us profess to be agreed in the estimate of this poetry ; we all of us recognize it as great poetry, our greatest, and Shakespeare and Milton as our poetical classics. The real estimate, here, has universal currency. With the next age of our poetry divergence and difficulty begin. An historic estimate of that poetry has established itself ; and the question is, whether it will be found to coincide with the real estimate.

The age of Dryden, together with our whole eighteenth century which followed it, sincerely believed itself to have produced poetical classics of its own, and even to have made advance, in poetry, beyond all its predecessors. Dryden regards as not seriously disput-

* The name *Heaulmière* is said to be derived from a head-dress (helm) worn as a mark by courtesans. In Villon's ballad, a poor old creature of this class laments her days of youth and beauty. The last stanza of the ballad runs thus :

"Ainsi le bon temps regretons
Entre nous, pauvres vieilles sottes,
Assises bas, à croppetons,
Tout en ung tas comme pelottes ;
A petit feu de chenevottes
Tost allumées, tost estainctes.
Et jadis fusmes si mignottes !
Ainsi en prend à maintz et maintes."

"Thus among ourselves we regret the good time, poor silly old things, low-seated on our heels, all in a heap like so many balls ; by a little fire of hemp-stalks, soon lighted, soon spent. And once we were such darlings ! So fares it with many and many a one."

able the opinion "that the sweetness of English verse was never understood or practised by our fathers." Cowley could see nothing at all in Chaucer's poetry. Dryden heartily admired it, and, as we have seen, praised its matter admirably; but of its exquisite manner and movement all he can find to say is that "there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect." Addison, wishing to praise Chaucer's numbers, compares them with Dryden's own. And all through the eighteenth century, and down even into our own times, the stereotyped phrase of approbation for good verse found in our early poetry has been, that it even approached the verse of Dryden, Addison, Pope, and Johnson.

Are Dryden and Pope poetical classics? Is the historic estimate, which represents them as such, and which has been so long established that it cannot easily give way, the real estimate? Wordsworth and Coleridge, as is well known, denied it; but the authority of Wordsworth and Coleridge does not weigh much with the young generation, and there are many signs to show that the eighteenth century and its judgments are coming into favor again. Are the favorite poets of the eighteenth century classics?

It is impossible within my present limits to discuss the question fully. And what man of letters would not shrink from seeming to dispose dictatorially of the claims of two men who are, at any rate, such masters in letters as Dryden and Pope; two men of such admirable talent, both of them, and one of them, Dryden, a man, on all sides, of such energetic and genial power? And yet, if we are to gain the full benefit from poetry, we must have the real estimate of it. I cast about for some mode of arriving, in the present case, at such an estimate without offence. And perhaps the best way is to begin, as it is easy to begin, with cordial praise.

When we find Chapman, the Elizabethan translator of Homer, expressing himself in his preface thus: "Though truth in her very nakedness sits in so deep a pit, that from Gades to Aurora and Ganges few eyes can sound her, I hope yet those few here will so discover and confirm, that, the date being out of her darkness in this morning of our poet, he shall now gird his temples with the sun"—we pronounce that such a prose is intolerable. When we find Milton writing: "And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he, who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem"—we pronounce that such a prose has its own grandeur, but that it is obsolete and inconvenient. But when we find Dryden telling us: "What Virgil wrote in the vigor of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write"—

then we exclaim that here at last we have the true English prose, a prose such as we would all gladly use if we only knew how. Yet Dryden was Milton's contemporary.

But after the Restoration the time had come when our nation felt the imperious need of a fit prose. So, too, the time had likewise come when our nation felt the imperious need of freeing itself from the absorbing preoccupation which religion in the Puritan age had exercised. It was impossible that this freedom should be brought about without some negative excess, without some neglect and impairment of the religious life of the soul; and the spiritual history of the eighteenth century shows us that the freedom was not achieved without them. Still, the freedom was achieved; the preoccupation, an undoubtedly baneful and retarding one if it had continued, was got rid of. And as with religion among us at that period, so it was also with letters. A fit prose was a necessity; but it was impossible that a fit prose should establish itself among us without some touch of frost to the imaginative life of the soul. The needful qualities for a fit prose are regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. The men of letters, whose destiny it may be to bring their nation to the attainment of a fit prose, must of necessity, whether they work in prose or in verse, give a predominating, an almost exclusive attention to the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. But an almost exclusive attention to these qualities involves some repression and silencing of poetry.

We are to regard Dryden as the puissant and glorious founder, Pope as the splendid high-priest, of our age of prose and reason, of our excellent and indispensable eighteenth century. For the purposes of their mission and destiny their poetry, like their prose, is admirable. Do you ask me whether Dryden's verse, take it almost where you will, is not good?

"A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged."

I answer: Admirable for the purposes of the inaugurator of an age of prose and reason. Do you ask me whether Pope's verse, take it almost where you will, is not good?

"To Hounslow Heath I point, and Banstead Down;
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own."

I answer: Admirable for the purposes of the high-priest of an age of prose and reason. But do you ask me whether such verse proceeds from men with an adequate poetic criticism of life, from men whose criticism of life has a high seriousness, or even, without that high seriousness, has poetic largeness, freedom, insight, benignity? Do you ask me whether the application of ideas to life in the verse of these men, often a powerful application, no

doubt, is a powerful *poetic* application? Do you ask me whether the poetry of these men has either the matter or the inseparable manner of such an adequate poetic criticism; whether it has the accent of

"Absent thee from felicity awhile . . ."

or of

"And what is else not to be overcome . . ."

or of

"O martyr souled in virginitee!"

I answer: It has not and cannot have them; it is the poetry of the builders of an age of prose and reason. Though they may write in verse, though they may in a certain sense be masters of the art of versification, Dryden and Pope are not classics of our poetry; they are classics of our prose.

Gray is our poetical classic of that literature and age; the position of Gray is singular, and demands a word of notice here. He has not the volume or the power of the poets who, coming in times more favorable, have attained to an independent criticism of life. But he lived with the great poets; he lived, above all, with the Greeks, through perpetually studying and enjoying them; and he caught their poetic point of view for regarding life, caught their poetic manner. The point of view and the manner are not self-sprung in him, he caught them of others; and he had not the free and abundant use of them. But whereas Addison and Pope never had the use of them, Gray had the use of them at times. He is the scantiest and frailest of classics in our poetry, but he is a classic.

And now, after Gray, we are met, as we draw toward the end of the eighteenth century, we are met by the great name of Burns. We enter now on times where the personal estimate of poets begins to be rife, and where the real estimate of them is not reached without difficulty. But in spite of the disturbing pressures of personal partiality, of national partiality, let us try to reach a real estimate of the poetry of Burns.

By his English poetry Burns in general belongs to the eighteenth century, and has little importance for us.

"Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way;
While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong!"

Evidently this is not the real Burns, or his name and fame would have disappeared long ago. Nor is Clarinda's love-poet, Sylvander, the real Burns either. But he tells us himself: "These Eng-

lish songs gravel me to death. I have not the command of the language that I have of my native tongue. In fact, I think that my ideas are more barren in English than in Scotch. I have been at 'Duncan Gray' to dress it in English, but all I can do is desperately stupid." We English turn naturally, in Burns, to the poems in our own language, because we can read them easily; but in those poems we have not the real Burns.

The real Burns is of course in his Scotch poems. Let us boldly say that of much of this poetry, a poetry dealing perpetually with Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners, a Scotchman's estimate is apt to be personal. A Scotchman is used to this world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners; he has a tenderness for it; he meets its poet half way. In this tender mood he reads pieces like the "Holy Fair" or "Halloween." But this world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners is against a poet, not for him, when it is not a partial countryman who reads him; for in itself it is not a beautiful world, and no one can deny that it is of advantage to a poet to deal with a beautiful world. Burns's world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners, is often a harsh, a sordid, a repulsive world; even the world of his "Cotter's Saturday Night" is not a beautiful world. No doubt a poet's criticism of life may have such truth and power that it triumphs over its world and delights us. Burns may triumph over his world; often he does triumph over his world, but let us observe how and where. Burns is the first case we have had where the bias of the personal estimate tends to mislead; let us look at him closely, he can bear it.

Many of his admirers will tell us that we have Burns, convivial, genuine, delightful, here:

"Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
Than either school or college;
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
Be't whisky gill or penny wheep
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day."

There is a great deal of that sort of thing in Burns, and it is unsatisfactory, not because it is bacchanalian poetry, but because it has not that accent of sincerity which bacchanalian poetry, to do it justice, very often has. There is something in it of bravado, something which makes us feel that we have not the man speaking to us with his real voice; something, therefore, poetically unsound.

With still more confidence will his admirers tell us that we have

the genuine Burns, the great poet, when his strain asserts the independence, equality, dignity, of men, as in the famous song "For a' that and a' that :"

" A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that !
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that."

Here they find his grand, genuine touches ; and still more, when this puissant genius, who so often set morality at defiance, falls moralizing :

" The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love
Luxuriantly indulge it ;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it.
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing,
But och ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling."

Or in a higher strain :

" Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us ;
He knows each chord, its various tone ;
Each spring, its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

Or in a better strain yet, a strain, his admirers will say, unsurpassable :

" To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

There is criticism of life for you, the admirers of Burns will say to us ; there is the application of ideas to life ! There is, undoubtedly. The doctrine of the last-quoted lines coincides almost exactly with what was the aim and end, Xenophon tells us, of all the teaching of Socrates. And the application is a powerful one :

made by a man of vigorous understanding, and (need I say ?) a master of language.

But for supreme poetical success more is required than the powerful application of ideas to life ; it must be an application under the conditions fixed by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty. Those laws fix as an essential condition, in the poet's treatment of such matters as are here in question, high seriousness—the high seriousness which comes from absolute sincerity. The accent of high seriousness, born of absolute sincerity, is what gives to such verse as

" In la sua volontade è nostra pace . . . "

to such criticism of life as Dante's its power. Is this accent felt in the passages which I have been quoting from Burns ? Surely not ; surely, if our sense is quick, we must perceive that we have not in those passages a voice from the very inmost soul of the genuine Burns ; he is not speaking to us from these depths, he is more or less preaching. And the compensation for admiring such passages less, from missing the perfect poetic accent in them, will be that we shall admire more the poetry where that accent is found.

No ; Burns, like Chaucer, comes short of the high seriousness of the great classics, and the virtue of matter and manner which goes with that high seriousness is wanting to his work. At moments he touches it in a profound and passionate melancholy, as in those four immortal lines taken by Byron as a motto for " *The Giaour*," but which have in them a depth of poetic quality such as resides in no verse of Byron's own :

" Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

But a whole poem of that quality Burns cannot make ; the rest, in the " *Farewell to Nancy*," is verbiage.

We arrive best at the real estimate of Burns, I think, by conceiving his work as having truth of matter and truth of manner, but not the accent or the poetic virtue of the highest masters. His genuine criticism of life, when the sheer poet in him speaks, is ironic ; it is not :

" Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here firm I rest, they must be best
Because they are Thy will !"

It is far rather : " Whistle owre the lave o't !" Yet we may say of him as of Chaucer, that of life and the world, as they come be-

fore him, his view is large, free, shrewd, benignant—truly poetic, therefore ; and his manner of rendering what he sees is to match. But we must note, at the same time, his great difference from Chaucer. The freedom of Chaucer is heightened, in Burns, by a fiery, reckless energy ; the benignity of Chaucer deepens, in Burns, into an overwhelming sense of the pathos of things—of the pathos of human nature, the pathos, also, of non-human nature. Instead of the fluidity of Chaucer's manner, the manner of Burns has spring, bounding swiftness. Burns is by far the greater force, though he has perhaps less charm. The world of Chaucer is fairer, richer, more significant than that of Burns ; but when the largeness and freedom of Burns get full sweep, as in "Tam o' Shanter," or still more in that puissant and splendid production, "The Jolly Beggars," his world may be what it will, his poetic genius triumphs over it. In the world of the "Jolly Beggars" there is more than hideousness and squalor, there is bestiality ; yet the piece is a superb poetic success. It has a breadth, truth, and power which make the famous scene in Auerbach's Cellar, of Goethe's "Faust," seem artificial and tame beside it, and which are only matched by Shakespeare and Aristophanes.

Here, where his largeness and freedom serve him so admirably, and also in those poems and songs, where to shrewdness he adds infinite archness and wit, and to benignity infinite pathos, where his manner is flawless, and a perfect poetic whole is the result—in things like the address to the mouse whose home he had ruined, in things like "Duncan Gray," "Tam Glen," "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad," "Auld Lang Syne" (the list might be made much longer)—here we have the genuine Burns, of whom the real estimate must be high indeed. Not a classic, nor with the excellent *σπουδαίους* of the great classics, nor with a verse rising to a criticism of life and a virtue like theirs ; but a poet with thorough truth of substance and an answering truth of style, giving us a poetry sound to the core. We all of us have a leaning toward the pathetic, and may be inclined perhaps to prize Burns most for his touches of piercing, sometimes almost intolerable, pathos ; for verse like :

" We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
From mornin' sun till dune ;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne : . . "

where he is as lovely as he is sound. But perhaps it is by the perfection of soundness of his lighter and archer masterpieces that he is poetically most wholesome for us. For the votary misled by a personal estimate of Shelley, as so many of us have been, are, and

will be—of that beautiful spirit building his many-colored haze of words and images

“Pinnaced dim in the intense inane”—

no contact can be wholesomer than the contact with Burns at his archest and soundest. Side by side with the

“On the brink of the night and the morning

My coursers are wont to respire,

But the Earth has just whispered a warning

That their flight must be swifter than fire . . .”

of “Prometheus Unbound,” how salutary, how very salutary, to place this from “Tam Glen”:

“My minnie does constantly deave me

And bids me beware o’ young men ;

They flatter, she says, to deceive me ;

But wha can think sae o’ Tam Glen ?”

But we enter on burning ground as we approach the poetry of times so near to us, poetry like that of Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth, of which the estimates are so often not only personal, but personal with passion. For my purpose, it is enough to have taken the single case of Burns, the first poet we come to of whose work the estimate formed is evidently apt to be personal, and to have suggested how we may proceed, using the poetry of the great classics, as a sort of touchstone, to correct this estimate, as we had previously corrected by the same means the historic estimate where we met with it. A collection like the present, with its succession of celebrated names and celebrated poems, offers a good opportunity to us for resolutely endeavoring to make our estimates of poetry real. I have sought to point out a method which will help us in making them so, and to exhibit it in use so far as to put any one who likes in a way of applying it for himself.

At any rate the end to which the method and the estimate are designed to lead, and from leading to which, if they do lead to it, they get their whole value—the benefit of being able clearly to feel and deeply to enjoy the best, the truly classic, in poetry—is an end, let me say it once more at parting, of supreme importance. We are often told that an era is opening in which we are to see multitudes of a common sort of readers, and masses of a common sort of literature ; that such readers do not want and could not relish anything better than such literature, and that to provide it is becoming a vast and profitable industry. Even if good literature entirely lost currency with the world, it would still be abundantly worth while to continue to enjoy it by one’s self. But it never will lose currency with the world, in spite of momentary appearances ; it never will lose supremacy. Currency and supremacy are insured

to it, not indeed by the world's deliberate and conscious choice, but by something far deeper—by the instinct of self-preservation in humanity.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Introduction to Ward's "English Poets."*

DIAMONDS, NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL.

THE diamond has many histories. It has a chemical and a commercial, a mineralogical and a mystical history. It has what may be called a personal history, comprising the varied adventures of individual stones; there is a history of diamond cutting and counterfeiting, of diamond discoveries and diamond robberies, and there promises soon to be a history of diamond manufacture. The earliest known home of the gem was in India. From India it made its way westward to the Greeks, who, among its many remarkable qualities, singled out its pre-eminent hardness as that by which it was thenceforward to be distinguished when known, and detected when doubtful. They named it *adamas*, the indomitable, and invented fables in illustration of this character, which passed current and unquestioned for many hundreds of years. Such was the obduracy of the genuine diamond, they maintained, that the attempt to break it between hammer and anvil resulted, not in the fracture of the stone, but in the rending of the metal; and numerous gems of the purest water were immolated, generation after generation, to the blind tradition of this perilous ordeal by iron. There was, indeed, it was added, one method by which this otherwise invincible resistance could be overcome. Immersion for a certain time in warm goat's blood rendered the crystal amenable to the blows of the hammer, although even then, like the Calydonian hero at the siege of Thebes, it contrived to involve its sturdy adversary in its own destruction. "Only a god," Pliny exclaims in a pious rapture, "could have revealed such a valuable secret to men!"

Now the truth is, that the diamond, although the hardest of known substances, is also one of the most brittle, since it possesses a natural cleavage along which it splits with the utmost facility. When the Koh-i-noor was being recut, in 1852, the jeweller to whose care it was intrusted during the operation, submitted it to the inspection of one of his most valued customers, who heedlessly let it slip through his fingers. The jeweller, seeing it fall, all but lost his senses with terror, and called forth a similar access of retrospective dismay in his distinguished visitor, by explaining that if the jewel had touched the ground at a certain angle, it would almost infallibly have separated into two fragments, and thus have finally terminated its notable career as a "Mountain of Light."

The extreme difficulty of polishing the diamond caused it, in early times, to be sought after as an amulet rather than as an ornament. The belief in its efficacy both as a poison and as an antidote to poison is of high antiquity, and as regards the healing branch, is even yet not wholly extinct. Benvenuto Cellini relates that he owed his life to the avarice of an apothecary in substituting powdered beryl for the diamond-dust which he had been bribed to mix with his salad; and the same pseudo-deadly substance was administered to Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower. On the other hand, the Romans regarded it as a sure remedy, not only against poison, but against various other perils, and the conviction of its mystical virtues continued to prevail throughout the Middle Ages. It was said to confer valor, to insure victory, to repel witchcraft and madness, to give success in lawsuits. Pliny is careful to tell us that, if worn on the left arm touching the skin, it dispels nocturnal panic; and Sir John Maundeville adds (although we are unable to discover that the market price of the gem was seriously affected by the precept), that it should be given freely, not bought or sold. The same writer naïvely repeats the popular fable as to the propagation of their kind by these stones after the manner of living things; and gravely gives it as a result of experience that, if diligently moistened with May dew, they grow in greatness year by year!

Diamond superstitions, in our days, seem to have taken refuge in the East. The Shah of Persia is said to possess one set in a scimitar, which has the power of rendering the wearer invisible, and the great diamond of the Rajah of Mattan in Borneo, weighing 867 carats,* and supposed to be the largest in existence, is credited with the virtue, not of a talisman alone, but of a panacea as well. The natives of the island believe that water in which it has been immersed cures every disorder; and the vast price offered for it by the Governor of Batavia, of 150,000 dollars, two ships of war fully equipped, together with sundry arms and munitions, was refused, not because of the intrinsic value of the jewel, but because the fortunes of the dynasty were traditionally affirmed to depend upon its possession.

The art of diamond-cutting is usually supposed to have been invented by Louis van Berquem of Bruges, in 1456; but closer inquiry shows that he only introduced important improvements into a method already in use. It is said that there were diamond-

* The word "carat" is derived through the Arabic from the Greek name (*κεράτιον*) of the fruit of the karob-tree, the beans of which, owing to their nearly invariable size, were long ago selected as a standard-weight for gold, by the natives of West Africa. Their use (or rather, as we should suppose, the use of an equivalent weight) passed thence to India, and was introduced into southern Europe by the Arabs. A carat is equal to 4 diamond grains, or to 3.17 grains Troy.

polishers at Nuremberg in 1373, and the same trade was exercised early in the following century in Paris, where a cross-way called "La Courarie," once inhabited by the workmen, still exists among the diminishing relics of the past. Nor is it to be supposed that this art was entirely unknown to more ancient nations. In India, from the earliest times, a mode of releasing the crystal from its native husk was employed, which probably differed less in principle than in application from that now used in London and Amsterdam. The gem-engravers of antiquity not only worked extensively with the diamond point, but in some rare cases engraved the "indomitable" stone itself. In the Duke of Bedford's collection, for instance is a diamond engraved with the head of Posidonius, and one bearing a portrait of a Roman emperor was to be seen at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. After the barbarian invasion the art became the secret of a very few, without, it would seem, ever declining to extinction; for the diamond clasp which fastened the imperial mantle of Charlemagne at his coronation, had the natural faces of the crystals rudely polished, and cut diamonds have occasionally been found on mediæval church ornaments.

It is, however, unquestionable that Berquem introduced the method of cutting diamonds into regular facets, and employed for the purpose the wheel, with the powder of the gem itself, precisely after the modern fashion. In 1475 he made his first experiment of the "perfect cut" on three rough stones sent him by Charles the Bold, who was famed for his magnificence in jewels. All three were worn by the unfortunate Duke of Burgundy, probably with some regard to safety as well as to splendor, in his disastrous battles with the Swiss; but the talismanic virtue was gone out of them, for they were lost with the fortunes of their owner, and after many singular adventures found their way each to the treasury of a separate foreign potentate. The most celebrated of these was the "Sancy" diamond, a fine stone of 53½ carats. It was picked up on the field of Nancy by a Swiss soldier, who sold it for a florin to a priest; unsuspiciously redispensed of by him for a scarcely larger sum, and transported by the currents of chance or trade to Portugal, where it figured, in 1489, among the crown-jewels of the unlucky Don Antonio. This monarch in difficulties first pledged, and then sold it for 100,000 livres to Harlay de Sancy, a French nobleman, whose descendant, Nicolas de Sancy, was induced to place the gem in pawn for the relief of a pressing exigency of the crown in the time of Henri III. For this purpose it was intrusted to a servant to be carried to a jeweller at Metz; but neither servant nor jewel reached their destination, and the conclusion seemed inevitable that the temptation had proved too strong for the man's fidelity. De Sancy alone never wavered in his reliance on the devotion of his dependant, and maintained that

only with his life would he have separated from the precious charge committed to him. And, in fact, after some further search had been made, the murdered body of the messenger was found by the roadside. It was opened, and the diamond was discovered in the stomach! Thus, by a last and despairing expedient of fidelity, this nameless hero baffled his foes at the very instant of succumbing to them, and left to posterity the memory of an action brighter than the gem whose safety it secured.

Through some unknown channel the "Sancy" came into the possession of James II. of England, shared his exile, and was disposed of by him "for a consideration" to his royal host. The "well-beloved" Louis wore it in the *agrafe* of his hat at his coronation, and it rested quietly in the treasury of the Tuileries until the troubles of the Revolution once more set it in circulation. It found its way to Spain, was sold by Godoy to Prince Demidoff, and purchased from him by Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy for the sum of 200,000 florins. And here, for the present, its story ends.

The comparative facility with which diamonds were cut by Berquem's process brought them into general use as personal ornaments, thereby dealing a blow, from which they have never recovered, to the pearl-fisheries of South America. In the reign of Charles VII. the wives and daughters of the French nobility imitated the example of Agnes Sorel in decorating themselves profusely with these gems, and at the court of Francis I.,

A lady walled about with diamonds,

was no uncommon spectacle. Indeed, sumptuary laws were soon after passed to restrain this particular species of extravagance. Of the two forms of cutting now generally employed, the "rose" has been in use since 1520, and the "brilliant" was invented by Vincenzo Peruzzi, of Venice, toward the end of the seventeenth century. The first of these may be described as a faceted hemisphere; the second as a double cone, likewise covered with small facets, of which the upper portion, or "crown," is truncated, the "pavilion," or lower part, being but slightly blunted. The "table" cut is now only used for stones too shallow to admit of other treatment. The high value of this gem may be estimated from the fact that it is found worth while to facet splinters weighing not more than the five hundredth part of a carat.

All the great historical diamonds of the world own an Indian origin. The Rajah of Mattan's great jewel was, it is true, found in Borneo, but its existence has hitherto been passed in the Oriental seclusion befitting its mystical character, not amid the glare and bustle of Western politics. The "Braganza" has continued since 1741, when it was discovered in a Brazilian mine, in the possession of the Portuguese crown, and is still as jealously guarded

from vulgar inspection as a beauty of the harem. This suspicious privacy, together with its extraordinary weight of 1880 carats, induces a general belief that the stone is not a diamond, but a white topaz. Its value, if genuine, would amount, according to the usual mode of calculation, to the fabulous sum of 58,350,000*l*.! As far as mere size is concerned, the "Stewart," from the South African diggings, is entitled to a foremost place among celebrated diamonds; but the jewels with the human interest of a story attaching to them—the "Orloff," the "Florentine," the "Regent," the "Koh-i-noor," the "Sancy" hail from the banks of the Kistna, or the mines of Raolconda or Bundelcund. Two of these, the Koh-i-noor and the Orloff, have singularly shared the vicissitudes of successive dynasties, and by their present position among the crown jewels—the one of England and the other of Russia—seem to symbolize the division of the sceptre of the East between those two great powers. These twin stones are believed to be the fragments of a mighty crystal of 793 carats,* of which the tradition has been preserved by Tavernier, a French jeweller, who made a professional tour in the East in the time of the *Grand Monarque*. Their earliest history is, as may readily be imagined, obscure. Conjecture, based upon their shape and size, makes them glitter for ages as the eyes of some monstrous idol in a Brahminical temple. History meets them at the capture of Agra and the overthrow of the native prince of Golconda, when they fell by separate caprices of fortune into the hands of the conquering Mogul dynasty. Baber exulted in the possession of the Koh-i-noor, and in his reminiscences estimates its value as equal to that of half the daily sustenance of the entire world. The same stone was seen by Tavernier in the treasury of Aurungzebe, and its companion was shortly afterward extorted by that undutiful son from the possession of his captive father, Shah Jehan. They next appear as the spoil of Nadir Shah in 1739, and were in all likelihood seen by Pallas shining side by side upon the throne of the Persian conqueror, with the titles respectively of the "Mountain" and the "Sea of Light." After his assassination in 1749, their stories divide. The "Derya-i-noor" was stolen by a French soldier, and, by the intervention of an Armenian named Shafras, reached the Amsterdam market, where it was purchased by Count Orloff for the Empress Catherine II. The "Koh-i-noor" was carried off by Ahmed Shah, and, under stress of prolonged persecution, was surrendered by his unhappy descendant, Shah Soofah, to the greed of Runjeet Singh. An attempt was made, on the plea of breaking the spell of misfortune which was supposed to accompany the jewel, to induce the Sikh chieftain to bequeath it on his deathbed to the temple of Juggernaut; he was,

* Schrauf, "Handbuch der Edelsteinkunde." The fact that the base of each jewel is a natural cleavage-plane strongly supports this view.

however, obdurate, and the famous "Mountain of Light" illuminated the treasury of Lahore until, after the British conquest of the Punjab, it was formally presented by Lord Dalhousie to the Queen of England. Its weight was then 186 carats, but having been cut after the Indian manner, with a view to the preservation of its size rather than to the display of its lustre, it was less effective than many a counterfeit gem. It was accordingly recut as a regular "brilliant" by the best artist Amsterdam could produce, at a sacrifice of 80 carats and a cost of 8000*l.*; but to the eye of a connoisseur its form, even still, leaves much to be desired.

The political conditions of the world have hardly changed more within the last two hundred years than the conditions of diamond-digging; and revolutions in the diamond trade succeed each other as rapidly nowadays as revolutions in republics and empires. One still more fundamental has quite recently been threatened, but appears for the present to be averted. It remains to be seen whether the alarm excited by its approach was an empty panic or a just presentiment. Hitherto, new diamond-fields have been opportunely discovered as fast as the old ones became exhausted. It may now be hoped that, by the time nature's store comes to an end, that of the laboratory will be ready for use. The mines of Golconda* no longer pay the expenses of working. Where in 1665 Tavernier found 60,000 persons in lucrative employment, a few sudras and pariahs now earn a bare subsistence by sifting the gravel in search of its scanty treasures. Another region had in the mean time succeeded to the ancient honors of India. About 1725 a Portuguese traveller experienced in foreign merchandise, named Sebastian do Prado, visited Brazil, and was struck with the appearance of certain crystals used by the negroes as counters in playing at cards. On examination these crystals proved to be diamonds. Two years later the mines of Minas Geraes were opened, and it has been estimated that, in the succeeding century and a half, the amount of Brazilian stones brought to market was no less than thirteen million carats. As usual in such cases, they were encountered by a trade cabal, and were at first frequently sent to India that they might obtain Indian prices; but their quality was eventually recognized as fully equal to that of the finest gems from the Deccan.

The discovery, in 1829, of diamonds in the gold-washings of the Ural was due to the sagacity of Alexander von Humboldt. His observation of the close similarity between the alluvial beds of that region and those of the diamantiferous districts of Brazil, emboldened him to make a prediction which was no sooner published

* "Golconda" is, properly speaking, not the name of a mine, but of a fortress near Hyderabad, where the treasures of the Nizam, and especially his diamond-wealth from Partal, Raolconda, and Ellore are stored.

than it was fulfilled. But the yield has hitherto proved but a niggardly one.

The diggings of South Africa are, however, of quite another order of importance, and may be expected to prove as significant for the natural history of the diamond as they are momentous for its commercial status. The existence of these precious stones in the districts watered by the Orange and Vaal Rivers had long been an obscure tradition in the colony, and in a mission-map of about 1750 the words "Here be diamonds" stand inscribed across the region now known as Griqua-land West. But it was not until 1837, that a certain Niekirk, a Dutch trader, and O'Reilly, an ostrich-hunter, passing by the house of a boer named Jacobs, noted a singular pebble with which his children were playing. The stone was taken to Cape Town, purchased by Sir Philip Wodehouse for 500*l.*, and sent, as the first Cape diamond, to the Paris Exhibition. The jewel known as the "Star of South Africa" (of 83½ carats) was, two years later, brought by a Hottentot shepherd to the same Niekirk, who paid 400*l.* for it, and received the same day 12,000*l.* The riches of the famous "Du Toit's Pan" were brought to light by the discovery of diamonds in the mortar with which a Dutch farmer's house had been built. The place was shortly afterward, in the expressive colonial phrase, "rushed," and the peaceful owner beheld with dismay the devastation and disorder attendant upon the unlooked-for conversion of his Arcadia into an Eldorado.

The produce of the South African mines is enormous, and the quality of the stones, which is frequently marred by a somewhat tawny complexion, is reported to be improving. Indeed, a twin "drop" from the Vaal River, skilfully mounted by Mr. Streeter, was declared by experts to be of Indian extraction. Vast profits have, of course, been realized. One gentleman's "claim" is said to have cleared in two years 45,000*l.* The New Rush Mine alone yields 8000*l.* a day. In 1875, when the diggers had been at work only four years, gems to the value of 3½ millions sterling had been extracted from it. The packets of diamonds sent by post-bag from Kimberley to Cape Town in 1878 weighed 773 pounds, and were worth 1,414,590*l.* Nor does there seem to be any present prospect of the supply coming to an end. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that only a very small portion of the diamantiferous regions of South Africa has yet been explored.

The remarkable peculiarities of the diamond have long made it a special object of curiosity to the ignorant, and of inquiry to the scientific. In some of its qualities it is pre-eminent, in others unique. No substance in nature can compete with it in hardness. That is to say, its uttermost particles are clasped together in an embrace so close as to defy the ordinary means of disintegration.

A crystal whose surface can be scratched by any other body whatsoever is most assuredly not a diamond.*

The extraordinary brilliancy of this gem is due to the internal reflections produced by its high refractive power. Imprisoned, as it were, within its substance, the light, like Proteus, in the hands of Aristæus, seeks escape in transformation, thus flashing back to the eye.

Its sevenfold shaft of mystic fire untwined,

in all the varying radiance of prismatic lustre. The phosphorescence of the diamond—in other words, its faculty of shining in the dark after a short exposure to sunlight—has long been noted and wondered at, but has never been explained. For the assertion that its ultimate atoms are set vibrating by the impulse communicated to them from the blue rays of the spectrum (those principally active in producing the phenomenon), is not an explanation, but another mode of stating the fact. The same effect can be produced by the application of mild heat or slight friction, and some specimens emit light when excited by electricity. The electrical susceptibility of this stone was known to the ancients, although they were probably not aware that mere change of temperature sufficed to call it into operation.

But the quality which most markedly distinguishes the diamond from all other gems, is its combustibility. This peculiarity is of comparatively recent discovery. A conjecture of Boetius de Boot, and an inconclusive attempt on the part of Robert Boyle, led the way to the celebrated experiment of the Florentine Academy in 1694, when a diamond, placed at the focus of a large concave mirror exposed to the rays of the sun, was ignited and consumed before the eyes of Cosmo III. and his court. The question as to the chemical composition of the gem was thereby rendered of comparatively easy solution. Lavoisier, in 1775, showed that the product of combustion was carbonic acid gas. Sir Humphry Davy proved this substance to be the sole product. Mr. Smithson Tennant demonstrated that equal weights of diamond and charcoal yielded, in combination with oxygen, precisely equal quantities of carbonic acid. The proof was thus complete that diamond is nothing but crystallized carbon; a fact not the less surprising that it has become familiar.

This extreme simplicity of constitution seemed irresistibly to invite, and long successfully baffled the artificial production of the gem. Carbon is one of the most intractable bodies in nature. Its

* An exception should perhaps be made in favor of so-called "boron diamonds," which are said to have the power of scratching even the real gem. The element called "boron," which has some analogy with carbon, is not found in nature in the crystalline form, but has been so obtained by MM. Wöhler and Déville, by heating aluminium with boric acid.

singular flexibility in some directions is compensated by an equally singular rigidity in others. At no attainable temperature can it be either liquefied or vaporized. No acid attacks it. It is wholly insoluble in water, and, under ordinary conditions, in every other known substance. The problem then how to obtain crystals of an element which can neither be melted; volatilized; nor dissolved, was evidently one of exceptional difficulty. An obvious preliminary inquiry was as to the method pursued by nature for the attainment of this end. By what process were diamonds formed in the vast primeval laboratory? On this point the widest possible divergences of opinion have existed, and still exists. Some ascribe to them a vegetable, some an animal, some a mineral origin. On one side it is maintained that a high degree of heat was necessary for their formation. On the other it is asserted that nothing regarding their origin is certain except that they were produced at a comparatively low temperature. One writer invokes the vague but potent agency of electricity. Another points to the antique association of these problematical crystals with "thunderbolts." A third brings to bear the unimaginable pressure of miles of superincumbent strata. From the frequency of their occurrence in company with gold, the ancients concluded diamonds to be the "flower," or sublimation of the finest particles of that precious metal. By a somewhat closer process of reasoning, founded on his observation of the high refractive power of this gem, as compared with its specific gravity, Newton was led to the inference that it was an "unctuous substance coagulated." And his authority largely contributed to establish and maintain the doctrine of its organic origin. We believe, however, that a close consideration of the circumstances under which it is actually found in nature leads to a directly opposite conclusion.

The first fact to be noted regarding the native haunts of the diamond is that it occurs almost exclusively in alluvial deposits. Indeed, the early Brazilian explorers sought for it only in river beds, turning the stream, and digging through the superficial clay to the quartz gravel or *cascalho* beneath, where the gem was usually discovered in company with gold dust, garnets, spinel, emery, diaspore, and other rare minerals. From this connection came the use of the phrases "pure water," "finest water," etc., to denote the quality of the stones. Subsequently, the workings were carried on with equal success in dry deposits, which were, however, everywhere of the same general character. Similar conditions prevail in India, Australia, at the Cape, and in the Ural Mountains. It is evident that the gem is here met with, not in the character of a denizen, but of a pilgrim. The home where it was born and bred must be sought elsewhere. On further inquiry, it appears that the water-borne fragments with which it is associated are the

detrital of an ancient quartz rock, called *itacolumite*. Wherever this particular formation occurs, the diamond has hitherto been found invariably to accompany it, and in one part of Brazil it has even been discovered imbedded in the mountain itself. It is not, then, going too far to assume (although even this has been doubted), that we have here the original matrix of this precious substance. Now the *itacolumite* belongs to the class of rocks known as "metamorphic." That is to say, it was originally deposited in water, but was subsequently so altered by heat as to lose all trace of stratification. The particles of which it is composed were derived from the primitive granite or gneiss, and are almost pure silica. It is needless to observe that it exhibits no trace of organic remains.

The diamond beds of South Africa were deposited in the basin of a vast inland lake. The so-called *Karoo*-formation to which they belong, occupies 200,000 square miles, and possesses an average thickness of 5000 feet. The stones are at present discovered in two classes of position—in "river diggings," and in "dry diggings." The river diggings exhibit the ordinary characteristics of alluvial washings, but the dry diggings are remarkable as being apparently the result of volcanic action. They consist in circular depressions, or "pans," filled with a species of detritus, evidently (as shown by the upward displacement of the horizontal shales at the edges) intruded from below. Beneath some superficial layers of sandy soil and calcareous tufa, diamonds are found in a breccia of shale and sandstone, together with garnets and nodules of iron pyrites. The miners assert that the stones extracted from each separate "pipe" have a character of their own, and—like salmon from affluents to the same estuary—can be distinguished by the practised eye. This, however, we may safely set down as a digger's legend; for it can scarcely be supposed that the volcanic activity displayed in the production of these "pans" has had any other effect than that of bringing to light the hidden treasures of deep-lying strata, and thus, by different means, attaining the same result accomplished elsewhere by the wearing of river-beds.

The circumstances under which diamonds occur are thus seen not to be materially different in South Africa from what they are in other parts of the globe. Everywhere they are found in alluvial deposits, formed by the disintegration of *itacolumite*, or some similar sandstone rock, and everywhere their presence is associated with that of gold, platinum, and palladium, of rare minerals and precious gems. A connection that is persistent cannot be fortuitous; and it is reasonable to presume an analogous origin where we find a coincident history. Thus the hypothesis according to which diamonds are separated from all other precious stones, and assigned a place among fossil resins, has a well-grounded presumption against it. The constitution of the rock in which these crys-

tals have been discovered renders it practically certain that they were formed at a very high temperature; and we may add, with extreme probability, the condition of great and continued pressure. Of the many theories as to their genesis propounded of late years, that which regards them as produced by the sublimation from the internal parts of the earth of carbon, either pure, or combined with some other substance (chlorine, for example), offends least against the ordinary laws of probability. On the other hand, some countenance is lent to the view that they originated in the liquefaction, at great depths, of carbonic acid gas, by the singular fact that some of these gems are found to be explosive in their nature. Quite recently a rose diamond was inspected by the Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia, which had exploded with some violence when incautiously exposed to sunshine on the sleeve of its elegant owner. An appreciable proportion of those extracted from some of the Cape diggings split or crack from the action of internal forces soon after their emergence to the light; and, more than two centuries ago, Tavernier relates that a mine near Raolconda was closed by order of Shah Jehan because the stones discovered there flew to pieces at the first touch of the wheel. It seems, then, unquestionable, whatever view of their origin we may prefer, that certain of these crystals contrived, while still in process of formation, to entangle in their substance some portion of a highly volatile fluid (presumed to be carbonic acid), which, after the lapse of thousands, or it may be millions, of years, exerts unwelcome energy in the disruption of its costly prison-house.

Enough has been said to show that the process by which diamonds came into being in the hidden places of the earth cannot readily be ascertained, even if it could easily be imitated. But, in truth, the puny forces at the chemist's command are wholly incommensurable with the vast powers exerted in the universal manufacture; and—what tells still more heavily against him—the time during which those forces act disappears utterly in comparison with the long ages of the world's slow becoming. The infinite leisure of nature contrasts strangely with the counted moments of a busy human life. The would-be gem-maker is then thrown back upon his own resources, and experiment, not inquiry, is plainly the road for him to follow. If the goal is to be reached, it must be by striking out a short way, not by following in the devious track of natural operations.

No long ago as 1853 M. Despretz attempted to form diamonds by the prolonged action of electricity on carbon in a vessel exhausted of its air. At the end of some months, during which a strong current was kept continually passing, the platinum wires constituting the negative pole were perceived to be covered with fine black dust from the carbon cylinder at the positive pole. This

dust, when examined with a microscope, was found to contain octahedral crystals, black and opaline white, which burned without residue, and acted in every respect like diamond powder. This experiment was evidently of scientific, not of commercial interest. Crystals so minute as to escape detection by the naked eye could show no reason for their continued production; and, accordingly, this and similar attempts, equally ingenious, but even less successful, were gradually relinquished and forgotten. Of late, however, semi-extinct hopes have been revived, and flagging interest has been stimulated by an important advance in another department of what has been called "synthetic mineralogy." MM. Fremy and Feil, of Paris, by a process, the details of which need not here be dwelt upon, have succeeded, it is said, in producing in considerable quantity the substance known to mineralogists by the generic term of "corundum," and to jewellers, according to the different coloring matters mixed with it, by the specific designations of "ruby," "emerald," and "sapphire." This substance is, in fact, pure alumina, which had hitherto been crystallized artificially only with the utmost difficulty, and on a very small scale. The announcement of this result could hardly fail to excite chemists to a still higher ambition, and accordingly, a severe competition in diamond manufacture has engaged, and still occupies, many of the laboratories of Great Britain.

Mr. McTear, of the St. Rollox Works, Glasgow, was the first competitor in the field, but received a check which obliged him to retire discomfited, though not vanquished. The crystals submitted by him for examination to Professor Story-Maskelyne (who seems by common consent to be appointed arbiter in the contest) were declared by that gentleman to answer none of the regular tests for diamond,* and jewellers momentarily shook off their alarm at the threatened depreciation of their merchandise. A more formidable champion was, however, already at hand. On February 19th last Mr. Maskelyne wrote to the *Times*, certifying that "some small crystallized particles," sent to him by Mr. J. Ballantine Hannay who, like Mr. McTear, appears to be a "Glasgow body", possessed all the qualities of true diamond—they grooved a polished surface of sapphire, refracted light singly, and burned under the blowpipe on platinum-foil. No small sensation was created by this assurance on the highest authority, that a hitherto impregnable position had been triumphantly stormed by the advanced guard of chemical science, and a numerous and eager audience assembled, a

* On further investigation Mr. Maskelyne invited a suspension of judgment as to the precise nature of the substance produced by Mr. McTear. It seems in fact to be far from uniform in its character. Certain portions of it are hard enough to scratch, not only sapphire but even diamond; and a proportion of crystallized carbon is undoubtedly present with the silica which forms its main constituent. Some slight modification of the process employed by him may not improbably lead to a less questionable success.

week later, in the rooms of the Royal Society, to hear a preliminary paper read, in which the general principle of the discovery was unfolded.

It seems that the result obtained by Mr. Hannay, like many other important inventions, though unforeseen, was not accidental. In the course of some valuable researches on the solubility of solids in gases, he observed that certain substances, such as silica and alumina, which are insoluble in water at ordinary temperatures, dissolve in steam (or, to speak more correctly in "water-gas"), maintained at a great pressure and considerable heat. The idea naturally suggested itself to him that a solvent of a similar character might be found for carbon, which could then, in all probability, easily be obtained in a crystalline form. His expectations were indeed disappointed in this direction, but they were amply realized in another. When a gas containing carbon and hydrogen (say marsh-gas) is heated under pressure in presence of certain metals, he noticed that the hydrogen relinquishes the carbon to unite with the metal. It only needs the addition of a stable compound containing nitrogen, to compel the carbon, thus intercepted in a nascent state, to separate from its former companion in the shape of diamond. Although the part played by the nitrogen-compound has not yet been made quite clear, it is undoubtedly essential to the success of the operation.

The artificial production of diamonds is thus an accomplished fact; and modern science has added one more to its already numerous triumphs. But, while even an imperfect acquaintance with Mr. Hannay's process adds to its speculative importance, from the valuable theoretical considerations involved in it, the practical objections to it are perceived to be very grave, if not insuperable. They are threefold. First, the difficulty of constructing vessels strong enough to resist the enormous pressure and high temperature necessarily employed, wrought-iron tubes of four inches external diameter, and only half an inch bore, splitting like paste-board in nine cases out of ten. Next, the fragmentary character of the crystals obtained—a circumstance possibly due (as suggested by Mr. Hulke) to the sudden and disruptive expansion, on the removal of pressure, of gases inclosed in the crystallizing body. Last comes what is in truth the leading question of expense. Mr. Hannay's diamonds will not pay, and, from a commercial point of view, have consequently no existence. So long as jewels can be extracted from the sands of Bahia and the mines of Griqualand at a cheaper rate than that at which they can be produced in the laboratory, trade will continue to flow in its old channels. Even this, however, may yet be accomplished. Mr. Hannay has carried off the crown of wild olive, but he has left the 500 drachmæ to be claimed by future competitors. And we may readily believe that they will not be lacking. Dr. Sydney Marsden, late of Sheffield;

is said to be working actively in this direction, and we understand that Mr. Carl von Buch, of Christ Church, Oxford, has taken out a patent for the same purpose. From some hints relating to his method which have reached us, there seems no reason why it should not prove economical as well as effective, and so comply with the financial no less than the scientific conditions of a prosperous issue.

It appears to be commonly lost sight of that these gems have a commercial value entirely independent of their decorative purpose. A peculiar modification of diamond, known as "carbonado," which is as unsightly as cast-iron, is sold for use in rock-boring machines, at an average price of eighteen to twenty shillings the carat. Fifteen years ago an unlimited supply of this substance was offered to a London merchant, at the ridiculously low price of threepence a carat; the Amsterdam cutters, however, reported unfavorably as to its employment in their trade, and the proposal was declined. It was never renewed; for shortly afterward the serviceableness of the stone (which is as hard as diamond itself) both for rock-drilling and gem engraving, was discovered, and from a drug in the market it became an object of energetic competition. "Carbonado" resembles in appearance certain meteoric stones of a blackish-brown hue and crystalline texture. It is composed of the same material as diamond, and is in fact supposed to be diamond which has somehow got spoiled in the making. It is found in masses of from one to two pounds' weight, and only in the neighborhood of Bahia, for the lumps of "carbon" occasionally met with in South Africa are deficient in hardness, and thus seem to have been arrested at a still earlier stage of their progress toward mineral perfection. "Bort," which is another deficient member of the diamond family, but is nevertheless also highly prized in the arts, consists in an aggregation of tiny crystals, mixed, like the black diamonds of Borneo, with a certain proportion of amorphous carbon. We see in it a failure or a freak of nature; and just as the ring of asteroids in the solar system is supposed to represent a single majestic planet, so the forces thus scattered in separate centres of crystallization would, presumably, under normal conditions, have united to form one radiant jewel.

The manufacturers of diamonds may then have a prosperous career before them, although their successes cause no revolution in the jewel market. There seems no present probability of every laboratory proving a Golconda, and even our remotest posterity will hardly see "mountains" or "seas" of light turned out by the dozen. The vagaries of fashion, far more than the operations of chemists, threaten the supreme position of the queen of gems. Little more than three hundred years ago, the value of the ruby,

In whose core of burning rays
A thousand crimson sunsets are distilled,

was eightfold, and that of the emerald fourfold, that of their radiant sister, and the "whirligig of time" may once more revenge them for their present eclipse. But while taste is fickle, nature is immutable; and her productions maintain their qualities unchanged, although we see them with different eyes. Even should the diamond cease to be esteemed the most beautiful of natural substances, it will nevertheless continue to be the most impregnable, and discarded from the tiara of the princess and the necklace of the ball-room belle, it will maintain its place in the workshop of the engineer and the atelier of the gem-engraver.

AGNES M. CLERKE, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE BACKWOODS OF CEYLON.

THE island of Ceylon has been at all times part and parcel of India, and if the term body politic can be fitly employed with respect to that strange medley of races, castes, and creeds, it is a constituent part of that body politic. By an accident of nature it is separated from the continent by a narrow streak of sea, but its people are more closely allied to the thoroughly Indian races than are some of the great tribes who now inhabit the Indian peninsula. The Sinhalese, who form about two thirds of the population, are the descendants of Aryan emigrants who left their homes in the Ganges valley more than five centuries before the Christian era. Down to the time of Christ their intercourse with Bengal seems to have been intimate and constant, those being the days of missionary Buddhism; but after that period the course of Bengal and Ceylon history, as expressed in language, religion, and in the chronicles themselves, rapidly parted, and now little remains to indicate the common origin save the similarity of physical conformation and temperament of the peoples and the present outgrowth of the primitive language. The Tamils, who nearly compose the remaining one third, are the cousins and brothers of the great race of the Presidency of Madras. The streak of sea, however, and her distant position, saved Ceylon from many waves of conquest which passed over India; and its people were permitted to retain the simple and humanizing doctrines of Buddhism, while their kin beyond the sea fell under the debasing influences of the Brahminist reaction. And in more recent times her insular position induced her English conquerors to diminish the too vast responsibility of the governor general by placing Ceylon under the colonial instead of the Indian administration. Though a crown colony, and under the Colonial Office, Ceylon has nothing to do with other crown colonies, such as Mauritius or Jamaica, and is to all intents a separate government. And it is for this reason that Ceylon is at all times a subject

worthy of the consideration of those interested in Indian matters. She has indeed no foreign policy, nor any native states within her borders; but in agriculture, the management of natives, administration of justice, and in Mofussil life generally, the difficulties to be encountered are practically the same. Indian problems have to be solved by a non-Indian government. And it is especially interesting to note how this part of India has been governed by a modest and inexpensive local administration, without, indeed, the prestige and lustre of the Indian service, and with perhaps fewer individuals in proportion of marked ability, but untrammelled in the execution of their duty by the red tape exigencies which beset the subordinates of that great bureaucracy. It may, without exaggeration, be said that in Ceylon the people are quieter and more contented than in any part of India, taxation is considerably lighter, labor is more amply rewarded; while alongside of "bankrupt India" we find the Ceylon revenue providing without any strain for large railway, irrigation, and other public works. The island has not, however, been always prosperous in English hands. From the acquisition of the whole of it in 1815 down to 1850, at the close of the last Kandyan rebellion, the Government had considerable difficulty in paying its way. About that time an era of prosperity began with the revival of the coffee enterprise, and the abundant revenue was employed in public works and education under the direction of several able governors, among whom may be specially named Sir Henry Ward and Sir Hercules Robinson, the present Governor of New Zealand. The two great works with which the name of Sir Henry Ward will always be connected are the Colombo and Kandy Railway and the great irrigation works of the Eastern Province, by means of which thousands of acres of jungle have been converted into waving fields of paddy. Both these enterprises remained to be completed by Sir Hercules Robinson, who in his turn struck out a new line of fame by the passing of what is known as "the Village Communities Ordinances." It had long been known, although the general attention was emphasized by the appearance of Sir Henry Maine's well-known work, that in the interior of Ceylon the affairs of village life, comprising the conduct of agriculture, petty civil justice, and to some extent criminal justice and police, were directed and administered by a council of elders of the village, whose authority was held in respect due to its vast antiquity, although for ages it had received but little sanction or support from the supreme governing powers of the land. Sir Hercules Robinson's law was passed with a view to saving this time-honored institution from the decadence with which it was threatened by the extension of the police-courts, and to relieving the police courts of a mass of frivolous lawsuits of which they had become

the scene. The Sinhalese people, though not wanting in wit and humor, have no national drama and few games or other amusements. And it is not surprising to find that the English courts have become to them all that the theatre is to the French. The pieces performed might be tragic or comic, highway robberies with thrilling details, or cattle stealing with a pitched battle between a rescuing party and the thieves, or the acquisition of a coveted piece of field with elaborate testimony to lengthy pedigrees, deeds of gift and disinheriting. In the course of all such dramas the various actors in the witness-box would perform their parts as a rule with conspicuous ability, while the knowledge possessed by some part of the audience of the falsehoods uttered, making them watch with keen interest the course of the magistrates thought, imported a sort of Sophoclean irony into the whole proceeding. The greater the distance at which the English court was from the litigants, and the greater the ignorance of the magistrate of the country language and life, the more zest had they in the sport. The Government, on the other hand, hoped that by intrusting the trial of petty causes to the more intelligent of the natives themselves, with the right of appeal to competent European officers, not only would pressure be taken off the police-courts, but the natives would gain a valuable schooling in self-government. And this hope has been fairly fulfilled. Native gentlemen have proved themselves competent presidents of these village tribunals, and have in some cases been appointed police magistrates of the same grade with junior civilians. An account of the establishment of these village councils and tribunals has already been given in the *Fortnightly Review*; and it is only necessary, in alluding to them here, to remark that the village council and tribunal created by Sir Henry Robinson is not exactly a revival of the old institution. A native gentleman of the highest position is appointed president of a large district, and holds circuit courts in the smaller divisions of that district, where he is assisted by assessors drawn from a list similar to that of our special jurymen. There is a right of appeal from the village tribunal to the Government agent or collector of the province, and from him to the governor in council. The small number of appeals even to the Government agent testifies to the quality of the justice administered. The system was not introduced into all districts, but only into such as were from time to time deemed fitted for the experiment. And it has been found that the districts wherein the councils have answered best have been those in which the old village system was still alive, viz., in the districts occupied by the Kandyan Sinhalese.

The Village Communities Ordinance, although it provides for rules to be passed in accordance with native customs for irrigation and cultivation of fields, was in the main a judicial reform. It

was reserved to Sir William Gregory to extend its provisions to the execution of works of practical and lasting benefit. In the days of native government all public works had been performed by the people themselves, at the command of the king and under the direction of his officers. This "king's business," called *rājakārya*, differed from other service regularly performed for the holding of land in so far as it was limited by no fixed rules as to time, place, or extent. Like the oppressions of the Turks it fell upon the people anomalously, and often at considerable intervals, and caused little disaffection in the nation at large. But when the same system came to be applied by the English to the making of soundly-engineered roads and other such works, it was found to interfere too much with the liberty of the subject, and forced labor was abolished by the "Magna Charta" of 1833. The finances of the colony were not then in a very flourishing state, and, as may be supposed, public works did not "get performed." Laws were afterward passed by which every male adult, between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five, was rendered liable to perform six days' labor a year on the public roads, or to pay the commuted value in money. The unskilled labor of the villagers could only be employed in the easier work of digging and gravelling, and the difficulties involved in calling together and superintending heterogeneous gangs have led to the general adoption of commutation, and the mass of the people regularly pay their 8s. a year as road tax. The aim of their rulers to get the country Sinhalese to do manual labor for their own benefit was thus found to be impracticable so far as the public roads were concerned. There remained the possibility of getting them to work with effect at the restoration of the magnificent irrigation tanks which had been the glory of the ancient kings, and which still in their dilapidated condition held small supplies of water for the cultivation of insignificant fields. An experiment in this direction has been made during the last six years, and I now desire to record an account of its progress and results.

The region in which the most of these tanks are situate is the interior country of the northern half of the island. The mountains of the southern and broader half are the sources of all the constant rivers of Ceylon. The valleys in the hills and the slopes lying between them and the sea toward the west, south, and east, are fairly supplied with perennial streams. But toward the north the two great rivers, the Maha Velliganga and the Kalāoya, emerging from the hill country, have their respective courses turned to the sea in an easterly and westerly direction, leaving the vast plains of the north fed only by an intermittent and precarious rainfall. Travelers from Kandy by the great north road making the usual halt at Dambulla, forty-five miles distant, and climbing the steep rock to view the cavernous temples with their numberless images and

curious paintings for which the place is famous, are invariably attracted by the sight of the ocean plain of jungle spread out before their eyes. Only a few pale green patches of field are seen close beneath the rock on which they stand. All fields and villages beyond are as much hidden from view as weeds that grow beneath the standing corn. A few single rocks—the fortified Sigiri with its winding galleries and inaccessible crown out toward the east, the haunted steep of Ritigala, and the sacred heights of Mihintale, to the north—are the only breaks between the spectator and the horizon of darkest green. These are the backwoods of Ceylon.

Yet this great jungle was once covered with villages and fields, and alive with an agricultural population. Those days—the great period of the Sinhalese monarchy—were the ten centuries between the 8d before and the 8th after Christ. The grand descriptions given by poetry and tradition of the size and population of Anuradhapura, of the wealth and largesses of its kings, may well be treated with scepticism by reasonable men. But no one can dispute the evidences of a wealthy and populous city and of a highly cultivated country afforded by the monuments of that city which remain, by the historical muniments of title engraven on rocks and pillars, and chiefly by the embankments of thousands of tanks which at all available points in the undulations of the plain dam up the precious rains. This interesting district, inhabited by Kandyan Sinhalese, was for a few years after the annexation in 1815 administered from Kandy, or more truly was left unadministered. In 1884 it was annexed to the northern, a thoroughly Tamil province, the capital of which, Jaffna, is situate at the extreme north of the island; an assistant officer was stationed at Anuradhapura, and for the following forty years the prospects of the district were so far bettered in that it had a representative of Government in its midst, through whom its cries might go up to headquarters. But the Government agent at Jaffna was always an officer interested in the Tamils, and generally ignorant of the Sinhalese and their language. The district was on all sides far removed from the sea. No money was spent either in the construction of roads or in the repair of tanks, and the decadence of a thousand years was permitted to run toward absolute decay.

It may be well to describe the district in brief detail, as its condition and characteristics differ considerably from those of all the other parts of the island. Although it may be considered a great plain, it is, in fact, composed of gentle undulations, across the little valleys of which are thrown the embankments, or *bunds*, forming the tanks. These embankments vary greatly in size, but the majority are from two hundred yards to half a mile in length; while the greatest, such as Padawiya, Kalāwewa, and Minneriya, are many miles in length, having, while perfect, held up waters

covering areas of from ten to twenty square miles. The total number of tanks found to exist in the district is about three thousand, of which number about one half have inhabited villages dependent upon them. The rest are said to be "abandoned." In hardly any cases is there more than one village attached to a tank, though in former days the larger reservoirs supplied water for a series of hamlets. The village is a compact entity, the name *gama* (village) being applied to the tank, fields, hamlet, and surrounding jungle; the hamlet itself is termed *gam-mædda* (the centre of the village). The houses composing the hamlet are close together, and generally placed under the embankment or "bund" of the tank, and surrounded by a strong stockade for the purpose of excluding wild beasts and roaming cattle. The villages hardly average fifty inhabitants apiece, and of these not more than fifteen will be adult males. The difficulties and wearisome labor endured by these children of the forest were sufficient to account for the sombre apathy which till lately characterized them. The tanks had no working sluices, and accordingly each year the embankment had to be cut to let the water out to the fields, a system which itself entailed a vast waste of precious water. If heavy rains came while the bund was cut, the waters burst through the opening, carrying with them great pieces of the earth wall. When the time came for filling up the cutting the villagers sometimes essayed to do the work themselves, and sometimes employed professional tank menders from Jaffna, who for a considerable sum built up a shoddy structure of earth and stakes, which could be easily removed for the next year's cultivation, and too easily, alas! by the rains which had first to fall. The bund of the tank was covered with trees and undergrowth; the hamlet was hidden in jungle; and the only communication with the outer world was by paths unknown but to the villagers themselves, along which a passage was not easily effected without the aid of an axe or a bill-hook.

Although the hamlet is termed the "village centre," the tank has an equal title to the name, for it is the real bond of the village community, a fact which is recognized by the custom of calling the village by the name of its tank. And so men, when asked where they come from, say they are men of the tamarind-tree tank," or of the "tank of mango-trees," as the case may be; and it is owing to the common interests which the management of the tank involves that so much of the ancient village community system survives here. Each little republic has its president, the *gamarāla* (chief of the village), who, though in the village council only *primus inter pares*, is the representative of the village, and responsible for its revenue and police to the higher powers. It is his duty to consult with the shareholders at the commencement of each season, for the purpose of deciding upon the extent of land

which the water held up in the tank will suffice to irrigate. The village is theoretically divided into a certain number of equal shares, called *panguwa*, and each landowner has one, or by inheritance or purchase more than one *panguwa*. The whole extent of arable land is divided into two portions or stretches, the *mulpota* (principal field) and the *harenapota* (alternative field), and these are never used at the same time. The holder of a *panguwa* in the village will have the same share in the *mulpota* and in the *harenapota*. Accordingly the amount of land held by each owner is only nominally defined as to locality and extent. Thus it happens that if the *gansaba* or village council decide that only five acres of a ten-acre *mulpota* can be irrigated, a five-acre portion of the whole will be fenced in, and each shareholder will have a *panguwa* assigned to him of half the extent which he would have had if the whole could have been cultivated. The stretch of field so fenced in is divided into as many shares as there are shareholders and three shares more. One of these is assigned to the *gamarala* for the time being, as a compensation for the duties of his office. The necessity for these other two shares arises from the shape of the field. It is of somewhat oval character, stretching away from the direction of the water supply, and is terraced by little ridges to keep the water lying during the earlier stages of the paddy growth. These ridges run generally transversely across the oval, and the *panguwa* are divided by them. It follows, therefore, that those who have shares assigned to them elsewhere than at the top or bottom of the field will have only a small piece of the side fence to construct and mend, and to defend against the irruption of wild beasts and cattle, while the two end pieces, requiring to be fenced all round three sides, are more liable to these attacks and to the ravages of birds. Accordingly the last strip at each end is assigned as an extra holding to the owner of the next adjoining strip, and in return it is his duty to protect the fence both at the sides of his own proper *panguwa* and around the extra strip at the end. At two or more places inside the fence are erected small covered platforms ten or twelve feet in height, used as watch huts, in which each shareholder takes his turn, in person or by deputy, to watch the crops during the night, and to give the alarm in case the field should be invaded by buffaloes, jackals, or elephants.

Between the village community, with the *gamarala* at its head, and the Government agent, the mouthpiece of Government, are a series of intermediate native officers. The duties of these several officers are principally connected with the revenue, but they are also in their several degrees responsible for the police. In the whole province there is not a single police constable; and in no part of the island is there so little crime. The people would cordially resent the presence among them of the low-caste aliens who compose

the majority of the police force, whose officious interference and subtle tyranny would only aggravate the petty quarrels of village life. Some years ago, on one occasion of the transport of coin under a police escort from Colombo to Anuradhapura, the policemen on their way robbed a wayside village of some poultry, and I well remember the jeers of the people which saluted their condemnation to a term of well-merited imprisonment.

The religion of the people is, I need hardly say, Buddhism, and Anuradhapura, the most sacred place in Ceylon, is their Mecca. Fifteen hundred years ago Fah Hian, the Chinese pilgrim, described with admiration this great and busy city, with its splendid temples, its royal and religious processions, its crowded but well-ordered streets. After his day followed centuries of war and rapine, resulting in the ninth century in the abandonment of the city, until, in the seventeenth century, there was not a Sinhalese inhabitant left, save only the priests who kept guard over the sacred places, supported by the offerings of pilgrims from afar. The rural natives of the district accordingly know the place better by the name of the *Maha Wihāre* (Great Temple), than by the name of the ruined city; for, before it became the centre of their English Government, it had long been only their chief place of worship. There are eight sacred places here renowned for the possession of relics of Buddha. These are principally enshrined within the great *dagobas*, which in the grandeur of their scale surpass the topes of India, although in beauty of sculptured ornamentation they cannot stand comparison with the remains of Sanchi or Amravati. But the pre-eminently holy place, the *Maha Wihāre*, is that of the Sacred Bo-tree, the now aged growth of a cutting taken 150 years before Christ from the Bo-tree at Badagaya, in Bengal, under whose shade Gautama is said to have attained the Buddhahood. The most glorious epithets are applied to this venerable tree, its full title being *Jaya Sri maha Bala mahā wahanā*, the "victorious, royal, great and worshipful Bo-tree." Two miles off, at the village of Nuwara wewa (city tank), resides the hereditary lay-guardian of this palladium, now one of the four principal native officers of the province; a gentleman who boasts of a lineal descent from the chief into whose charge the sacred cutting was confided on its first arrival from the banks of the Ganges.

The ruins of the city and temples and the great tanks have, for the last fifty years, attracted the attention of educated travellers and residents, and in the year 1871 the late Governor, Sir W. Gregory, soon after his arrival visited the district with a thoroughly antiquarian interest. But the spectacle of these diminishing communities of men, remote from the centres of modern Ceylon life, and waging an unequal war with tropical vegetation, wild animals, and a capricious climate, aroused in him the idea of effecting some

practical amelioration of their condition. The first step was to dissociate the districts of Nuwarakalāwiya and Tamankaduwa from their connection with the Tamil provinces of the north and east, and to form them into a separate provincial government, now called the North Central Province. The next was to place in charge of the new administration a civilian, thoroughly acquainted with the people, and energetic enough to overcome the difficulties attending the revival of prosperity after a thousand years of decadence. Such an officer was found in Mr. J. F. Dickson, one of the ablest civilians Ceylon has obtained, who had lately acquired a wide knowledge of native social law as Chief Commissioner for the Registration of Service Tenures. By the middle of 1873 Mr. Dickson was installed as the government agent of the new province, and a new era was inaugurated for the backwoods of Ceylon.

The new agent at once perceived that, in the face of the difficulties attending the introduction of paid skilled labor into the forest depths, as yet untraced by adequate roads, it would be impossible, by the mere expenditure of large sums of Government money, to effect any wide-spreading reform. He saw that, so long as the people were not themselves employed in any schemes devised for their benefit, the best efforts of Government would be thrown away. Assisted by Government in all that required expenditure of money and engineering apparatus, the main part of the work—the clearing of jungle and the repairs of the earth embankments of the tanks—might be done by the people themselves, if only they could be organized. The Village Communities Ordinance provided the necessary machinery for the compulsory performance of works for the common benefit, and the constitution of the province was aptly fitted for the working of that machinery. "The whole province," wrote Mr. Dickson, "is composed of a number of small agricultural republics, each of which has its tank with the field below it, and the duty of maintaining the tank with its channels in repair properly by custom devolves on the community, each member being bound to contribute his share of labor in proportion to his share in the field. But under our rule there has been hitherto no simple machinery for compelling the idle and the absentee shareholders, who go and live in other villages but still retain their claims on the field, to perform their share of the work. The others are unwilling to work for the benefit of the defaulters, and the work is left undone." Mr. Dickson proposed to Government that the Village Communities Ordinance should be at once introduced into the whole province, and that identical rules should be submitted to the various councils, by which their people should pledge themselves to organized labor. The chief rules, which were loyally accepted by all the communities, were as follows:

1. For the repair and improvement of village tanks.

(a) Every panguwa shall give annually such labor, not exceeding thirty days' labor of an able-bodied adult, as the government agent may declare to be necessary for the repair or improvement of the tank on which it is dependent for its water-supply.

(b) When Government provides a sluice or other works for the improvement of the tank, the labor declared to be necessary as above shall not exceed sixty days for one year, and thirty days for each succeeding year.

(c) Further labor may be required in special cases by order of the committee (the representatives of the people).

2. The labor shall be called out at such times and in such proportions as the Government agent or any person deputed by him in that behalf may determine, and notice published by beat of tom-tom in the village (Anglicised, 'town-crier') shall be held to be notice to every shareholder.

3. Any panguwa may commute its labor by a payment in advance of 85 cents (about 7d.) per diem, and if any person who does not commute shall fail to give the labor due for his panguwa at the appointed time, he shall be liable to a fine of half a rupee a day.

Other rules, which it is unnecessary here to quote, provide for the construction and repair of communal roads, and for keeping them clear of vegetation; and a most important one required every village to clear and keep clear of jungle a considerable space around the hamlet. The light thus shed upon the dim recesses of the forest villages was the typical dawn of the new regime.

A bargain was then struck between the Government and the village communities to this effect: That in consideration of the people clearing the bunds of the tanks and raising them by their united labor to the full required height and strength, the Government would put in an iron sluice fixed in solid masonry, in the whole costing about 100%. The labor of the villagers would take, it was estimated, in most cases seven years to perform, and in these cases no return by way of rate or increased taxation was to be asked for by the Government, either for the expense of the sluice or for the engineer's supervision of the earthwork.

When the system first began to be worked it was considered useless to employ the people on the earthworks of the embankments, except under the supervision of competent engineers, and the Government was unable to supply a sufficient number. Over the greater part of the province, therefore, the first year's labor was expended on the felling of trees, on clearing away jungle, and on making roads. The contrast presented by the former and the present aspect of the backwoods in this respect is thus described by Mr.

Dickson in one of his valuable reports to the Ceylon Government :

"Before 1874 this province was one dense unroaded forest, with villages scattered here and there buried in thick jungle, and approached only by narrow footpaths. At a distance of ten yards they were not to be seen ; the jungle came up to the fence of the small inclosed space in which the cottages are built ; the embankments or bunds of the tanks were covered with jungle, and it was impossible without cutting a path along the top to make out in what state of repair they were. There is now a north and south road through the province, and an east and west road is half finished. From these main trunk roads certain minor roads made by the Road Committee (a semi-government department), and the communal roads made by the people gratuitously, branch off in every direction. Every village is opened up to light and air by having the jungle cut back so as to give a large space of cleared ground round it, and the bund of every inhabited village has been thoroughly cleared of jungle. The whole outward appearance of the province has been changed."

But at a large number of tanks in divisions of the district in which the available engineers had been stationed, the more important earthworks of the villagers were commenced, and rapidly carried on, sometimes concurrently with the Government sluice works, but in most cases in anticipation of the promised boon. A special engineer was appointed to make rough surveys of the tanks, to decide to what height the embankments should be raised, and to direct and supervise the work of the villagers. This supervision was necessary, as Mr. Dickson pointed out, "not only to see that the work is properly done, but to see that the rules requiring each man to give his share of labor are really enforced." When the earthwork was commenced, in 1874, the superintendents found it advisable to fix the amount reasonably answering to an adult's thirty days' labor in cubic feet of earth. A piece of ground was then staked out near the embankment which each shareholder was to excavate to the required depth, carrying the earth in baskets, and casting it as directed on the bund of the tank. By this method it was unnecessary to have all the shareholders at work at once. The year's task had to be done by a given date, and each man knew his allotted share, and could choose his own time. I have many a time, in inspecting the works, come upon a single man, perhaps the last to complete his task, assisted by wife and children working steadily at his pit, taking care not to excavate an inch too much, but knowing that his neighbors would complain if he failed to give to the bund the whole of his allotted soil. The jealousy with which the villagers overlooked each other's work insured its full performance, while their honest pride in the bund which they had cleared and raised some feet along its whole length, in seeing that by their

own united efforts they could do work equal to that of the giants of old (the traditional makers of the tanks) showed that their spirit was not entirely broken, and that if their efforts were rewarded with some success they would be yet more confident in their own powers.

At the commencement, it must be confessed, some villages declined to do any work at all. They did not understand the yoke they had put on their necks. It was necessary that an example should be made of such defaulters, and every shareholder was fined under the provisions of the village rules. Brought to their senses they set to work, and were soon as proud of their bunds as any of their more loyal neighbors. Some care had to be taken at first to discourage any general commutation of the labor, which would have rendered the whole scheme inoperative. But the people themselves soon settled the difficulties which arose in the cases of aged or absentee shareholders; the work was done by deputy or some other private arrangement, and it became unnecessary to keep any cash accounts. Once started, the system proved itself thoroughly suited to the customs of the people, and the rules were found adequate for all emergencies. The engineers, on their part, displayed the most commendable energy in combating the recurring difficulties of transport and commissariat, viz., the want of cart roads, and the poverty of the district, aggravated by alternating seasons of flood and drought. The statistics of work done are highly satisfactory. By the end of 1876, 48 sluices were fixed in well-built masonry walls; by the end of 1877 the number completed was raised to 75; and by the end of 1878 to 117. On the other hand, the villagers were found at the close of the last-mentioned year to have expended various terms of labor upon 856 tanks, the total earthwork being valued at nearly 390,000 rupees. Up to this time the sum expended by Government on village tank sluices had reached 130,000 rupees—in other words, the villagers had given nearly three rupees' worth of work for one. A government composed of Carlyles and Ruskins might possibly be satisfied with this result; but less sentimental economists would require some more tangible return for large sums spent for the benefit of the people than the mere execution by the people of other work, even to the value of three times the Government expenditure. What the Government of Ceylon actually looked for was the increase of the land revenue, the increase of population, and the general development of the district. The province is about one sixth in extent of the whole island, and its broad valleys once provided with a regular water supply are the most fertile in the country; yet its population is at present only 16 to the square mile, while the average for the rest of Ceylon is considerably over 100. Its regeneration is therefore of general importance to the whole country. But it is apparent

that with this sparse population having to battle with some difficulty for their daily bread, and having assumed this great extra labor which they and their fathers thought too heavy to undertake, the complete restoration to prosperity need not be looked for as yet. As Mr. Dickson wrote when he commenced his task :

"Those who have to devise the system and commence the work must not look for immediate results ; they must not even expect to see the results in their time. They must be content with the assurance that if the foundations are well laid, and if the work is carried on steadily and persistently, then in twenty or thirty years the face of this province will be changed ; food and water will be abundant, the population will increase, and the Government will receive largely increased revenues without having incurred any large or heavy expenditure."

If it had been found that this great result was likely to be achieved by a Government expenditure of only 100*l.* on each tank, it is improbable that any objection would have been raised by those interested in the finances of the island. But it had been foreseen by Sir W. Gregory and Mr. Dickson, and it became apparent after the embankments of a few tanks had been strengthened and considerably raised, that, although sufficient in a season of due rainfall to retain an ample supply of water for that season, they were not large enough to hold a supply sufficient to secure the villages during a season of deficient rainfall which might follow. The system of irrigation of the ancient kings had been a most elaborate one, and only by patient surveys will it be possible to discover its former operation. All over the country are observed traces of great and small canals, anicuts damming the river beds and large tanks without any apparent fields beneath them. All these evidences point to the existence of a network of irrigation works, by which the smaller tanks were fed in case of need from the rivers and from larger store reservoirs. Of these larger works the one which preserves the best traces of its former efficiency is the great tank of Kalawæwa in the south of the district. The embankment of this huge reservoir is five and a half miles in length, and faced along its inner side with massive stone. It was constructed to catch the waters of three rivers, which now meet in its former bed and rush through a breach one thousand feet wide about the middle of the vast wall. Captain Woodward, R.E., who recently surveyed the tank at the request of Sir William Gregory, found evidence that it had been breached at least three or four times.

"This is at once a proof of its enormous catchment area and the value in which the tank was held, as each repair must have been a task of great magnitude, only to be undertaken in the case of a work of extraordinary utility—and the tank was of this extraordinary utility. From one of its sluices issues a magnificent

canal called the Yodaya Ela (giants' canal), about forty feet wide, which after a course of fifty-three miles carried the copious drainage of the southern hills to Anuradhapura."

He found that along its course this canal must have supplied no less than sixty-six village tanks with water. So strong had the embankment seemed that the natives attributed its destruction to magic. The story was told two centuries ago by Robert Knox, in his charming "Historical Relation of Ceylon," after a captivity of twenty years. Speaking of the province I am describing he says:

"This country formerly brought forth great plenty of corn, occasioned by reason of its large waterings. A neighbor kingdom (Kurunégala) in those times was brought to a great dearth; at which the king sends to the people of *Neurecalata* that they would bring a supply of corn to his country, which they did in great store upon beasts in sacks; and arrived at the king's city.

Afterwards the king, to requite them, asked what they most needed in their country. They answered, They had plenty of all things, only they wanted Turmeric and Pepper. The king, to gratify them, sent them such a quantity of each as his country could afford. As soon as this was brought to the people of *Neurecalata* they went to measure it out to every man his Portion; but finding it of so small a quantity, they resolved to grind it; as they do when they use it with their victuals, and put it into the river to give a seasoning to the water; and every man was to take up his Dish of water thus seasoned.

The king hearing of this action of theirs was offended in that they so contemned his gift; but concealed his displeasure. Sometime after he took a journey to them, and being there desired to know how their country had become so fruitful. They told him it was the water of the river pent up for their use in a very vast pond (Kalawewa), out of which they made trenches to convey the water down into their corn grounds. This Pond they had made with great art and labor with great stones and earth thrown up of a vast length and thickness, in the fashion of an half moon. The king afterwards took his leave of them and went home, and by the help of his magicians broke down this vast dam that kept in the water, and so destroyed the Pond. And by this means this fruitful country wanting her water is become as ordinary land as the rest, having only what falls out of the sky."

This tradition is especially interesting as showing that the date of the breach of the embankment was long anterior to the seventeenth century; and it also shows that the natives were well aware that their village tanks were inadequate to maintain a perpetual supply of water. After the destruction of the vast pond they had "only what falls out of the sky." The restoration of this invaluable work is estimated by Captain Woodward to cost upward of 50,000*l.*; not including the cost of the repair of the canal. Although this expenditure would not lead to any adequate return

for many years, there is little doubt that had Sir W. Gregory remained longer in the island he would have taken it in hand. During the last year of his tenure of office he did, in fact, commence the work by the clearing and restoration of thirteen miles of the "Giants' Canal." It is to be hoped that his successors will not be induced to neglect the execution of so useful a work only because the return will necessarily be a tardy one. The general improvement of the smaller village tanks may well be continued, but it is useless to look for absolute security against droughts, to which the backwoods are subject, until some of these larger works are completed and the secrets of the ancient system searched out and known.*

Although, therefore, the full measure of prosperity cannot be expected for many years to be reached, it is gratifying to be able to point to some tangible results of the interesting reformation of the communes, attained after labors of only five years. The tanks which the villagers have repaired have caught a sufficiency of the rain which has fallen, and they have been found strong enough to withstand the flood of 1877, one of the heaviest within memory. Larger fields have been sown, and the paddy revenue (one tenth of the produce) has swelled proportionately. In 1878 it had risen to four times its amount in 1874 (a bad year), and greatly exceeded its highest amount in any former year. For the first time since the English conquest crown land (forest) has been put up for sale and has found purchasers. During the last five years cultivated land on changing hands has been found to have doubled in value. The timber revenue in 1878 was four times its amount in 1874; while the total revenue of the province in 1878 was three times its amount in 1874.

The time has hardly arrived for results, but they have shown themselves before they were expected. Chief among them is the phenomenon of a people, carrying on for centuries an apathetic struggle for existence, and entirely neglected by their rulers, at last waking up to the consciousness that they are cared for, and assuming themselves to a vigorous life. An effectual blow has at last been struck at what has long been supposed to be the vested birth-right of every Indian subject of the queen—the right to be idle. The contrast, frequently drawn between Ceylon and Java, where the Dutch do not recognize this right, and, indeed, override it somewhat roughly, may in time be rendered more favorable to Ceylon by a careful extension of the new policy. Its foundations

* Recent advices from Ceylon lead to the conclusion that the present Governor means to content himself with the bare performance of the government promise as regards the village tank sluices, and to postpone indefinitely the larger works which are beyond the power of the villagers to perform. If this be so, he may not be guilty of any grave breach of faith, but he will make a grave error in policy.

have been laid upon a basis of ancient customary law, which is its strongest sanction in the eyes of the people; and the fair promise which the scheme gives of ultimate success is mainly due to an administrative officer who has done a difficult work with rare tact and ability, and to a governor who has accorded to it on all occasions his ready support and assistance. It cannot, in truth, be asserted that the people have as yet shown any radical change of habit or character. They are proud of the work they have accomplished and willing to continue it, but if the present strain be removed they will quietly relapse into their old listless ways. The individual leopard has a proverbial difficulty in changing his spots; yet it is possible that they may disappear from the leopard-race by a slow evolution. So it may be that the rural Sinhalese will in generations progress from an inherited torpor to inherited activity. Such a change cannot be effected in a day, but like other evolutions will result from a steady continuance in activity of the new forces brought to bear upon their life. And these forces are, in a word, the prompting, guiding, and assisting energies of the paternal despots to whom in turn their interests are confided.

In this endeavor to give some idea of what is going in these interesting and but little-known backwoods of Ceylon it has, I trust, been shown that much may be done toward the revival of a long-past prosperity, by no large expenditure of money, but by engaging the natives on the side of work and activity, and by using and enforcing for that purpose the rules which their own immemorial customs have prescribed. It is not too much to say that if some such system had been brought into operation in parts of India where village communities are still extant, many lakhs of rupees might have been directed to other purposes than to dwindle away in the quicksands of the Public Works Department. There is little doubt that it is due to our vast annual expenditure on paper, viz., surveys, plans, correspondence, reports, minutes, accounts, auditings; and to our failing to organize into working parties the natives themselves, that we so often find ourselves unable in India to restore the small and great irrigation works of the old regime, except at a cost for which no adequate return can be foreseen. If it be said that the care now taken over preliminaries insures the success of the work, it may be replied that the ancient kings could hardly have exceeded the number of failures laid to the charge of some of our public works departments in the east. It is indeed asserted, with what truth still remains to be proved, that many of these ancient irrigation works never could be used, and that the expense of their construction was wasted. But if communities of men have three or four months of leisure time in the year, and that period is employed for a year or two at the king's command in throwing up a great embankment, which may not prove a suc-

cess for want of water, it cannot be contended that this is a wasteful expense in the same sense as the sinking of some thousands of pounds of public money in the building of a barrack that can never be lived in, or a bridge with its piers in the shifting sand. Unless the whole available labor of a country is habitually employed in productive work, the employment of part of its non-productive energies in an unsuccessful enterprise cannot be said to impoverish the country at large. In this there is no advocacy of hasty and ill-considered schemes, but merely a deprecation of the costly delays of red-tapism in countries where thousands of human hands hang idle, while Government officials report, refer, and wrangle. Had Sir William Gregory held the public purse closed until surveyors made elaborate plans, and engineers made elaborate reports, and until it was made evident to the meanest comprehension that the works would return their five or ten per cent, the poor village communities of the backwoods would still be sunk in apathy and decay.

ALBERT GRAY, *in the Fortnightly Review.*

SUICIDE.

Most of us regard suicide in its impious aspects only. We see in it a religious crime; and its criminality against Heaven seems to us so thorough that it blinds us to the other features of the subject. Habit produces its usual effect in the matter; we have grown accustomed to one single view of self-murder, and we shrink instinctively from any other. Yet it is an act which, by its nature and history, most certainly deserves wider and more philosophical consideration. However inexcusable it may appear to us religiously, it merits less prejudiced treatment than we commonly accord to it. It is not simply a sin; it is something else besides. It has always played, and is still playing, a part among us which entitles it, incontestably, to be classed among moral phenomena. The causes, which produce it are unceasingly at work; a number of suffering minds are always tending toward it; it is, in civilized countries, an inevitable malady; it is, within certain limits, a matter of automatic average—like rain or inflammation of the lungs; it has to happen; it is a social resultant rather than an individual act. Buckle says that "suicide is merely a product of the general condition of society," and that "in a given state of society a certain number of persons must put an end to their own life." Quetelet goes farther still. He proves his belief in the natural inherence of suicide among us, by asserting that "it is society which prepares the crime; the guilty man is only an instrument of execution." And many other writers express the same ideas in similar language. If,

then, suicide is as inevitable as, forgery, or whooping-cough, or hunger; if it is immanent in our natures, we should be wise to imitate the example which some other nations set us—to count it as a form of disease rather than as a shape of guilt, to regard it with pity rather than with horror, and to cease to seek the remedy for it (if any remedy there be) in either punishment or public scorn. It is idle to turn away from it with dread, and to call it shocking. That sort of way of dealing with it does not stop it; on the contrary, in the face of our British feelings of repulsion, it has been increasing all over Europe, during the last hundred years, with strangely augmenting speed.

But let it be at once added that antipathy to self-killing, on religious grounds, constitutes, all the same, the only effective bar to it, which has thus far been discovered; and that, as we shall see presently, it is precisely the diminution of religious antipathy which explains the recent large extension of suicide. In suggesting that a larger and more general popular view might usefully be taken of the subject as a whole, we strongly insist, at the same time, on the practical usefulness and healthy effects of the purely religious objections to self-murder. They alone have controlled it in the past; they alone seem capable, so far as we can at present judge, of holding it in the future. No other regulating force appears to be available. Human advice is powerless. All the piles of books which have been written about suicide; all the moral, philosophical, legal, medicinal, statistical, and devotional treatises which have been composed—in all languages—with respect to it, have failed to exercise the faintest effect upon it; even laws of barbarous severity have been insufficient to stop it. And why? Not only because it is "a social resultant"—not only because it is a chronic need—but also, and still more, because it is one of the forms of the pursuit of happiness; because it is an outburst of the universal appetite for calm; because every man who wilfully terminates his life does so, necessarily, with the idea of improving his condition. Therein lies the natural explanation of suicide. For the man without religion it is the most active fashion of bettering himself which the world has yet invented. "Happiness," as Pascal says, "is the object of all the actions of all men—even of those who kill themselves;" but the happiness sought for in the voluntary suppression of existence is of an altogether special kind, apart from and beyond all else. It stands by itself, alone; it is the most exclusively personal of all the forms of gratification. No other deed is so intensely individual or so profoundly selfish; no other act is so restively independent or so inquisitively experimental.

For these reasons we ought to contemplate it as something else and more than a purely religious iniquity. We ought to remem-

ber that our particular views about it are not held in other lands with the same rigor as among ourselves. In many neighboring countries suicide has almost lost the character of a sin. In several of them it has ceased to be a civil crime. And we should also remind ourselves that, wrong as we consider it to be now, it has not always been wrong. The impression that it is wicked is relatively modern. There is not one single word about it in the Bible; the ancient legislations made no clear sign against it; our actual ideas upon it had no place either in the Old Testament, or in the Gospel, or in the Oriental theologies; or in the Pagan codes; they are, comparatively, young notions. Nobody objected seriously to suicide in the old days. Even Plato and Soerates, whom we take to have been wise men, contented themselves with expressing a few vague reservations on the matter, the sole effect of which was to reduce it to a question of opportunism. And as to Moses, it is an altogether gratuitous assumption to pretend that the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" applies necessarily to one's self as well as to other people. The truth is, that self-murder is no more forbidden in the Bible than polygamy is; and a good many notable Jews profited by the absence of interdiction to act for themselves in the matter, apparently on the principle that "what is not prohibited is permitted." The "Noa occides" may or may not have meant, "Thou shalt not commit suicide;" but it did not say so, and therefore it left the matter open. Josephus, it is true, does imply that self killing was contrary to the law; but that is only second-hand testimony: the Bible, the one source of Protestant conviction, is dumb. Objections to suicide did not take public form until Christianity had acquired strength, and was becoming the master of opinions as well as the guide of consciences. These objections were among the developments of the new faith; but they were never heard of as general propositions until the new faith had become solidly established, and they are scarcely recognized, even now, outside Christianity. Mohammedanism alone has copied them from us. Consequently, let us remember that these objections are not human but Christian; and furthermore; that they are not Christian by the teaching of the Bible, but solely by the teaching of the Church. The Church filled up that chasm in the Bible, as it made good a quantity of other gaps in the sacred book. It trained minds into a new groove on the subject; under its guidance suicide gradually assumed, for the first time in history, a mixed character of mutiny, stupidity, and horror. We English people of to-day have learned to see in it not only a monstrous self-indulgence, but also an atrocious crime and an idiotic cowardice. We deny its pretension to be a grasp at peace and a declaration of liberty; we proclaim it to be a grasp at the unknown and a declaration of revolt. Our present theory is that a sufferer

is bound to live out his life, like Job, and has no right to put an end to it because it is not worth having, like Cato of Utica.

Now, the fact that there has been so utter a change of feeling about suicide supplies it with an additional claim to our attention. Until a few hundred years ago the whole earth regarded voluntary death as a natural resource in moments of difficulty: no proceeding was more worthy of a gentleman. A due sufficiency of cause was insisted on only by a small minority of philosophers, who liked to see a good reason for all things that happen, and who delicately thought, with Cicero, that "the deity which exercises a sovereign power over us does not allow us to quit life without his permission; but when he awakens in us a just desire of death, then the true wise man ought to pass with pleasure from these shades to celestial brightness." Seneca, on the contrary, did not think it worth while to wait for the divine inspiration of "a just desire." In his eyes death was a purely human solution, to be adopted as soon as it became "stupid to live." He said, "If I suffer from disease, I should not kill myself to escape from pain, for that would be an act of cowardice; but if I perceive that my disease is intractable, I should end my life, because the disease would deprive me of all which can render life worth having. It is cowardly to die to escape suffering; it is stupid to live in order to suffer." But notwithstanding this difference of view as to justifying causes, both Cicero and Seneca regarded suicide as the natural remedy for the annoyances of existence; and they would probably have pitied posterity if they could have foreseen that what seemed to them to be a self-evident corrective for the ills of life would afterward become converted into one of the blackest iniquities that men can commit. Their sole consolation would have been to notice that the change came very slowly. The recognition of the merits of voluntary death was so universal that time was needed to stamp it out. It was felt so keenly in the Roman Empire, that the maxim "*mori licet cui vivere non placet*" was invented to express it. The Germanic and the Celtic races were all full of it; and in Asia it was perhaps still more deeply rooted. Even now it is not eradicated there; for Brahminism has imposed it, in many forms, as a religious act, while Buddhism has not forbidden it. Mohammed alone, of the founders of the great Eastern faiths, has spoken out against it. China still respects and practises suicide; and Japan has given it up, as an officially organized institution, within the last few years only, on the ground that it is in contradiction with the spirit of progress which now animates her.

In the face of such a world-wide usage the Church was obliged to move with prudent tardiness. Suicide was not canonically pronounced to be a mortal sin until the Council of Arles in 452; and a hundred years more went by before it was declared, at the Coup-

cils of Bragues and Auxerre, that Christian sepulture should be refused to the bodies of persons who killed themselves. But even then, after this example had been given by the ecclesiastical authority, civil legislation was in no hurry to follow. Down to the time of Charlemagne, reluctances still showed themselves; it was not until the great emperor was buried that the Codes began (under pressure from the Church) to confirm the refusal of prayers in cases of suicide. This helped to conquer hesitations: the feeling on the matter began to grow in every Christian land; it became, by degrees, intensely bitter; and at last self-killing got to be regarded as a hideously criminal offence, and became punishable with all the ferocities that the inventive cruelty of the Middle Ages could devise. Before 1270 St. Louis prescribed the confiscation of the property of all persons who made away with themselves, and in this way associated their families in the disgrace and the punishment of their act. And then, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, a tide of still intenser fierceness began to mount, and nations set to work to compete with each other in the contriving of new barbarities and of fresh contumelies. In some countries the bodies of self-murderers were dragged through the streets face downward, on a hurdle, and thrown on to the public dirt-heap, or else hung up to rot; in others they were buried in a highway with a stake driven through them; in others, again, they were not allowed to be brought out at the door of the house, but were pulled through a hole dug under it on purpose. Michelet tells us, in his "*Origines du Droit Français*," that "if a man stabbed himself, a piece of wood, with the dagger in it, was stuck into the ground at his head; if he drowned himself in the sea, he was buried on the shore five feet from the water; if he drowned himself in a well, he was interred on a hill, with three stones on him—one on the head, one on the chest, and one on the feet." The practice of trying corpses for self-murder grew largely into use—which was but natural; for what more convenient fashion of obtaining money could a seigneur employ than to seize the inheritance of a dead man? Why, Dangeau declares that the ladies of the Court of Versailles used to augment their pin-money by wheedling the king into giving them grants of these strange legacies! The treatment of the dead grew so outrageous that Montesquieu exclaimed, "The laws are furious against those who kill themselves; they are forced, as it were, to die a second time. It seems to me that these laws are very unjust."

Other people thought so too. The philosophers of the eighteenth century began to attack this cruel legislation. Beccaria followed them: he said, with infinite force and truth, in his admirable treatise on crime and punishment, "Suicide is an offence which is not susceptible of any punishment, properly so called, for punishment

can fall only on a lifeless body or on innocent heirs. But punishment enforced on the lifeless remains of a convict is much like whipping a statue ; while its application to an innocent family is odious and tyrannical, for there is an end of liberty if punishment ceases to be purely personal." All these arguments were, however, useless. It was not until the revolution that this monstrous jurisprudence was suppressed in France, and, by her example, throughout almost all the rest of Europe successively. As has been already said, suicide is no longer a civil crime in several continental countries. The Code Napoléon takes no notice of it. In Germany some of the local laws still forbid religious burial for suicided persons, while others are silent on the subject ; no fixed rule exists there—unless indeed the new empire has recently introduced uniformity of action. In England legislation contradicts itself on this subject, as on so many others : suicide is murder, but the attempt to commit is only a misdemeanor ; so that, in our hands, the legal gravity of the act lies, not in the intention, but in success.

With such a fluctuating history as this before us, we ought in fairness to regard with patience the opinions contrary to our own which so many of our predecessors have held on the question, and which so many of our contemporaries still entertain. However certain we may be that our view is the only right one, we ought, on the undeniable principle that "every feeling really felt is true in the person who feels it," to contemplate without too angry blame the unlucky people who are impelled to kill themselves. And we ought to do this all the more because of the generalized character and universal action of suicide—because of its application in all classes as well as in all time. Historically, of course, it presents the aspects of a luxury ; for history talks only of the examples of it which have been supplied by the rich, the learned, and the high-placed. But in reality it has always been, and still is, essentially, a poor man's remedy ; it has prompted the vulgar more than the delicate, the rough more than the polished. It admits no exclusions from the ranks of its victims. Furthermore, it is not always easy to determine what is suicide and what is not. There are scrupulous persons who might imagine that Samson put himself within it when he pulled down the columns of Gaza upon his head ; or that Regulus ran too closely to the wind when he went back to Carthage on purpose to be murdered. People, indeed, might not impossibly be found who would go farther still—who, captiously and censoriously, would ask whether a sailor has a right to blow up his ship rather than haul down his flag, or a soldier to refuse quarter rather than be taken prisoner—and who would deny that the particular emotion called patriotism can take away the stain from these forms of voluntary death.

It has been already remarked that a signal revival of suicide has

occurred during the last hundred years. Its rate, calculated as an average on the entire population of Europe, without distinction of nationality or of local variations, seems to have more than quintupled since the middle of last century. Exact returns are not obtainable from every country, but the information is sufficiently complete to enable us to perceive that Europeans are now killing themselves at an average annual rate of one in five thousand; and that, consequently, a total of somewhere about 60,000 persons are dying by their own hand each year on the continent and in the British Isles. One fourth of them, in round figures, are mad; the rest act knowingly, with a view to some presumed advantage. And it must not be forgotten that the numbers are constantly and regularly increasing, and also that they include only the suicides which are officially known and those which succeed; neither those which are concealed by families nor the unsuccessful attempts are counted anywhere. Consequently, if we wish to correctly value the force of the present, distinctly-marked reawakening of the suicidal tendency, we must add a good deal for undetected cases and for failures. Ineffectual ventures especially would seem, from private information, to be considerably more abundant than is commonly imagined. It would probably be quite safe to suppose that these two unappended elements increase the European annual total by one half, so carrying it to about 90,000.

The rates vary, however, very largely in different countries, with local conditions, with race, with latitude, with education. The figures are immensely higher, as a general rule, in the north (excepting only Russia) than in the south, and in towns than in the country. It is not easy to collect absolutely reliable returns for each separate land; but if we may trust M. Maurice Block, who is about the safest statistician of our time, the Danes kill themselves the most, and the Portuguese the least, the difference between these two extremes reaching the scarcely credible proportion of 35 to 1. Saxony, Prussia, France, and Norway follow next to Denmark, and after these come successively Bavaria, England, Belgium, Austria, Russia, Italy, and Spain. Throughout the continent, with few exceptions, the rate of suicide diminishes with latitude. The causes of this unconformity have been keenly discussed, and, as we shall see presently, their main outlines have been approximately traced; but the subject is so full of complications, of details, and of intermixing and counteracting agencies, that we are still far from a complete general view of the laws which guide it. We do know positively that climate has nothing whatever to do with it, but that is only a negative discovery. No author has yet collected data as to the comparative influence on the suicidal disposition of the special conditions of life, of health, of character in each district of Europe, so as to enable him to point

with certainty to the precise reasons why a good many of the inhabitants of one province should elect to kill themselves, while almost all those of another province should prefer natural deaths. There is a curious and interesting investigation to be made here : it is possible that the information exists already, locally, and that it only needs to be agglomerated ; but, thus far, no one has undertaken the task of drawing it together, and we must continue for the present in ignorance of the principles which regulate the geographical distribution of suicide in Europe.

But if we cannot see our way yet with precision on this part of the question, we are better informed as to the causes of the prevalence of suicide in towns as compared with the country. We know, for instance, very exactly, why one inhabitant in eighteen hundred kills himself each year in Paris ; and we can judge approximately, from that example, of the state of things in other cities. No insight into the sufferings and the desperations which may exist unseen in dense populations can be more instructive or more impressive than that which is offered to us by the detailed list of the motives of the eleven hundred yearly suicides of Paris. All the habitual forms of desolation and hopelessness are enumerated there ; and if their stranger and more unwonted shapes are not included too, we may be sure that the sole reason is, that no official denomination exists for them in the technical language of police offices ; they operate, but they operate unnamed. The catalogue is, however, long enough and sad enough as it is ; it amply sets forth the miseries which are generated by life in crowds, and the crimes which those miseries entail. And as these miseries act mainly on the laboring classes, it is natural that the great majority of the suicides should be found among the poor : five sixths of them, in round figures, are shown by the registers to be committed by working people. But it should be at once added that this proportion is in no way special to Paris, or indeed to any town or any land ; it is approximately the same everywhere. In no case do the upper classes or the liberal professions constitute more than a fifth or a sixth of the published totals ; and that is why allusion was made just now to the generalized character of suicide, and to its dissemination among all the strata which compose societies.

But the quantities of poverty, of misery, and of crime which show themselves in cities do not alone explain the numerical preponderance of the suicides which occur there. Other causes are at work as well. Mere suffering, mere degradation, do not alone suffice to lead surely to suicide, for there is a depth of ignominy which seems to go below the desire of death. Neither convicts nor prostitutes kill themselves in any appreciable proportions ; they seem to grow indifferent to either shame, or fear, or exasperation, and to have acquired the faculty of living on in callous calm under any infamy whatever. But in great towns the conditions

are of a different kind. The preponderance of suicides in them is not exclusively a product of the greater suffering which they contain in comparison with the country, but also, and quite as much, of the lesser disposition to support that suffering. It must be remembered that the inclination to rebellion is almost always greater in thick condensations of people than in sparse communities; that bad examples are more abundant and that good counsels are more rare; that the action of public opinion on each individual is less direct; and that the strange form of solitude which is obtainable nowhere but in crowds is able to exert its peculiarly saddening and enfeebling influence. There is more misery and more despondency, with less encouragement and less restraint. It is from the association of these positive and negative causes, from an increase of the conditions which habitually lead to self-killing, and from a simultaneous diminution of the surroundings which usually deter from it, that the rate of suicide in the richest and most virtuous of large towns is never less than five times higher than in villages, and that in the denser and more immoral capitals it reaches thirty times the average of rural districts. And the working of these leverages is not limited to the towns themselves; it stretches far away across the grass around them, with such marked effect that, in every land, the rate of provincial suicide (which is generally low) increases in almost regular degrees as the capital is approached. The tendency to put an end to life stains out beyond the walls and infects the purer air a hundred miles away.

In addition to these great essential causes, certain other relatively smaller pressures are unceasingly at work augmenting or decreasing the inclination to die. Both age and sex have a good deal to do with it; the spread of education unmistakably develops it; imitation and hereditary propensities are sometimes traceable in it; and though climate does not seem to exercise any effect upon it, the seasons, on the contrary, do most manifestly influence it considerably. Each of these agencies does its own particular work; each of them is worth looking at.

That age does really exert a perceptible action in the matter has been occasionally denied; but all the more recent publications seem to agree that the evidence is conclusive, and that the number of suicides, in proportion to the population, grows steadily, through all the periods of life, from childhood to old age. People go on killing themselves, between nine and ninety, in a constantly increasing progression. The popular theory that we hold more and more to life as we approach its natural conclusion is entirely contradicted by the present statistics of suicide, which show that white hair brings with it, in many cases, a disgust of existence which renders those affected by it too impatient to wait till death comes to them of its own accord. It appears to be considered now that, ratably to the total of individuals of each age, suicides are

about twice as frequent above seventy as they are between twenty and forty ; so that all the talk about " the age of the passions " and its damaging influences would seem to be based on nothing, so far as suicide is concerned. The middle of life, with its excitements, its emotions, and its exhaustions, is not, proportionately, the great suicidal period : we do not reach that epoch until we are really old ; there are fewer of us left, at that time, to kill ourselves, but such of us as remain do so with particular abundance. And if we go on suppressing our existence with regularly progressive zeal until the end of our time, we also begin doing so very early at the commencement of it. The number of children under sixteen in the list is, as yet, comparatively small, but it is swelling rapidly, and is already large enough to indicate that the disposition to suicide may lay hold of us almost in babyhood. Nearly two thousand boys and girls are now yielding to it every year in Europe. Thus far they do not seem to begin before they are nine ; that is the moment, apparently, at which the pains of life become unbearable to them, as happened to the little boy who drowned himself for grief at the loss of his canary. From thirteen, however, motives grow to be more stupendous, as was shown in the case of the young gentleman (he was French) who hanged himself at that age, after making a will in which he was good enough to declare that he " bequeathed his soul to Rousseau, and his body to the earth." Chatterton—who was, however, a very precocious person—waited until he was eighteen before he took arsenic because he had exhausted existence. These three examples indicate how inducements change with years : and they go on changing ; for young men and women kill themselves a good deal for love, middle-aged persons for money and ambition, and old people from disappointment and weariness.

But real as the influence of age may be, that of sex is infinitely more evident and more extensive ; for where three men kill themselves, only one woman follows their example. The returns from all Europe prove this as a prevailing rule. There is but one apparent exception to it, in the case of domestic servants, among whom suicides are about equally distributed between the sexes. This exception however is of no value ; for as there must be at least three times more women servants than men, the true proportion comes out about the same. And it is but natural that women should kill themselves less than their husbands and brothers, for they are habitually better behaved and quieter ; they have more religion, more obedience, more resignation, and a stronger direct feeling sentiment of duty. In other terms, they possess precisely the dispositions of both temperament and teaching which best withhold from voluntary death. So, as a consequence, only one quarter of the suicides of Europe are committed by them. Now this

is a fact of interest and importance, not only in itself, but still more in its bearing on the question as a whole, and on the means employable for struggling against the contemporaneous reawakening of self-murder.

Professions do not predispose to suicide, but instruction does. No man kills himself because of his trade; but a good many men kill themselves because of their knowledge. Not only has the revival of suicide almost exactly coincided, in time, with the modern extension of schooling, but suicide is now most abundant, in place, in the very regions in which schooling is most expanded. The records establish this beyond all doubt. The inhabitants of countries in which every one can read are precisely those who kill themselves the most. Now this supplies another indication that people do not always make a good use of reading. We knew that fact already, it is true, but we scarcely expected that additional proof of it would be supplied in this strange form. That reading conduces to suicide is a new view of reading, but it is incontestably an exact one—within limits. We could perhaps have imagined if we had thought about the matter at all, that certain occupations might possibly pave the way, under unfavorable circumstances of health, to thoughts of suicide; we could have wildly guessed, for instance, that newly-enlisted recruits, or lighthouse-keepers, or exiles, or public executioners, lead lives in which the self-killing tendency might receive a morbid development, but never, in our senses, should we have supposed that village-schooling is, indirectly, the most fertile of all the actual origins of suicide. And yet it seems to be so. And if it is not, what is? We have all of us heard so much of "the suppression of crime by education" that we have insensibly acquired the unreasoned belief that education is the one natural cure for moral evils. So, perhaps, it ought to be. And to repeat the question—if it is not, what can be? But evidently, as regards this particular evil, education appears to be a provocative rather than a remedy—at least in the form in which we have hitherto applied it. The books which are now being published about suicide on the continent are all deploring, with consternation, the simultaneity of the spread of the alphabet and of voluntary death, and are asking, anxiously, what can be the connexion between them. They seem indeed to be almost expecting that, if we go on as we have begun, we shall soon see suicide officially recognized by governments as an inevitable result of study (like headaches and spectacles), and placed naturally, all over Europe, under the supervision of the inspectors of schools.

Imitation has, in all time, acted fitfully as a disposing cause; but, in our day, its power appears to have almost disappeared. We still see that if a man jumps off a column, somebody else will probably do the same a few days afterward; but we no longer observe

any epidemics of suicide, any paroxysms of imitative communicative killing on a large scale. The girls of Miletus who strangled themselves by hundreds, the Egyptians, who drowned themselves in processions, even the religious enthusiasts who have so often sought death in groups, are not adopted as models now.

Hereditary influences, on the contrary, are still continuing in certain cases to reveal their curious force. Whole families have died out recently from suicide. Two cases are on record (one in Saxony, the other in the Tyrol), in each of which seven brothers have hanged themselves one after the other. The examples of repeated suicides among relations are almost frequent in the medical books on the subject, especially in France. It is true that the proportion of such cases to the general total is infinitely small; but still their number is sufficient to remove all doubt as to the occasional transmission of the suicidal tendency from parents to children. And after all, it is natural enough that such a donation should be possible, for as religion, courage, parsimony, and all sorts of other characteristics are distinctly heritable, there is no reason whatever why suicide should not be a patrimony too.

Next we come to climate. It is only recently, since careful observations have been established everywhere, that the old prejudice about the relationship between suicide and fog has at last been dissipated. What Sauvages called the "*melancholia Anglica*" may or may not be a property of our race; but every one proclaims to-day that it is totally independent of our clouds or our smoke. In the comparative catalogue of national suicide which has been already given England stands below the middle of the list; her average is therefore a very good one. But Norway is high up in the table, while Russia is low down in it; and yet the climates of these two countries present such analogies that, so far as regards their action on the character of the people, they may be taken to be identical. The Esquimaux do not kill themselves at all, neither do the Falkland Islanders; yet the climate in which they live may not unjustly be described as worse than ours. It is not, therefore, in climate that an explanation is to be found of the present localization of abundant suicide in certain countries rather than in others. We have already put our hand on its primary cause—the misuse of spreading education. The question is, of course, full of entanglements and complications; but the main answer to its riddles is to be found in the emancipated character of popular aspirations, as modern schooling is shaping them.

If, however, climate has nothing to do with suicide, the seasons, on the contrary, do really exercise a great effect upon it. Here we get once more to precise figures; for as the statistics are now usually set out in monthly divisions, we see in them, at a glance, that instead of cold and wet being encouragements to suicide, it is,

in reality, in fine weather that Europeans kill themselves the most. The returns indicate, with glaring distinctness, that spring and summer are everywhere the great suicidal periods; that November is about the most innocent month in the year; and that May, June, and July are the worst—so much the worst, indeed, that twice as many suicides habitually happen in each of them as in any winter month. The average rises, almost regularly, from November to May, and goes down again, in equivalent degrees, from July to November. Why? Because though people slaughter themselves very little in the hotter countries of Europe, heat does really seem, by a curious contradiction, to be an incentive to self-murder among natives of the cooler climates. In Algeria, for instance, where a good many French soldiers kill themselves from home sickness, it has been remarked that the moment ordinarily chosen by them for the purpose is when the south wind blows, and brings up from the desert its scorching, irritating dryness. Where, then, is the supposed fertilizing action of damp on suicide? What a mistake Montesquieu unconsciously made when he started the theory that we English kill ourselves from fog! He had an excuse, however; there were no statistics in his time: and furthermore, he was ignorant of an odd but somewhat incomprehensible little fact which has been noticed everywhere of late—that most of the people who put an end to their lives prefer to do so by daylight, that suicides at night are relatively rare, and that, consequently, the long days of summer afford the most temptation for them. Montesquieu was unaware (as a good many other people are even now) that neither darkness nor rain conduce to suicide, and that, on the contrary, in Northern and Central Europe, its best friends and stimulators are sunlight and warmth. So let us cordially forgive him for having blundered about us, especially as he was singularly right in most of the other things he said.

In addition to this knowledge of the causes which lead to suicide, the registers of to day place also at our disposal very complete information as to the means employed to provoke death. They have carried their analytical investigation into all the corners of the subject, and show its inmost details to us with much accuracy of description.

It was observed, a long time ago, that though there is only one way of being born, there are a good many ways of dying—the latter, indeed, are, as a French writer superbly puts it, “as numerous as the diverse physical and chemical agents which are capable of destroying the vital principle.” Yet, true as this is, the means habitually employed to produce voluntary death are not only singularly few in number, but are utilized and re-utilized each year with a recurrent regularity of proportion which would be astonishing if we did not recognize that suicide is guided by laws just as much as

Other moral events are. In every country we find an approximate repetition, in each successive annual table, of the same applications of the same shapes of self-destruction. There are variations between different countries as to the choice of agencies, just as there are international distinctions in the local quantities of spontaneous mortality. But each land preserves its own routine of averages; the totals progress unflinchingly, but their proportionate composition remains almost identical, from year to year, in all its details. Age, sex, the state of health, the nature of the daily occupations of the victim, exercise some influence in the selection of means; many persons employ, unconsciously perhaps, the instruments which their trade may place at their disposal. But a great mark of the present revival is, that we evidently want to kill ourselves without pain, and that we consequently avoid, as a rule, such death-processes as entail suffering. In the old days people generally were less particular about torment; but as we have grown more careful of ourselves in all our ways, it is but natural that we should be less rough in this matter of suicide. Such of us as happen to be vigorous are still somewhat inclined to employ violent expedients; but the mass of the self-killers go the other way. Women especially, as might perhaps have been expected, shrink steadily from blood or mutilation, and seek, almost unanimously, for a gentle agony. It has indeed been remarked, with an appearance of truth, after a study of the forms of killing employed by women, that while "men choose suicide, women merely consent to it."

Poisoning is an example of this change of views. There used to be a good deal of it once; a large proportion of the ancient suicides seem to have utilized it. But we have given it up now. Notwithstanding the discoveries of the committee on poisons which sat, after Actium, under the chairmanship of Cleopatra—and which appears, if Plutarch tells the truth, to have established, by a long series of varied experiments, that a viper's bite produces the most agreeably lethargic and sweetly comatose of all possible deaths—we have abandoned serpents altogether, and have almost excluded other poisons from our service. We fancy that their action is not quite certain, and we know that they are usually painful. So they have gone out of fashion; scarcely any one but doctors, chemists, or washerwomen use them now, and they, according to their calling, swallow opium, arsenic, Prussian blue, or salts of copper. What a falling off from the days of hemlock!

Neither is stabbing, nor indeed any form of perforation, as frequent as in times past. There are the same objections to it as to poison. It hurts, and it may not kill. Even throat cutting, which is a modern innovation resulting from the invention of razors, is relatively rare. Swords are not used a hundred times a year in all

Europe. Doctors still kill themselves occasionally by a scientifically placed prick, but they are the only people who do so; the reason being that a knowledge of anatomy is necessary in order to succeed in that form of action. The old piercing operations—which, in spite of their frequent use, were certainly most clumsy—have been advantageously replaced by shooting with firearms; about one seventh of our present suicides are performed by the latter process: but it must be at once added that it is almost exclusively employed by men, and that women scarcely utilize it at all. Men use guns and pistols in about equal proportions; but women, when they do shoot themselves, seem to prefer pistols. Firearms have the double merit of being almost certain in their effects and (as they usually kill at once) of suppressing pain. Most people aim at their heads; very few fire at their hearts. This evidence shows that, in suicide as well as in war, gunpowder has driven out steel: indeed, if it were not for the razor, which continues to be utilized in about two per cent of the cases, sharp edges would scarcely be perceived at all in the modern lists.

But the great, main solution—asphyxia—remains in use as effectively as ever. Hanging and drowning are still, as they always were, the chief keys to voluntary death. Each of them counts for about one third of the general total. The French have added suffocation by charcoal; but that is a local process, scarcely ever imitated in other countries, and which, even in France, is principally limited to Paris. Hanging has the reputation of being almost an agreeable proceeding; it does not repel like poisoning or cutting. One enthusiastic author says of it that, “at the moment when the pressure of the cord begins, a sentiment of pleasure is felt; then the eyes cease to see—blue flames dance before them; and suddenly consciousness disappears.” The detail of the “blue flames” has a necromantic aspect which gives a special character to hanging. Drowning also has a particular merit of its own, which accounts, in part, for the largeness of its selection. Not only is it said to suffocate without much suffering, but often it puts the body out of sight forever, and in that way conceals the death. It is, therefore, the natural resource of such persons as shrink from publicity, or who, from any motive, are desirous of hiding the fact that they have killed themselves. Drowners, however, have their caprices. They do not all put themselves into the water in the same way. In country districts, for instance, the men jump into rivers and ponds, while the women appear to have a predilection for throwing themselves down wells. But whatever be the procedure applied, nearly all the actors keep their clothes on.

Leaping from cliffs, or out of windows, or off a monument, is a rare form of suicide. It is not employed in more than two per cent of the cases. Smashing the skull against a wall is a coarse pro-

dear, utilized only by prisoners who have no other means at their disposal. Throwing one's self under a railway engine is a totally new but decidedly growing fashion.

And there ends the catalogue. It is a singularly short and simple one. Hanging and drowning account, by themselves alone, for nearly seventy per cent of the cases; fifteen belong to shooting; while the remainder are composed of a mixture of cutting, stabbing, poisoning, springing from heights, and various unspecified killings. The contrasts with the ways of the ancients, the suppression of the heroic sword and of the baneful cup, the substitution for them of the cartridge, the shaving-blade, and the express train, are, after all, only natural consequences of the changes which have occurred in life and character and habits. If we had done no more than that in our recent dealings with suicide, there would have been nothing particular to complain of; we should only have shown that, even in killing ourselves, we have become softer than our fathers were. But we have done more than that—a good deal more. The Western world had arrived, under the combined constraints of an irresistible religious domination and of a monstrous civil legislation, at a diminution of suicide to what we may reasonably call a minimum; for there is reason to suppose that, a hundred years ago, the annual self-murders in all Europe did not probably exceed five or six thousand, which would give about one in thirty thousand in the population of the time. Of course there is no clear evidence on the point; but the rapid rate of progression of suicide during the present century, since statistical returns have been established, may not unjustly be taken to indicate that the proportion, before these returns were in existence, must have been very low indeed. That proportion may be taken to indicate the feeblest expression of the automatic necessity which, according to the social scientists, obliges a certain number of the members of every community to kill themselves each year; for we may safely believe that the persons who committed suicide in those days, with all the consequences which then attached to their act, must have been animated by an altogether irresistible need. So far, then, the suicides of our great-grandfathers may be regarded as unavoidable and unexaggerated social phenomena, as predestined elements of the fate of the period, and as involving but little responsibility to the actors in them. There were no more of them than there must have been and ought to have been. All that could be justly said of them was, "It is written."

But now we have changed all that. Now we are killing ourselves beyond all pretence of necessity. Now suicide has ceased to be exclusively a result of social laws; it has become also an unforced personal manifestation. And this brings us at last to the essence of the whole subject; here we touch upon the springs

which have thrust our nineteenth century into a fever of self-murder, which looks to be as virulent as any of the previous attacks of it from which the world has suffered; here we reach the moral of our story. Why do we people of to-day kill ourselves with such unjustifiable and such wasteful extravagance? The leading components of the answer can, as has been already said, be indicated without hesitation.

Suicide has always divided itself into two clearly-defined categories. It has either been provoked by an enthusiasm of religious duty, or facilitated by the absence of all religious sentiment whatever. The Celts who burned themselves in an osier idol, the Hindoos who cast themselves under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, were types of the first of these two divisions; the Romans who fell on to their swords from *tedium vite*, the Greek islanders who took poison as soon as they were sixty in order to leave enough food for their juniors, were members of the second section. Whatever be the divergences of accidental personal motives, we cannot get away from the cardinal principle that people kill themselves, necessarily, either because they imagine that they please their God by doing so, or because, recognizing, for the moment at all events, no God at all, they think only of their own satisfaction. No intermediate state is logically conceivable. This being the law of the case—and that it is so can scarcely be denied—it follows, obligatorily, that so long as confidence in a God who is supposed to forbid suicide remains in general force, very few people will take the risk of voluntarily disobeying the injunctions of that God. But it also follows, quite as obligatorily, that when the trust in any God at all is becoming every day more rare, when the number of persons who respect any religious behests whatever is perpetually diminishing, the disposition to act on personal inclinations acquires new power, and the temptation to leave the passions unchecked becomes more difficult to resist. And this is especially true as regards the poorer and less disciplined layers of society, which constitute everywhere the vast majority. Such is the constant theory. What is the present practice?

Europeans, as a whole, have a good deal less faith now than they possessed a century ago. Having less faith, they have less observance—that is to say, less obedience, and consequently less patience. They have acquired, in religious matters, an independence of both thought and action at which their fathers would have gazed with astonished fear. A large and increasing number of them not only resist all authority in religion, not only repudiate all guidance in matters of doctrine, but go farther still and reject all religion whatever. We do not ask whether they are right or wrong; we are here considering suicide, not tenets; we are concerned exclusively with the fact itself in its bearing on suicide—

and from that limited point of view, the result of their loss of faith is, that the God who was said to prohibit suicide has ceased to be a God for them, and that suicide being no longer interdicted by any power they respect, has become once more, in their eyes, a permissible solution for the difficulties of life.

We need not encumber the question with any specific applications of this general truth. It lies outside nationalities and creeds; it is not English and Protestant, any more than it is Spanish and Catholic, or German and free-thinking. It is human and universal. Suicide is increasing because religion is diminishing; and it is for this reason that our special English form of objection to self-killing, on the ground that it is an impiety, is so useful and so practical.

It is not altogether impossible that the simultaneous growth of the political idea of liberty may have aided to push on, in certain minds, the notion that suicide is one of the rights of man. But as there are, thus far, no statistics of the political opinions of persons who kill themselves, we can offer no evidence on the point, and are content to hope that the list would not contain more Liberals than Conservatives, and that Radicals do not hang themselves with the sole purpose of proving that they are free. The change which has taken place in the religious aspects of thought suffices, by itself, to explain the modern growth of suicide; the removal of religious hindrances in both highly educated and lowly educated consciences (especially in the latter) is incontestably emancipating Europe from restraint in this matter of suicide, as in a good many others, and is leading a perpetually augmenting quantity of us to pitch away our lives as if we were throwing halfpence to a beggar. But this removal of religious hindrances has not grown up by itself. It is in no way a product of spontaneous generation. It has been, in part, a consequence of the resolute reaction toward liberty, and of the fierce revolt against all the forms of oppression of thought, which have so nobly distinguished the last hundred years; but it has also been, in a still larger degree, a result of the development among the lower classes of a hatred of moral control in any shape; and that hatred of control has sprung from a political education, which again, in its turn, has been rendered possible by the spread of the power of reading. Turn it as we will, the whole actual movement of Europe (with the single exception of Russia, where other and purely local causes are at work) comes back obstinately, in all its lower forms, to its one real source, the extension of schooling. The reading of the people of the continent means, in most cases, not useful knowledge, but unhealthy knowledge; not the knowledge which aids a man to rise, but the knowledge which provokes him to hate the man who has risen; not the knowledge which elevates and serves, but the knowledge which embitters and discontents. Yet even that knowledge is better than

no knowledge at all—for, at all events, it is strengthening men by making them think, though it be falsely; and furthermore, we have the resource of hoping, while we look at it with regret, that it will some day change its shape—that it will become transformed hereafter into an accepted guide to wholesomer convictions and to higher uses.

Meanwhile, however, it is what it is; and we have to accept it as it is; for it is incontestably better, in the interests of the world and of our age, to possess the knowledge, sophistical as it is, at the price of the suicide, than to suppress the suicide, insensate as it is, at the price of the knowledge. After all, more than a hundred and fifty millions of the inhabitants of Europe can read and write; while, thus far, only sixty thousand of them are proved to kill themselves each year; the numerical advantage remains, therefore, in favor of reading.

But still, though we may, philosophically and practically, take this large view of the case as a whole, it cannot be denied, all the same, that it would be a good thing if we could in any way persuade Europe to kill itself a little less. The example of the Russians, who do not practise suicide because they cannot read, is of no service in the matter—firstly, because we wish to maintain reading at any cost; secondly, because, if they have not ordinary suicide, they have a special form of it which is proper to themselves—they have Nihilism, which is suicide without death. Slavery, not schooling, has led them to that, so they lie outside the subject. It is not from their example that we shall learn anything useful. We must look elsewhere for hope. If suicide can be lessened at all (which for the present seems a good deal more than doubtful), it will be by directing reading rather than by attacking it; and it is too soon to try that yet. Meanwhile we must persuade ourselves that we are passing through a phase which, possibly, will cure itself. The real point for the moment is, what can be done in the interval? Religion will in no way help, as it used to do, for, in its great European sense, its power is gone. Catholicism is no longer able to be an oppressor, and it has not yet consented to become a friend. So, as we are in reality powerless, we must either fold our hands and look on, or we must appeal to quacks. Now it does so happen that the biggest quacks of our epoch are just now hunting about for a patient; the self-made doctors who profess to cure all social difficulties by "morals without religion," cannot, assuredly, desire a better chance than this one. If, by preaching "pure lay morality," they can stop the growing propensity to suicide, they will have made a first step toward proving that there is something in their physic. They have a fair field for the attempt, for they are turning religion out of the school in so many countries that they have few competitors to contend with. Let them try

their hand and show us what they can effect, in this useful and practical direction, to "secularize virtue," as M. Jules Ferry brags he is doing.

It is in no way because suicide is wrong that we want to see it curtailed a little ; its wrongness is the personal affair of the individual who commits it ; and furthermore, it would be most unjust and illogical to pretend that it is always necessarily wrong ; for not only is it estimated by the professors as a compulsory outcome, within certain limits, of all society, whether civilized or uncivilized, but it merits also to be regarded by all of us, in many of its realizations, with the compassionate, lenient half-indulgence which we usually accord to well-intentioned follies. And even if it were a hundred times more wrong than it is, our objections to its present luxuriance would have nothing to do with either the religious or the merely virtuous aspects of the case : they are based exclusively on governmental and educational grounds, for the reason that the present conformation of suicide is an altogether new one—a product of the action of education ; it is proper to our day—it is induced by the particular conditions of training which are now, for the first time, being applied in Europe. That training has served, thus far, to bring about not only independence, but also a certain destructiveness and subversiveness, in which suicide finds a natural place. It seems ridiculous for governments to have to confess that they cannot persuade their people not to kill themselves with wasteful abundance ; but there is the fact—they cannot.

And yet it is evident that deterring causes are still available, for they are continuing to act upon women with marked effect. Hope and fear are still operating on our wives and daughters, and are holding them back from too much suicide ; and however improbable it may appear at this moment that working men can be led to give much of their reading or much of their thoughts to the study of self-restraint, it would still be folly to suppose that hope and fear have ceased to be permanent institutions, affecting men as well as women, or that the populations of Denmark, Saxony, and Prussia are irretrievably delivered up to steadfast self-killing on the largest scale in Europe.

And we are all the more justified in imagining this, for the reason that, notwithstanding the largeness of their present practice of suicide, nations do seem to be a little ashamed of it. If they were not so, they would all assuredly have constituted a name of their own for it. But they have done nothing of the sort ; they have contented themselves with describing it by composite words. No national home-grown appellation for it exists anywhere. The term by which it is designated, whether it be self-murder or suicide, or any other, is never a pure national substantive ; it is always a manufactured mixture. The word suicide itself, which

is now so largely adopted, is not only of foreign origin, but is also of quite recent fabrication; it was invented by the Abbé Desfontaines. Does not this universal absence of a proper name for suicide indicate a sort of unconscious disavowal of it? If vocabularies are bashful about it, if no tongue has cared to hatch a local designation for it, may we not infer that, with all its prosperity, there has always been an unbidden shrinking from it? Silence is an argument, and here we have the most vigorous of all silences—the silence of languages. Such is the treatment which this strange process has received. It is an outcast from speech. And yet this unnamed exploit stands in between the two great joint principles which dominate humanity—attachment to life and the desire to be happy; it puts an end to life in order to be happy; it contradicts the natural rule that life should be spent in struggling against death; it dares to apply to men a procedure so contrary to instinct that no dumb animal can be led to it. In the days when people killed themselves so grandly that, in their vanity, they exclaimed, "Let us make death proud to take us," there was no local name for what they did. Even in the rare great cases, in which it may be said with truth, "*la vie est un opprobre et la mort est un devoir*," there is still no national title for self-killing. Of all the stigmas which have attached to it, there is not one more real. —*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE SCULPTURES ON THE FAÇADE OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

In the following attempt to investigate the principal or west façade, as well as the north and south lateral façades, of St. Mark's, it must be understood that no remarks will be made on the architectural construction and decoration of the church, although it would not be impossible to enter upon such a discussion of this unique monument from fresh and altered points of view. To many among those who are accustomed to look on it as a superlative work of art, or, it may be, as one of the "seven wonders of the world," this course may appear strange. We may even seem to be straying from the subject altogether in thus ignoring architecture when proposing to discuss this wonder of architecture. In deprecation of such a charge, I beg to remark beforehand that it is only a lacuna in the art-literature relating to St. Mark's which it is here attempted to supply.

When the Venetians built St. Mark's they obtained both their workmen and their materials from the Byzantine Empire. In so doing they followed, consciously or unconsciously, the example of Theodoric, King of the Goths, who, when building his palace and

churches at Ravenna, procured the advice and assistance of Byzantines. When, however, the Venetians took this step, toward the end of the tenth century, they took it alone. It did not occur to either Genoa or Pisa, the two rivals of the fast rising city of commerce, to bring the art-treasures of the East as a prize to their shores; and if they did conceive the idea afterward it was then too late. We read indeed in a ms. of the British Museum (Lansd. 720) that the people of Pisa had the choir in their cathedral embellished with marbles from various regions of the East, but, to judge from the portions still preserved there, this can have been but a scanty harvest. The farther the sovereignty of Islam stretched, and the more the Greeks were driven from their venerable churches (which, in the larger cities, remained on, often for centuries, in their own possession), the rarer did the Byzantine sculptures inevitably become. Byzantine sculptures do not share with those of Greece and Rome the good-fortune of being preserved beneath the sheltering mantle of the earth for the excavations and discoveries of the directors of European museums. Wherever the Turks set foot, there the monuments of sculpture containing figures suffered destruction or disfigurement. Jerome says somewhere that nearly all other cities were stripped to enhance the splendor of Constantinople. And yet what remains there, at the present day, of the forest of statues with which the Christian emperors adorned their capital? It is only with difficulty, and after a long search, that a few mournful remnants are discovered. Our writers on the history of art find themselves compelled to pass over the subject of the Byzantine sculptures in silence, or, what is still worse, to seek consolation for the loss of the monuments by asserting that they were of very insignificant value. The Venetians of the eleventh century were clearly of a different opinion, and we do not think it incumbent on us to blame them for having built some half a hundred most important Byzantine sculptured reliefs into the walls of their church.

Circumstances naturally made it easy for the Venetians to lay the ruins of the Byzantine East under contribution for this purpose, and we doubt not they spared no trouble to obtain all that was best of its kind; but at the present day it may well task our powers to discover from what churches or palaces, in this or the other land, all these relics of the past originally came. In truth, the architects of the façade of St. Mark's have created a museum of Byzantine sculpture which stands forth unique in the world; and as, in visiting any museum, we not only demand to see the works of art, but wish to be informed what they represent, what artists produced them, from what schools, cities, or countries they come, so, standing before the façade of St. Mark's, we cannot avoid asking similar questions.

In the year 1204 Constantinople had fallen into the hands of the Venetians and of Count Baldwin of Flanders, and subsequently the fourth part of the whole Levant was adjudged to the sceptre of the Doges. Immediately after the acquisition of Constantinople (on which occasion, according to the Byzantine writers, a most relentless pillage was carried on by the Latins); the Doge Dandolo conveyed the four bronze horses, which are still standing in front of St. Mark's, from Constantinople to Venice. Admirable as works of art, these horses are no less interesting on account of their history. For a long time they were pronounced to be the work of the Greek sculptor Lysippus; though the latest researches ascribe them, on far stronger grounds, to the Roman period of art. When in Constantinople, they are supposed to have stood on four pillars in front of Sta. Sophia, but this (as Salzenberg has shown) is impossible, the pillars being too small to act as bases for them. A Florentine monk, writing about Constantinople in 1422, gives a somewhat different account. He says that the base of the monument was formed of four porphyry pillars, but that it stood near the statue of Constantine, and therefore at some distance from the church of Sta. Sophia. In two still older and thoroughly reliable informants we find a statement that "the figures of the four gilded horses were set up above the Hippodrome." So says an anonymous topographer of the middle of the eleventh century, and so also says Georgius Codinus, who wrote from older sources of information, probably before the fall of the Byzantine Empire. These writers concur in stating that the group was brought from the island of Chios in the reign of Theodosius the younger, that is to say, in the beginning of the fifth century, thus contradicting the general belief diffused throughout the West, that it was brought from Rome by Constantine, after having successively adorned the triumphal arches of Nero and of Trajan. After standing for eight or nine centuries on the Golden Horn, the horses remained undisturbed for another five hundred years in their station above the principal entrance of St. Mark's. The oldest representation of the façade—a Byzantine mosaic incorporated in the church itself—shows them there in exactly the same position as does the view of the façade in the celebrated picture by Gentile Bellini, painted in 1496, and the numerous paintings by Antonio Canale and his nephew Bellotto, of the eighteenth century. On extraordinary festivals the Venetians may very likely have taken them down from their lofty position, and set them up before the Doge's palace on gayly decorated pedestals. In fact, we find them so placed in a large picture by Antonio Canale, in the Royal Collection at Windsor, which the artist has dated by inscribing on the pedestal of one of the horses, "In the year 1332 after the foundation of the city," i.e., of Ven-

the Bonaparte had them brought to Paris in 1797, and they remained in the Place du Carrousel until 1814, when they were conveyed by the Emperor Francis back to their old position in Venice. The belief of the mediæval Venetians, that these horses were masterpieces of Greek art in its best days, was not without its consequences in the history of art. During the middle of the fifteenth century, when the classic authors were eagerly studied over all Italy, the Venetians were the first to conceive the idea of honoring their greatest generals with bronze statues in imitation of the antique; and since their own artists were unable to undertake the execution of such great works, the Republic called in the aid of the foremost artists of Florence. Such was the origin of the bronze equestrian statues of Gattamelata by Donatello, and of Colleoni by Verrocchio—the first equestrian figures of modern times, and the only ones belonging to the fifteenth century. The inspiration for these noble statues was no doubt derived from the horses of St. Mark; and thus it has come to pass that a group which was intended merely to decorate the church, has in course of time acquired a special and important historical significance.

But the importance of every work of art is at best but relative, and to arrive at a correct understanding and just appreciation of it is only possible when we have works of the same age at hand for comparison. To do full justice to the Byzantine sculptures on the façade of St. Mark's we must first inquire into their history. And since the printed chronicles and descriptions of Venice afford us no information, we are compelled to have recourse to the archives of the Republic. A French nobleman, in the diary of his Italian journey, which has been preserved among the manuscripts of the British Museum, writing immediately after the great fire at the Doge's palace in the year 1577, says: "Tous les papiers de la seigneurie, tous les registres, et comptes, publics et particuliers, avec les papiers des notaires (qui avaient tous là dedans leurs études) et infinis aultres offices, comme procureurs et advocats, furent brûlés, sans que chose aucune en soit restée." This, however, may be an exaggeration, for the archives of the Doge's palace still contain documents which are not only numerous but of great age. Nevertheless, I must confess to having searched through them in vain for any information relating to the origin of the reliefs. One chronicler, indeed, who might have given us the information from documentary evidence, contents himself with the following disappointing remark: "If I wished to give the sources of the different reliefs with which St. Mark's is adorned, I should be obliged to relate the history of all the expeditions ever undertaken by the Venetians." The tradition of the modern East on this subject is remarkable. Whenever I have visited ruins, even of the wretchedest description, on the sites of any celebrated old Byzantine buildings,

whether in Turkey, Asia Minor, or Syria, on my asking the natives whether any fragments of sculpture existed in the neighborhood, the same answer was invariably returned, "All the marbles have been carried off by the Venetians."

Unfortunately, it is only in isolated cases that we can now hazard any definite conjectures as to the origin of these treasures. Beneath the balustrade which protects the four horses there are five bas-reliefs, placed between the seven arches of the façade. Unequal in size, they are also unequal in artistic value; and their subjects are so different as to show plainly that it is only by chance that they have been placed together. Still, in some cases, they form pendants. Those, for instance, at the extreme north and south ends of the façade represent two of the Labors of Hercules. In the one we see the hero in a mantle hanging down upon his back; while on his left shoulder lies the Erymanthian wild boar, which he is firmly grasping, with both hands held over his head. In the second his attitude is the same, but he carries the hind of Diana. That these two mythological representations were not originally designed for the façade of a church is self evident. Out of the Twelve Labors of Hercules, the third and fourth, following the customary computation, have here been selected, and we may assume for certain that the tablets originally belonged to a complete series of the deeds of the hero. The remaining pieces, however, are not to be found in Venice; and from this we may conclude that the Venetians were probably not able to get possession of the entire cycle. Representations of the Labors of Hercules are not uncommon among the monuments of Greek and Roman art. But what lends a special and peculiar importance to the two tablets in question is the style in which they are executed. The firm drawing of the outlines, the very flat modelling, and the quick movement of the figure, at once betray the hand of a Byzantine artist. The drawing is so correct, and the composition of the figure so skilful, that it is impossible to assign them to a time later than the fourth or fifth century after Christ—the age of Constantine and Theodosius, when the traditions of antiquity were still held in honor in the erection of public monuments. We are not afraid of being accused of exaggeration when we maintain that no city of the East, no museum in Europe, possesses Byzantine marble reliefs so exquisite in conception and execution as these. We can, indeed, only compare them in this respect to the best mosaics ever executed by the artists of the capital on the Golden Horn, and are therefore inclined to believe that both reliefs owe their origin to Constantinople. If this inference is correct, we may possibly also succeed in pointing out the monument to which they originally belonged. An old Byzantine writer, Hesychius of Miletus, mentions, in the fragment of a work on the origin of Byzantium, that one of the towers in the walls of Constan-

tinople was called the Tower of Hercules, the "walls" being doubtless those built by Constantine and Theodosius. Later writers speak still more clearly of the so-called Tower of Hercules. Thus Manuel Chrysolarus, in his comparison of the old and new Rome: "Who can sufficiently admire the Golden Gate, and the marble towers on it, with the contests of Hercules, of the best and most admirable art?" There can be no doubt that the Golden Gate here mentioned now forms a part of the walls of a Turkish fortress, Jedikule, the so-called castle of the Seven Towers; but, unfortunately, nothing is now visible of the reliefs which once adorned it. If the Venetians carried off two of the Labors of Hercules, it would seem that the remaining ones were still to be seen on the spot in the middle of the seventeenth century; for Bulialdus, in his commentary on Johannes Ducas's "History of the Fall of the Byzantine Empire," says, without taking any notice of their incompleteness: "It is still possible to observe the Labors of Hercules, hewn out of marble, which adorned the Golden Gate. They were, however," he adds, "together with the whole circuit of the wall, so plastered over with whitewash when I saw them in the year 1647 that the beauty of the sculpture was lost to the eye."

Two other reliefs, depicting subjects from the ancient mythology, and belonging to the Byzantine epoch of art, are to be found on the south façade of St. Mark's. First, there is a woman standing upright, enveloped in a long tunic, and bearing a crown on her head. A palm-branch is visible in her left hand, while her right, which is stretched out in front of her, holds a wreath. The emblems of the wreath and palm point to a Victory, while the crown is the distinctive mark of the tutelary goddess of a city. The figures of Victory of classic antiquity are winged, and are not so composed and dignified in their bearing as this Byzantine woman, whose solemn step recalls the archaic Greek representations of Pallas Promachos. The figure can scarcely have served for any other purpose, whether in Constantinople or any other capital of the East, than to adorn a triumphal arch. Thus there are still to be found on the gate of the Kynegos, in the vicinity of the Blachernæ, in Constantinople, two large and magnificent marble reliefs, representing winged figures of Victory. The crowned figure on St. Mark's was doubtless intended as a personification of the city, whose triumphal arch it adorned; and the wreath and the palm must bear reference to the victorious emperor, whose exclusive right it was to ride through the arch. Secondly, on the same wall of the south façade is a relief representing the sun-god in a chariot drawn by three griffins, and in all probability dating from the ninth or tenth century.

The Venetians of the middle ages, when decorating their church, had no religious scruple in admitting the mythological subjects just

described : for although Christianity became paramount in the Byzantine Empire, and the statues of the gods were given up to destruction, partly at the behest of the emperors and the Church, partly through the fanaticism of the populace, it was impossible altogether to destroy the prevailing pagan traditions. In the East as in the West, though the belief in the gods was extirpated, the heroic legends were preserved by general consent ; for the deeds of a Hercules could very well live on in the mouths of the people without causing any detriment to the belief in the Gospels. On the other hand the worship of Aphrodite, Hera, or Athens, could not subsist side by side with that of the Virgin, although the Parthenon at Athens was, at an early date, consecrated as a temple to the Virgin. But along with the dispeopling of Olympus there lived, as deep in the hearts of the people, a feeling of the glory of the statues of the gods. Thus it is not surprising that at this time, even in depicting scenes from the Biblical narrative, female figures of an antique type should appear as representations of cities. Indeed, they may have occurred more frequently in this connection than in the historical delineations of ancient art itself. Suppose, for example, that a Byzantine artist desired to depict, either in mosaic or wall-painting, a simple scene like the Flight into Egypt : he would not merely represent the Virgin riding upon an ass, with the Babe in her arms, and Joseph walking by her side, in accordance with the treatment adopted in the West, but opposite the Virgin he would place an antique figure with a crown and regal symbols, bending forward in devotion from the gate of a city. This figure is apparently the personification of the kingdom of Egypt, and there was no thought of its being meant to represent a heathen divinity ; for other Byzantine representations of the entry of the Holy Family into the cities of Egypt exist, in which the statues of the gods, ranged along the streets, are shown falling to the ground on the approach of the Infant Christ.

In Old Testament scenes, also, such as Joshua's battles, the beleaguered city is represented not simply by buildings and high walls, but, in addition, by a female figure seated near the city, clad in antique costume, and with the mural crown upon her head. So noble and dignified are these figures that they might easily be mistaken for Olympian goddesses, if the names of Jericho, Ai, Gibeon, etc., added to them, did not make it certain that they are meant to be personifications of the respective cities. This is further evidenced by the expression of their countenances, and by their whole bearing, in which the artist has expressed with great skill the issue of the battle and the fortunes of the city. Such representations of divinities typifying cities, in conjunction with historical occurrences, are extremely rare among the monuments of pagan antiquity, and are hardly ever met with in the monuments

of the earliest Greek art. One exception to the rule is to be found on the celebrated vase of Darius, in the Naples Museum, in which the Persian king is represented holding a council of war, and receiving tribute from the provinces, typified by female figures. Such a mode of representation is also entirely foreign to the older Christian painting and sculpture of Italy. It occurs in no relief, in no mosaic or wall-painting, and in no illumination of Italian art, during the first ten centuries of our era. Byzantine art, on the other hand, not only permits, but makes frequent use of semi-pagan personifications of victories or divinities typifying cities; and they form, in fact, one of the most interesting phenomena of the history of art, in the transition from the antique to the Christian world.

Among the Byzantine sculptures in the outer walls of St. Mark's there still remain two which represent not Christian, but mythological subjects. These mythological groups consist each of four medallions. The scenes depicted in them are partly taken from the models of classic antiquity, such as Amor riding upon a lion and playing the flute; two eagles, one fighting with a snake, the other seated upon a hare; or a griffin attacking a deer. Others indicate an Asiatic influence, such as the curious group of four lions, placed two and two, facing one another, and with one head in common. Another of these medallions shows a boy with a drawn sword, fighting a lion; another, a gazelle, ridden by a naked man, with a sword in his hand. The meaning of these representations is very obscure, and they probably refer to popular traditions now fallen into oblivion.

The sculptures referring to Christian belief are, as might be expected, more numerous than the mythological representations on the facade of St. Mark's, and although the subjects they contain are not, in the majority of cases, of an unusual character, they nevertheless require very careful consideration, being almost the only examples preserved to us of an art the monuments of which are rarely to be met with elsewhere. The principal doorway is ornamented by two bas-reliefs let into the wall, one on each side, and at first sight exactly alike. Each shows a knight, clad in a Byzantine coat-of-mail, and seated upon a kind of throne, with a sword across his lap, which he is in the act of drawing out of the scabbard. They are St. Demetrius, proconsul and martyr of Saloniki, and St. George, the canonized slayer of the dragon, who suffered martyrdom in Nicomedia. These are still among the saints most revered in the Christian East. Two of the most beautiful churches in Saloniki, now converted into mosques, are dedicated to them, and are two of the noblest specimens of architecture in the Levant. The mosaics in the cupola of St. George's, representing sacred and fantastic subjects, and the magnificent incrus-

tations of rare marbles in St. Demetrius, are unique and incomparable of their kind. In the latter church there is a sepulchral monument, erected by a Venetian sculptor in the year 1480, to a Greek, Lucas Ospandonnes. The Venetians had, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, purchased the principality of Saloniki from Andronikos Palaiologos, the brother of the Emperor John VI. ; but even before the first taking of the city by the Turks, under the Sultan Bajasid, they were at home there, and thus the two reliefs in question very possibly belonged to churches of Thessalonica built in the fifth century. In fact, they bear evident traces of having been executed in that century, the most flourishing period of Byzantine art. The Latin characters in which the names of the saints are now inscribed on the marble must not lead us into error as to the reliefs themselves ; for these letters are cut into the marble, while Byzantine inscriptions were raised in relief on the surface. What is most surprising in the figures of these knights is the spirit in which they are conceived. We are accustomed to see St. George bounding forward on his horse, and piercing the dragon's body with his spear. Raphael has thus portrayed him in his charming little picture in the Hermitage Gallery of St. Petersburg, thus following Donatello, by whom the subject was similarly treated in a relief at Or San Michele, Florence. But in the Byzantine relief at St. Mark's the knight is seated all but motionless upon his throne—the very antithesis of the eager enthusiasm common to all the representations of the saint in Western art. Without rising from his seat, he draws his sword so hesitatingly that we are inclined to doubt whether irresolution be intended, or indeed whether he is not rather returning the sword into the scabbard. However this may be, it is certain that, in whatever part of the Byzantine world St. George was represented, he was looked upon as in glory, sitting in sacred calm upon his throne, with his hand on the handle of his sword, which can no longer be unsheathed with any propriety in heaven. The same remarks may be applied to the figure of Demetrius ; but, in the representations of this saint the conception which we see on the façade of St. Mark's is not the only one to be met with. In the narthex of the monastery church of Cheropotamos, at Mount Athos, he is represented as at St. Mark's, with youthful features and without a beard, in a standing posture, and dressed in the long official robes of a baron of the Byzantine Empire, while his right hand grasps a cross as symbol of the faith. According to a modern inscription affixed to it, this relief does not come from the celebrated church of Demetrius at Saloniki, but from Constantinople ; and, like that of St. Mark's, it is a production of the fifth century.

Of Byzantine reliefs containing single figures, there are to be found on the principal façade of St. Mark's only a Madonna and a

figure of the archangel Michael. These two, both in execution and conception, have a character entirely their own, and diverse from Western art. Whether we go to the painting of Cimabue at Santa Croce, in Florence ; or to the two world-renowned pictures of the archangel, by Raphael, in the Salon Carré of the Louvre ; or to the equally popular painting by Guido, in the Church of the Capuchins at Rome, Michael is always the same mighty hero, with foot advanced, trampling beneath him the dragon of the ancient mythology, transfixing in head or neck by the spear. In the Byzantine relief of St. Mark's, on the contrary, the archangel stands before us in solemn repose, as though awaiting the command of his Lord. Two mighty wings are visible on his shoulders ; his right hand grasps a globe with a cross upon it, the symbol of the earth ; his left a sceptre, or rather herald's staff, such as we find borne by the messengers of princes as early as Homer.

No less interesting, even though unimportant from an artistic point of view, is the figure of the Madonna, which probably dates from about the sixth century. She is not associated with the infant Christ, but stands alone, upright, and stretching out both her arms in prayer, in the act of offering up intercession for those who commend themselves to her protection. This conception is entirely in accordance with the fresco paintings of the early Christian catacombs. In these, however, the female figure had, at least before the age of Constantine, quite a different significance from that which it has since assumed. It is not commonly known that, among something like three hundred wall-paintings of the Christian art of the second and third centuries in the catacombs of Rome and Naples, only four or five representations of the Madonna occur, always in combination with two, three, or four magi worshipping the Infant Christ, and not in any single instance distinguished by a nimbus. On the other hand, the same series of pictures contains about thirty single representations of women in exactly the same attitude as that at St. Mark's—and these admittedly not pictures of the Madonna, but either portraits of dead ladies or personifications of the Church. It is only in later centuries that the same figure in Byzantine art has come to be explained as a Madonna ; and this is one example out of many of the way in which the oldest conceptions of Christian art lived on among the Byzantines long after they had disappeared from Western art.

Among the single figures of the south façade, the most prominent are the four Evangelists, of almost life size. They are apparently productions of the Byzantine art of the fifth century. In their conception and execution there is nothing extraordinary. The Evangelists are continually occurring in Byzantine art, especially in illuminated manuscripts. But if we compare these with the reliefs, it is at once evident that from an artistic point of view the

latter are far superior to all other representations of the same subject. Nothing can be more natural than the solemn deliberation with which these holy men are here writing down their narratives. The parchment roll or book in which they write, lies, in Oriental fashion, upon their knees. John is not, as in Western representations, a youth, but an old man with a long beard; for, according to the tradition of the Church, he wrote his Gospel in extreme old age, and the Apocalypse in his earlier years; and accordingly, in the representation on St. Mark's, he is writing his Gospel on a roll on his right knee, while a closed book, evidently the Apocalypse, lies upon his left. In later Byzantine miniatures the same idea is expressed, less skilfully, but with more directness, by placing him in the foreground as an old man, busied with the composition of his Gospel, while in the background he is depicted with the Apocalypse in his hand.

There can be no doubt as to the date of these figures of the Evangelists, since we possess works of precisely the same character and style of execution, and of unquestionable date, in the Byzantine ivories in the chair of Maximian at Ravenna—the same Bishop Maximian whose portrait is preserved in the celebrated mosaic in the church of San Vitale at Ravenna. When that church was consecrated by Maximian in the year 547, the mosaics of the choir, in which the four Evangelists occur, were already completed. If, however, we compare these celebrated and much admired mosaics with the reliefs on St. Mark's, which are passed over with such indifference by our savants and connoisseurs, it cannot be denied that the latter are in every respect entitled to the preference, and we may conclude that at that time, in Byzantium at any rate, sculpture stood at least upon the same level as mosaic. At all events, the mosaic-workers of San Vitale would have done well to work on such plastic models as the Venetians possess the credit of having rescued from Constantinople.

It still remains for us to describe the reliefs in which entire compositions are depicted. We may first mention some fragments belonging to the attica of an early Christian sarcophagus, which are let into the wall above one of the doorways of the principal facade. They contain eleven different subjects from the New Testament, such as the Annunciation of the Angels to the Shepherds, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Miracle at Cana, and Christ between the Apostles Paul and Peter. We find an abundance of similar reliefs in the museums of the papal palaces at Rome, brought from the atria of the oldest basilicas, and, generally speaking, not inferior in artistic value to the fragments on St. Mark's. But, notwithstanding, we must look on those of St. Mark's as unique, because they are Greek work, and of a kind of which little or nothing else has survived destruction. The great care bestowed

on an operation so difficult and laborious as the carving of a great number of small figures, disconnected from the background, would imply that the sarcophagus from which the fragments were taken belonged to the tomb of some great personage—a prince, perhaps even an emperor. The Latin Crusaders of 1204—and the Venetians were probably no exceptions—are accused of breaking open the tombs of saints, emperors, and empresses, and carrying off their clothes, if they contained any gold or silver, and of using the marble sarcophagi as mangers for their horses. The imperial sarcophagi, which supplied the sculptures above enumerated, lay at that time close to the Church of the Apostles in Byzantium, founded by Constantine in the Heron built by Justinian's wife, Theodora. This church is now completely obliterated, and its site covered by the mosque of Mehemmedieh, the sole remains of this St. Denys of the Byzantine emperors being a few clumsy sarcophagi, still to be found in the court of the Serail, and shown, we know not with what justice, as those of Constantine, Helena, and Julian the Apostate.

ALL that is known at the present day of Byzantine art after the seventh century presents it to us in an unfavorable light, and the late Byzantine sculptures in the façade of St. Mark's confirm us in this judgment. We shall therefore here refer to only two of them, which merit attention on account of the peculiarity of their subjects. They are in the south wall. In the centre of one of them is represented a throne—the heavenly throne of Christ, although Christ himself is not represented as occupying it: but on the throne are set three symbols typifying his person—viz., a cross with six arms, a medallion containing the figure of a lamb, and a crown. On each side of the throne, and looking up to it, stand six lambs, and behind them, closing in the composition, are two palm-trees and four vases. As to the meaning of these symbols, all doubt is removed by the Greek inscription beneath the relief. The lambs are the "holy apostles"; the lamb upon the throne is "the holy Lamb." Such representations are by no means uncommon among the oldest mosaics in the apses of the churches at Ravenna and Rome, which also show that the palm-trees are no idle accessory, but signify Paradise. Further search, however, discloses some essential points of difference between the Byzantine and the Latin works. Thus at Rome, in SS. Cosma e Damiano, the Lamb of God stands in the midst of the lambs which typify the apostles, on a hill from which flow the four streams of Paradise, while here he is represented only on a small medallion. On the other hand, the throne of God, which is entirely wanting in the Latin representations, here forms the principal and central point of the composition, and indeed supplies the title for the entire piece, which in the Byzantine terminology is called *Hetoimasia tou tronou*, "the

preparation of the throne," that is, of the Day of Judgment. The same representation frequently occurs in Byzantine illuminations, the throne being sometimes given by itself without any additional emblem. In this we may recognize the oldest form of the symbol, and the original conception thus becomes more clearly evident. In conformity with the metaphorical language of the Bible, the throne of a king or emperor is used as the symbol of the sovereignty and power of God, but there is no material sign to express the personality of the invisible God. A turning-point at length came, even in Constantinople, when these symbols of primitive Christian art were abandoned. Thus we read in a resolution passed in a council of the year 692 that "a lamb has been employed as the symbol of grace to signify Christ our Lord, the true Lamb according to the Scriptures. We honor these old types and images, which have been bequeathed to the Church as the likenesses and symbols of the reality; but we prefer the truth yet more, as it is displayed to us in the fulfilling of the law. Wherefore, that every one may have this fulfilment plainly before his eyes, we enjoin that for the future, instead of the lamb of earlier art, Christ, the Lamb who bears the sins of the world, be represented in his human form." This decree, so important for the history of art, gives us a reliable clew to the date of the relief above described, which, it is evident, must have been executed before the end of the seventh century.

Another reproduction of a wall-painting or mosaic is to be found in the second relief on the same wall. Here, as usual in historical representations of primitive Christian art, two different scenes are combined in the same composition. On the left is Abraham, leading the boy Isaac by the hand. Isaac carries on his back the wood for the sacrifice; Abraham holds in his left hand a great vessel, in the shape of a bowl, and doubtless representing the patriarchal tinder-box, for the Fathers and theologians of the Church speculated much as to how Abraham kindled the sacrificial fire on Moriah. In the second scene Isaac is lying bound upon the earth before a burning altar, while Abraham, standing behind him, lays his left hand upon Isaac's head, and with face averted lifts the knife in his right hand, ready to deliver the fatal blow. Behind him stands a lofty tree, with a lamb below it, and amid the branches of the tree appears a hand, the usual symbol of the Voice of God, on which Abraham bends his gaze. This recalls the similar representations of the subject at San Vitale in Ravenna. There the hand appears in the clouds, in place of the cherub of Western iconography. In the pictures of the Roman catacombs neither of these representations is employed. In fact, in the earliest representations in the catacombs, it is evident that human sacrifice is, of set purpose, only indirectly indicated, since Isaac is shown stand-

ing near his father with the wood on his back, while Abraham points calmly with his hand to the altar standing before them.

On the north side of St. Mark's, near the entrance to the courtyard of the Doge's palace, is a relief executed in porphyry. It represents four Oriental princes, embracing one another in couples. These have given rise to the most various explanations, and are pointed out as objects of peculiar interest. Guides and guide-books alike direct attention to 'hem, and few visitors to the City of the Lagunes can have passed them by without notice. Why they should be thought worthy of such special attention (being, as they are, of very inferior artistic value) it would be difficult to explain. Perhaps it is because they are close to a door through which people are continually passing, and are thus easily seen. They were brought from Ptolemais. The crowns of the emperors show indentations which possibly once contained costly jewels. The embraces appear to us to symbolize a sort of solemn reconciliation, hardly a joint sovereignty, as Burckhardt and other interpreters would have us believe. For assuredly neither the artists of Italy nor of Byzantium would have satisfied their princely patrons if they had attempted to express association in sovereignty by this act of tenderness.

The decorations of the upper portions of the façade were completed as late as the fourteenth century, since the ornaments of that part are in the Gothic style, and Byzantine sculptures are wholly wanting. Of the building of the lower portion of the façade, no one has yet ascertained the exact date, and Mr. Ruskin says that "it is very difficult to speak with confidence respecting the date of any part of the exterior of St. Mark's," but that "it will be enough for the reader to remember that the earliest parts of the building belong to the eleventh, twelfth, and first part of the thirteenth century; the Gothic portions to the fourteenth." That is to say, the Venetians must have been at work at the façade during fully three hundred years. We must beg the reader's indulgence for briefly mentioning the arguments by which this conclusion is arrived at. The topographers and historians of Venice inform us that St. Mark's was consecrated under the Doge Vitale Fallieri. Now, as his reign falls within the years 1084 and 1096, an approximately exact date is at once found sufficiently near for the art student. Every visitor to St. Mark's knows that six doors now lead into the entrance-hall, or narthex (formerly there were eight), while seven lead into the interior, and it has been for long remarked that the façade inclosing the entrance-hall does not at all harmonize with the plan of the church. In the time of Ridolfi a Latin verse indicating the year 1071 as the date of completion stood inscribed over the principal entrance of the church. But as this inscription can only refer to the church, and not to the façade and

entrance-hall, we are still left in uncertainty as to the date of the latter. Now, Mr. Ruskin assumes that the façade now in front of the entrance-hall, was, at least in its commencement, contemporaneous with the building of the church, a supposition which appears to be founded principally on the style of the mosaics on the façade, the date of which is not given by any inscription, which resemble nothing else in Italy, and can, in short, only be properly estimated by comparing them with similar monuments of the East; which Mr. Ruskin admits that he has never seen. Under these circumstances the only proper course will be to base the decision on documents, whether it be contracts or accounts relating to the building, or inscriptions recording the names of the architects. The former are lost, but the latter have happily to some extent been preserved. On the second door of the entrance-hall there formerly stood—so I find in the archives of Venice—the following inscription: “MCCC Magister Bertucius Aurifex Venetus me fecit.” It was thus in the year 1300 that the building of the lower portion of the entrance-hall was begun. The builder was a Venetian, at once an architect and a goldsmith, the latter more than the former. This need not surprise us, for during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance the goldsmiths stood on exactly the same footing as the masters of the other fine arts. To give only one of the most striking instances; the far-famed painter of Bologna, Francesco Francia, prefers, in his pictures, to designate himself as “artificer in gold” (*aurifex*), while in his goldsmith’s work he calls himself “painter.” If we look more closely at Bertucius’s door at St. Mark’s, the first thing that strikes us is how few figures are employed in it by way or ornament. The fine ornament surrounding the archivolt reminds us, in fact, much more of filigree-work. This fact affords a basis for settling the date of the façade. It lies in the very nature of things that the separate doors were not built at times remote from one another. Bertucius’s door stands to the left of the principal entrance, while that on the right resembles it so closely that the one might be mistaken for the other, and therefore may also have been his work. The upper part of the principal doorway, with its rich ornamentation, is indeed the only one which, on different grounds, may be assigned to a more recent rather than an older date. To sum up our argument: the façade is in all its essential parts a work of the fourteenth century. The figurative ornamentation of the principal entrance is the work, probably, not of Byzantine, but of native artists, and belongs, without the least doubt, to the beginning of the same century.

These sculptures deserve our thorough attention in more than one respect—not least because they represent the earliest efforts of Venetian sculpture. Venetian plastic art during the fourteenth century is almost wholly unknown outside the city; but any one who

is intimately acquainted with the monuments in the churches of Venice cannot for a moment doubt that it was far superior to the painting of the same date, and that the great Venetian painters of the fifteenth century had more to learn from the sculptors than from the painters of their native state. It has been said that the first great master of Italian sculpture, Andrea Pisano, was the author of the oldest non-Byzantine sculptures on the façade of St. Mark's; but this would be to do them too much honor. In admiring them it has hitherto unhappily been the fashion to stop short at a general survey, and we ask in vain why it is that the sculptures of the principal façade have never yet been separately described and explained. No other reason suggests itself for this than the extraordinary variety of invention and the great wealth of composition which they display. The visitors to Venice are—not too idle or too superficial perhaps—but, let us say too busy, to spend their time in the examination of the details of such complicated compositions. And yet these compositions are, before all things, to the last degree remarkable in their details; still more so even than in their artistic finish. Design and modelling may have been brought to an equal or greater degree of finish; but the subjects here handled by Venetian artists are simply unique of their kind.

• The three semicircular archivolts of the principal doorway, one within the other, are ornamented on the inner, as well as the outer surfaces, with compositions containing figures. The large external arch is adorned with rich foliage and roses, in the taste of the best Egypto-Arabian ornamentation, and, as usual in early Christian monuments, proceeding from two vases. The spaces are filled up with eight holy men looking upward to Christ, a beardless youth, at the summit of the arch. At the crown of the same arch is a medallion, with the Lamb of God, held by two angels; and below it on each side are twelve very remarkable representations of the handicrafts of Venice. First come the ship-builders, then follow the vintners, occupied in drawing liquor from the vats. Then the bake-house and the shambles, matched on the opposite side by a dairy, and by masons and shoemakers. These are followed by the hairdressers, and here we can see the dandies of ancient Venice having their hair pressed with curling-irons. Next come coopers, carpenters, smiths, and finally fishermen, who are placed opposite the ship-builders. The meaning of the figures on the outer side of the smaller internal archivolt is more enigmatical. At the apex is seated a woman in antique costume, with her feet crosswise upon the ground. In each hand she holds a medallion, and beside her stand or sit sixteen women with loose-flowing hair, the majority having scrolls in their hands, which once probably bore their names. These are undoubtedly personifications of virtues. Here, for instance, is a youthful woman with flowing locks,

tearing open the jaws of a lion with her hands, and representing Strength. There is Justice, holding a pair of scales in her right hand. A third is Love, with a crown upon her head. The inner side of the arch is filled by twelve representations of the months, in the style then in vogue for ornamenting illuminated manuscripts and calendars, and showing how people for the most part employed themselves in Venice during the different seasons.

To the figures on the inmost archivolt, no religious or theological signification can be attached; but it is perhaps precisely on this account that they are so very interesting. A cock is sitting upon a vine, pecking a bunch of grapes, while a fox looks up longingly from below; a wolf is seen pursuing a lamb, and an eagle clutches a hare. Round these scenes runs a band of foliage, issuing from a woman reclining on the ground, and offering her breast to a serpent and a man. "Mater terra" is the explanation of this enigmatical figure, which we find in several Italian manuscripts of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries; and we may therefore conclude that this representation—possibly borrowed from the Northern, in no case from the ancient classic, mythology—had already found its way elsewhere into Italy. How proud the citizens of Venice formerly were of the adornment of the façade of their church is clearly proved by the fact that they placed a view of it in mosaic above one of the side doors of the principal entrance. This is the sole Byzantine mosaic still remaining there, although at one time the whole of the lunettes were ornamented with them.

If the restoration to which it is proposed to subject the façade of St. Mark's is to end in a really favorable result, and one that shall harmonize with the past of the building, it must unquestionably do more than merely seek to preserve it as it exists at present. To refer to only one point; in the time of Bellini the sculptures on the arches of the principal entrance were gilt, whereas at the present day they are almost blackened by dust and soot. Fresh gilding would assuredly be beneficial if these figures are to be clearly recognized and enjoyed with the naked eye. Our business, however, is with the Byzantine sculptures; and as far as they are concerned, no greater service could be done to art than by ceasing to expose the originals—which, as we have explained, have scarcely anything resembling them at the present day—to the influence of the weather, and replacing them by good copies; while the originals, which in their present position can hardly be enjoyed at all, might be brought together in a museum, where they would at any rate be preserved in security from the risk of further deterioration.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER, in *Macmillan's Magazine*,

ON THE SOURCES OF GERMAN DISCONTENT.

Not long ago a keen-sighted, painstaking Frenchman, one of those excellent officials who do so much for France, and of whom France has so little to say, published a work upon "The Material Strength of Germany," to be followed by a second upon "The Moral Strength of Germany." In it M. Legoyt emphatically puts his countrymen on their guard against construing too literally the current phrases about "the canker which is eating into the core of Germany," "the disunion which is paralyzing her members," "the alarming fact that her military power is out of all proportion to her wealth," etc. He who would take the *noce hostem* to heart must arrive at a directly opposite conclusion. In M. Legoyt's eyes, Germany's military organization cannot be sufficiently admired, not only on account of its efficiency, but also for its cheapness, the care taken of, and the comparatively small sacrifice demanded from, the individual soldier. He sees German commerce and German manufactures flourishing, notwithstanding a temporary depression. Agriculture seems steadily improving, the population of the ancient "human reservoir" rapidly increasing despite emigration, and he is convinced that any relative deficiency of capital is amply supplied by the spirit and habits of association of the German people. Everything shows that he is likely to pronounce the administration, the public-school system, and the dispensation of justice in Germany to be in no less enviable a condition than the army, and that he will hold them up to his fellow-countrymen as examples equally worthy of imitation.

Thus an unbiassed foreigner. But what, we may ask, would he say could he enter into the feelings of the German, the dreams of whose youth are realized, who can remember the censorship and secret tribunals, the passport system and police *surveillance*, the residence licenses, the petty restrictions of custom-house and guild, who has passed through the dreary stillness of the last reign, and is now free to come and go as he pleases, without let or hindrance, and finds the Houses of Parliament and the halls of justice, the electioneering meetings and the newspaper columns, echoing with that deafening tumult which he once longed so ardently to hear; the German who has seen his native country, once torn asunder, the arena of foreign intrigues, the apple of discord for two great powers, and the laughing-stock of political

Europe, finally emerge from a short struggle united, strong, and respected, without having had to suffer from the terrible private and personal evils by which changes so great have elsewhere been attended. Well, what is it after all that such a German feels? Is it satisfied pride? The elation of confidence? The healthful glow which comes from the conscious exercise of strength? These indeed may be the feelings of those who reside abroad, from New York to San Francisco, from Yokohama to Singapore, from Manchester to Malaga—everywhere, in short, where German industry has founded for itself a new home. In the mother country, from the centre of all this new glory, we hear another tale.

"The soup might have had more flavor, in fine,
The joint have been browner, choicer the wine."—*Goethe*.

The lower orders are becoming demoralized; manufactures and commerce are growing unscrupulous; the Press has fallen into the hands of the Jews, government into that of place-hunters; even science herself has become a lifeless trade or a means for attaining ends she is a stranger to; the simplicity of former times is disappearing, yet richer, more elegant forms of existence do not take its place; higher culture is steadily decreasing while material affluence, which, at any rate, would bring substantial comfort in its train as a compensation, is still wanting; the refined Idealism of the olden time is at an end, but the Realism of to-day makes its entrance without that unpretentious simplicity which might be its excuse; the wide cosmopolitan views of our youth have given way to a narrow, coarse Chauvinism, yet the new-fangled patriotism, while ever ready to boast, shrinks from self-sacrifice. The continual interference of Parliament is corrupting our excellent bureaucracy, but the "*Geheimräthe*" do not allow a healthy development of genuine parliamentary life to take place: on the one side there is nothing but servility, militarism, and rigid drill; on the other, insubordination, disrespect, and the free and easy ways of the *carabin*; on all sides half-culture.

Not a day but brings to the German abroad complaints of this kind. Nor are these lamentations confined to the suffering poor, to those who have definite grievances to complain of, or to such as are pressed into service as soldiers, jurymen, or municipal councillors; they proceed from the bulk of the educated classes, as speaking through periodicals, books, letters, and conversations. From these I, of course, except the Ultramontanes, as much because in Germany the number of highly educated men among them is very limited, as because these few are not properly speaking Germans, as they only have the language in common with us, but neither our State, religion, philosophy, nor literature, all of which as elements of our modern nationality have developed and established themselves since the time of Luther—a fact which is unreservedly

acknowledged by all the liberal Catholics themselves. No, it is from the most German, as well as the most highly educated among Germans, that the bitterest complaints against the Government, their fellow-citizens, the condition and tendencies under the new empire, proceed. Germany always has been the country of the discontented. How the contemporaries of Goethe's youth (*Stürmer* and *Dröner*) complained of the narrow circumstances in their times! How the Weimar idealists complained of a generation which could find amusement in a Kotzebue and a Knigge! How the leaders of the Romantic School complained of the shallow Rationalism of their contemporaries! How the patriots of 1809 inveighed against servility to the foreigner; young Germany of 1830 against Teutomania; Gervinus' generation in 1840 against the neglect of political life! It never seems to occur to any one that a nation, which so readily perceives and confesses its shortcomings instead of priding itself on them—which has the courage to take itself to task instead of accusing circumstances—which so keenly feels its own want of grace, of the sense for the beautiful, and of tact—a nation anyhow in which the croakers alone form an imposing troop, with which the greatest civic deeds might be performed in any country where people were willing to sacrifice a small part of their personal opinions to the promotion of a common cause—that a nation finally which has still men to show who remind one of Luther, of Frederick the Great, of Lessing, that is, men who, without possessing any strikingly German traits, still are only possible on German soil and in a German atmosphere—that such a nation must contain within itself not only a perennial spring of healing water, but also the metal of which a strong yet comely and agreeable people may be made.

"The German is by nature strongly inclined to be dissatisfied," said Prince Bismarck not long ago, adding, "I do not know if any of us is acquainted with a contented countryman." Nevertheless, the discontent has never been so general and so persistent as during the last few years; and so one is tempted to go to the root of the matter, to trace the different causes of this universal discomfort, and, if one is discovered that can be removed, to show how this may most effectually be done. I shall touch but briefly upon the greater number, in so far as I can discern them from a distance by reading and conversation, or from personal experience during short sojourns at home while living outside the rank and file of the combatants as well as of the workers. Then I shall dwell more fully upon one of the principal causes of self-dissatisfaction, the half-culture, which is extending more and more, and investigate what might be done, either by the state or by private initiative, toward remedying it. Doubtless good advice in abstracto—such as to live contentedly with what one has, not to take too

high a flight, to preserve the sense of the ideal, nay, even piety, to do one's own work thoroughly, and to be honest, thrifty, and ready to assist others besides—is apt to make even less impression upon nations than upon individuals. Miss Edgeworth's moral tales, as we well know, never made a boy better or more cheerful; but by a wise choice and change of employment, by insisting on order, diligence, and regular habits, it is quite possible for a father to develop his son's capacities as thoroughly as his nature admits, and thus to provide him with such satisfaction as is compatible with his temperament, and is seldom denied to those who feel themselves equal to the task life imposes upon them. Now the state, although no longer paternal, still disposes of means—were it only in military service and the schools—that are sufficient to influence single individuals—*i. e.*, to accustom, which is the only effectual mode of influencing them :

“For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master thus the devil or throw him out,
With wondrous potency.”

The deepest source of the present discontent in Germany lies of course in the essence of human nature. The possession of a long-wished-for object will always suffice to make that object appear less desirable. It loses none of its value, nor, on the whole, is it less highly esteemed on that account. How easy it is to forget past privations under the pressure of present grievances! Still, were we to try for a single day to do without the daily postal delivery, which does not leave us in peace one morning in the year, we should be just as unhappy as if to-morrow the German Empire were to be overthrown and the old Confederation restored with its thirty-six independent potentates. To be sure, this benefit, too, came somewhat unexpectedly, like all the “triumphs of civilization;” nevertheless, the nation helped to prepare it and bring it about, though not officially—it feels that a great work has been accomplished, and is done—*i. e.*, has become indifferent to it.

“Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing,” says he from whom no high or deep thing was hid, and we experience it bitterly enough within ourselves. Doubly do we feel it, because we had mistaken the form for the substance, and now become suddenly aware that this necessary form, which was worthy of the greatest sacrifices, which we could on no account dispense with, has to be filled out with national life; only instead of going steadily to work, we allow ourselves to be frightened by the overpowering magnitude of the task before us, by all the petty hindrances, by the many new sacrifices demanded after those already made; above all, we do not seek to understand and grasp this task. Italy is in a somewhat similar position; yet although her deficiencies are far greater than those of Germany—for neither her finances,

her administration, her judicature, her legislation, her army, her public education, nor her commerce and manufacture, will bear a comparison with ours—she takes things less to heart, and therefore feels her shortcomings less keenly. Besides, she has the advantage of being more united than we are—if not in the degree of development or in the material interests of her different provinces, at all events in the seemingly external circumstance that she contains no longer any single independent states. And even in the heart of her national life has she not unity of religious as well as of political and philosophical belief? For, however high personal, provincial, or party passions may run, neither Catholicism, nor parliamentary government, nor Rationalism are ever seriously called in question. Now, although a true-born German is sure at all times to fight against these three un-German things with all his might and main, it is a disadvantage that he should have to do so not only on the frontiers, but in the heart of his country, and that this combat should be an impediment to all united efforts to establish a national culture, a national form of government, and a national creed.

But here lies a second reason for our discontent: the discord which is felt throughout our public life. Even those among us, educated Germans, who have cast aside all positive religion, know and feel that our nationality is founded upon Protestantism; still, by the sins of our forefathers, we have inherited a remnant of Catholicism which it is impossible to ignore, and which has to be dealt with whether we like it or not. We are all convinced that the real German view of the universe is summed up in Goethe's ideal scepticism, which admits the possibility of higher states of existence, without deeming it necessary to reduce them to definitions and set forms, and still we feel that if we are to rescue our national palladium from the enemy's hand, we have to fight against the flattest Utilitarianism, which has already taken hold of a large proportion of honest workers, and is so powerfully supported by the progress of practical science. Finally, we feel—it is true not all, but a good many of us—that the Prussian monarchy, which rests on the army, the bureaucracy, and the schools, is the only historical power of Germany, and that such exotics as parliamentary government with all its machinery only serve to cramp its vital energies, or at least to fetter the liberty of its movements; but we are also aware that these foreign agencies have exercised so deep an influence on our national life that it is now impossible simply to exclude them from it, and that we must come to terms with them as well as with Catholicism and Utilitarianism. Who, again, that has not yet lost all sense of individuality, does not sometimes regret that so much gregariousness in opinion and custom should have taken the place of the antique German Babel, in which every

one went his own way, and none cared to adapt himself to the service of a common cause? Who that still has a feeling for what is genuinely German does not lament from the depths of his heart the un-German direction of our political education, with its Franco-English claptrap and unassimilated forms of thought? What man of higher culture, whether of an artistic or of a contemplative nature, is not disagreeably impressed by the current exaggeration of the state principle? There was a time—nor is it yet forgotten—when the state was held of little account, and the individual alone had value; when art and science were looked upon as interests superior to politics; when the *élite* of the nation esteemed the development of the individual before all things, and allowed the community to deteriorate. The reaction which has taken place against the deficiency of political feeling in former years is as lively as that which opposes the cosmopolitanism of those times; and it is just the most refined intellects of the German nation who do not consider that this new tendency to favor the state as well as the new abrupt form of patriotism in the present day, belong to a necessary historical phase which soon will, nay, must pass away. To them the Prussian "drill," which holds schools, army, administration, the whole nation in fact, under its iron thumb, is quite as distasteful as that foreign mode of viewing political matters which is so vigorously put forward by the liberal opposition in Parliament and the Press, and in which there is so strange a mixture of English parliamentary and self-governmental traditions with the revolutionary ideas of democratic France. And this discrepancy lies deep; it is from this discord that we are now ailing, and likely to continue ailing yet awhile; nor is it the only one.

Not only have we a Parliament without parliamentary government, but we expect it to act in contradictory ways: it is to support Bismarck and to attack Bismarckian policy; it is on no account to touch our defensive forces, but not to grant another farthing toward their maintenance, should Moltke himself declare it necessary; it is to protect our liberty and to deprive our Communist brethren of equal rights; it is to further the unity of Germany, yet not to encroach upon the privileges of the single states that compose this Germany, etc. And as with the Parliament, so also with the Press, our system of association, our right of free settlement. No doubt a free Press is desirable, we say, yet no sooner does its abuse begin to offend our ears, or its arguments assail the foundation of our society, than we cry out for its mouth to be stopped. We are conscious that the German nation is fully as mature as any other for the exercise of the right of meeting and association—this, at least, is no toy of foreign importation, but a good, sound German inheritance, which not even the modern police-state has been able entirely to suppress—still, we only admit

the right to associate and meet together as long as the words, deeds, and decisions of those who assemble are in accordance with all that is sanctioned by the educated middle classes; we have no desire to revoke the right of free settlement and of free trade, still we are always ready to throw the blame on them at times when there is a momentary stagnation in commercial life; or when certain localities show alarming symptoms of congestion; and so on through the endless variations of the trivial theme, "Wash me, but don't wet me!" Thus the contradiction in our expectations proceeding from the heterogeneousness of our political education, combines with the actual contradiction in our established institutions, just as the contradiction between our cosmopolitan traditions and our patriotic aspirations, our habits of freethinking and our anti-rationalistic tendencies, unites with the actual contradiction of our churches and schools, to render us distrustful of ourselves, and in consequence thoroughly discontented.

Add to all this our wounded vanity, and the fact is we are by nature touchy. Surely we are not to blame for wishing the world to like us! As we—I always speak of the really cultured among the malcontents—feel that we regard other nations, even the French—nay, the French, perhaps, more than any other—with sincere recognition, impartiality, and cordial sympathy, is it astonishing that we should, at any cost, wish in turn not to be misunderstood by, not to say repulsive to, our neighbors? Yet, if we have ears to hear and eyes to see, we cannot hide from ourselves that we are just now the "best hated" people on the face of the earth, as our leading statesman has himself been obliged to own that he is the "best hated" man in Europe. England, too, had her period of European unpopularity; but her national greatness was of too ancient a date to allow her to be disconcerted by continental abuse of her selfishness, her perfidy, her harshness, her plutocracy. She calmly looked down upon all this unpopularity with patrician haughtiness, perhaps she rather liked it, even as Coriolanus did the hatred of the plebeians. We Germans are as yet too young as a national state to have so thick a skin, and besides, we have before our eyes the example of our southern brethren in fate, who met with so different a reception from the world at large. Was not united, resuscitated Italy forsooth the pet, her founder the favorite, of the European public? Were not all ready to admire, flatter, spoil her? Was it strange that Germany should anticipate a similar welcome when she had fought her way to unity and independence at the cost of no less an effort and no smaller a sacrifice of human life, than her former colleague in state disunion? Alas! she forgot that the strong are always inconvenient. Europe, it is true, endeavored, much as individuals are wont to do, to justify its instincts by reasons. As the Italians had decorated their re-

generation with the scenery of constitutionalism and plebiscites, their liberty and autonomy were confronted with our "*Blood and Iron*," and the former was applauded with the same honest and fervid enthusiasm with which the latter was hissed.

The world agreed to forget that when Cavour used flattery to persuade his Parliament, and "accomplished facts" to bend it to his will, he had force to back him in the shape of battalions and cannon, just as much as Bismarck when he hurled disagreeable truths at the representatives of his nation, or dispensed with their consent altogether; that Italian plebiscites would have been as impotent as the suffrage of German princes, had not the battle-field decided previously; and that the German nation with its prayers and wishes was as faithfully represented by its bayonets at Versailles as the Italians were by their votes at Florence and Rome. It would be agreeable to us were we to see this recognized and admitted by foreigners, nor can we at all comprehend that the world refuses to recognize it, because it finds it more convenient to do so. Did not this very same world, England alone excepted, idolize Bonaparte and his victorious legions, who certainly belonged no less to "the strong." Why then are Moltke and his regiments eyed with so much aversion? As if the world forsooth were wont to weigh things with a fair balance! Napoleon ministered to the general craving for romantic adventure and the marvellous; he was a consummate actor, who well knew how to surround his mighty feats with a nimbus of high-sounding, dazzling words; his very want of moderation led captive the imagination of those who had not yet felt the actual pain it could inflict. The simple grandeur and absence of all *mola sonores* of the German chieftains and German deeds made no appeal to the fancy. The necessity of establishing a secure frontier in order to guard against a recurrence of attacks from the enemy, was interpreted into a desire for conquest; a noble and natural feeling of sympathy for the vanquished degenerated in many into injustice toward the vanquisher; the moderation which Germany has exhibited for the last ten years took the world by surprise, and seemed like a silent reproach to other conquerors for not having acted similarly, or aroused a suspicion of German sincerity. There is nobody in fact to this very hour who will believe that Germany has no desire to recall to life the Empire of the Ottos and Hohenstaufens, and that it is not, like the Napoleonic Empire of former times, secretly planning an invasion of all the neighboring countries, more especially the conquest of our German brethren in Switzerland, Austria, and Russia, nay, even our Germanic consins in the Netherlands and in Denmark, albeit no one has as yet been able to detect any movement in favor of a *Germania irredenta*. We ought to make up our minds to bear such undeserved distrust, as ten years ago we

bore equally undeserved misrepresentation. For the period is still near when Germany, having waged the most legitimately defensive war with more humanity, good faith, and bravery than had ever been seen in war before, expected to reap admiring compliments on all sides; instead of which she found her warriors spoken of as brutal Lanzknechts, who had taken advantage of their victories, due only to superiority of numbers and organization, to devastate the enemy's land with fire and sword, and who left it richly laden with plunder. Evidently the Western world had had time in half a century to forget what, even in its mildest form, war really was.

Add to this, finally, the inconsiderateness, not to say animosity of certain neutral publicists—Russians and Hungarians, Poles and Swiss, alas! even English—who are forever pointing their finger at Germany, imputing to her imaginary plans of attack and conquest, representing every step she takes as an effort to gain the upper hand, describing her inner life as barbarous, her culture as empty pedantry, her political state as oppressive absolutism—an attitude which contrasts most unfavorably with that assumed toward Germany by the French Press, so remarkable for its dignity, its moderation, and its tact. It would, indeed, be difficult to point out a single one among the malevolent pamphlets against Germany that have appeared in the French tongue, which is not the work of a foreigner; even the superior class of such writers, who take up the hue and cry against us with more taste, refinement, and knowledge than the vulgar mercenaries of the Press, and whose names are on every one's lips, come from Geneva and Warsaw. In our century of national passions and national wars journalists do almost as much mischief as the theologians did in times of religious passions and religious wars: do they not live, if not materially, at least morally, on those passions, and must they not keep them alive at any cost? Unjust attacks such as these naturally enough have a correspondingly irritating effect upon us. We have yet to learn how to bear calumny and backbiting with equanimity; how to live it down, as the English expression is. Foreigners must have time to get accustomed to the new order of things, after all so much more natural than that which preceded it, by which two great civilized nations, being rent asunder, submitted powerless, directly or indirectly, to a foreign yoke. Ten years have already elapsed without our having betrayed the slightest craving for conquest; yet ten more, and the world will, perhaps, give us credit for having no desire or ambition beyond taking our place among the six European Powers as an equal, not as a superior.

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that the small amount of sympathy we find is, in a great measure, due to our own faults. "She was lovable and he loved her, but he was not lovable and she did

not love him," might be said with Heine of the Germans and Western society. This cannot, of course, be helped ; but it is the consciousness of the fact that stings. Who knows whether, some day, the Graces may not smile on us too, when a long period of national history again lies behind us, as it did four centuries ago ? For the moment, socially and politically, if not intellectually speaking, we are a nation of *parvenus* who must needs give umbrage to the heirs of older civilizations. Here and there, no doubt, we may still find a stray sample of the amiable German of 1825, who hid a treasure of inward grace beneath an uncouth exterior, and viewed the world with a broad glance from a retired nook ; but it is a race which is fast dying out and is hardly known abroad. Here and there, too, a very few men are beginning to appear on the horizon, whom we may consider as types of the German gentleman of the future, reserved without austerity, self-reliant without intrusiveness ; but as yet they are lost in the crowd of half-educated upstarts of all sorts, the stream of whom overflows foreign countries, exhibiting their collective conceit and making themselves perfectly at home, as though there were no native inhabitants ; or, maybe, volunteering to give them instruction in their own affairs. Nay, even at home they are lost, at any rate for the passing traveller, in the crowd of dandified lieutenants, apodictic traders in science, or rollicking students—and how many there are who remain students till the age of sixty !—as our first-class moderate and equitable literature disappears before the pedantically provoking tone of a Press which betrays by every line how little it is as yet accustomed to say a word on things European. This is what is seen by the foreign spectator, and what lies on the surface. But the industrious youth, full of ideal aspirations ; the quiet, humane staff-officer ; the scientifically educated, scrupulous official—in short, the rising types of a new Germany pass by unnoticed, precisely because their home work is done without any ostentation, and because when they leave their country they are content to observe and learn in silence, and feel, perhaps, at times not a little mortified to see their nation judged by the behavior of their louder countrymen, who push themselves forward and think themselves superior beings because they were born in the same country as Goethe and Schiller, whose works they often have not read, as Humboldt and Ranke, of whom they know little more than the names, as Moltke and Bismarck, whose importance they only admitted—recognized is not the word—when their work was done.

Still it must be confessed that the present material condition of Germany is hardly calculated to awaken a cheerful, contented tone of mind in her people. Not that our state *deficit* is alarming, or that we are marching toward a Russian, Austrian, or Italian state of financial embarrassment ; nor do we groan under an oppressive

taxation—I should like our grumblers to have to pay French or Italian taxes for a single year—our national debt is by no means excessive, and we feel our taxation so keenly, perhaps, only because it is direct, while other nations hardly notice that they have to contribute three times as much on tobacco, sugar, beer, and wine. For the fact ought not to be overlooked, that the sum total paid by every German annually for direct and indirect taxes scarcely exceeds fifteen shillings, whereas an Englishman pays at the rate of forty, a Frenchman even of fifty-four shillings; yet we never hear them complain of over-taxation as loudly as our German ratepayers are wont to do! nor should we forget that in England, France, and Italy half the budget is spent in paying off interest, while in Germany it goes toward public education, public worship, justice, canals, roads, etc. Is it the army which weighs upon us? Ask every man belonging to the middle class, high or low—*i.e.*, precisely that class in which most complaints are heard; not a vote would be given in all Germany in favor of the abolition of universal service. Such wishes would be more easily met with in France, Russia, Austria, or Italy, where our military system has been introduced, but has not found the same favor as it has with us. Is it the length of time spent in military service which impedes us? Surely not the educated, for they serve but one year and are free to choose the time and place, according to their own convenience—in fact we hear of no desire on the part of any one to be exempted. As for the lower orders, they are only required to serve three years, and actually serve but two and a half, while in France they have to remain five years in the ranks. As to the liability to service in time of war, that extends only to twelve years of a man's life in Germany, instead of twenty as in France. Is it that too many soldiers are recruited from the lower strata of society? Our army amounts to 430,000 out of a population of 43,000,000—*i.e.*, one per cent. The French army numbers 500,000 soldiers to a population of 37,000,000, or rather more than one and a third per cent. Is our military organization too expensive? Who does not know that the German soldier costs his country on an average twenty-five per cent less than the French? True, if we were to believe the unscrupulous statements of certain English, and, alas! also German radical papers, we spend two thirds of our budget upon our army; but then it is high time such barefaced misrepresentations should at any rate be left to foreign journalists. The truth is, that we Germans are spending annually eighteen millions for military purposes, while France spends thirty, England even thirty-two millions. In other terms, the expenses of our army and fleet amount to one fifth, whereas those of the Western Powers consume one fourth of the national revenue. In fact it is impossible to keep up so good an army as ours at a cheaper rate, and, as I

have said, no German would dream of desiring its suppression—at least no German of the middle class, of whose discontent alone we are speaking here. All this croaking, however, does more mischief than we think, for by it Europe has gradually been induced to believe that we really are at the extreme limit of what is bearable, and must soon crush our possible enemies in order to enable ourselves to shake off the burden, or, as the French have it, jump into the water to prevent ourselves being drowned.

As to our private finances, there is, doubtless, more ground for complaint. The whole of Europe has been suffering under the commercial and manufacturing crisis, America even more severely than Europe. In other countries, however, there is a substantial reserve of capital, with which bad times may be met and overcome, though not without loss; while our small savings have for the most part been squandered in the wild speculation of 1873-4. An excess of production during the first year of peace—a periodically recurring financial phenomenon, by the way, but which this time manifested itself with more than its usual severity—was followed by an obstruction which has not yet come to a complete end, and under which manufacturers and workmen alike still suffer. Besides which, the unreasonable rise in the wages of the operatives is already beginning to avenge itself, nor can the poor fellows be induced to see that it is they themselves who have killed the goose which laid the golden eggs, or at least rendered her sterile for a time by their impetuous claims. One of the highest authorities in these matters, however, Dr. Engel, declared, as early as 1877, in his reports on the industrial *enquête*, the current statements to be exceedingly exaggerated; and things have become much better since. "The misery may be great here and there," says he, "but the exaggerations are greater still. It appears to be a peculiarity of the German character to waver continuously between optimism and pessimism. The 'take it coolly' seems to be unknown to us. In the years 1870 and 1871 we were not only the bravest, but also the most cultivated, and in 1872 even the richest nation of the world. In 1876, on the contrary, we became suddenly, without any transition, the most awkward and tasteless of people. In 1877 we are also the poorest, and in pressing danger of starvation." Since these words were written, one of the first of German economists, Herr Soetbeer, has irrefutably proved that the growth of our national wealth has by no means been checked by the depression of 1876, and that it is now more rapid than ever.

Socialism in its present form, that politicizing, democratic socialism which worships Marat and Ferré as its patron saints, lays hold on our workmen less extensively and less deeply, maybe, than is generally supposed, but still clamorously enough. The public imagines the attempts to assassinate the crowned head of the Ger-

man Empire to be so many manifestations of this mental disease ; as if, forsooth, a Henry III., a William the Silent, a Henry IV., had not fallen victims to the hand of assassins long ere any one dreamed of social democracy ; as if, in our own pre-socialistic times, not only the French citizen-king and the French Cæsar, but also the Queen of England at the time of her greatest popularity, the republican slave-freer Lincoln, the royal predecessor of our own emperor, and that monarch himself, in more peaceful times, had never been attacked by lunatics. The discontent as well as the misery of the lower classes is, besides, much smaller in Germany than in Italy and Ireland, where universal service is not enforced. Emigration is by no means caused by this ; the stream exists, and will flow a long time still, whether compulsory service is abolished or not. And as for socialism, it is redoubtable only where there is no true middle class, as in Russia, or where the middle class allows itself to be intimidated, as in France. In Germany, which has the most numerous middle class in Europe, and a middle class resolved to defend itself, socialism has no more chance of success than the servile wars and Jacqueries which have burst forth periodically ever since an organized society has existed, and which will forever burst forth, because society can neither put an end to inequality nor persuade the less-favored classes of the justice of such inequality ; so that exhaustion, resignation, and force—in other terms, labor, religion, and the police, will always be the sole means of making them submit to their hard lot. The rapid development of German manufactures since 1850 naturally makes the spread of social democracy among the working classes appear more alarming than it really is, and we are apt to overlook the consideration that if an unarmed power like the North American state was able to cope with a widely-spread socialist revolt, and to quell it in a few weeks almost without bloodshed, it would be easy for the German state to do the same in as many days. Besides, the unwelcome help which socialism found in the sympathy of the learned middle class is fast being withdrawn, since men's eyes have been opened to the danger of playing with such utopias, and this, in its turn, has had a salutary and sobering effect, even on the lower classes.

It is, however, not merely the apprehension of danger from socialism which unsettles men's minds ; there is also a strong fear lest our manufactures, as yet in their infancy, should be damaged, nay ruined, by the increase of unconscious workmanship. The rebuff we met with at Philadelphia is not yet forgotten ; we are painfully conscious that our manufactures are neither solid nor in good taste, and that in the long run their cheapness alone will not enable them to stand the test of competition with those of superior foreign workmanship. And here, again, we accuse men instead of

circumstances, and throw the blame solely on our workmen's carelessness and negligence, while German workmen are notoriously in request in foreign countries quite as much as German clerks and German nursery-maids. The disease, which cannot be denied, lies, alas! much deeper, and is therefore far more difficult to cure. Our middle class, which, after all, consumes most, cannot afford to purchase substantial goods, as the French and English middle class can; therefore the workmanship must necessarily suffer. Were we to renounce showy, scamped wares we should have to eat with wooden spoons, and go about in homespuns and unbleached linen. I do not deny that we might be happier and richer under a more primitive simplicity in our outward life than beneath our present threadbare luxury *de pacotille*—especially if we were to spend on our families what is now squandered in taverns in the evening. Nor can it be doubted that a less pretentious household and a more homely life might exercise a purer moral influence upon ourselves, as well as upon those growing up around us, the latter particularly; for as that indefatigable Jeremiah of New Germany, Herr Lagarde, has it, "the tavern (*kneipe*) and the cigar are a far more effectual means of barbarization, and a more demoralizing power, than all the Radical theories in the world put together;" and

" . . . to my mind, though I am a native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance ;"

for "he who must needs finish his day in malodorous, smoky cellars, may be a Liberal, he never can be a free man!"

How simply did our ancestors live, although relatively much wealthier than we! How "aristocratic" Herder and Schiller appear to us with their cane-bottomed chairs and simple polished tables! To be sure, our wealth has forsaken us ever since the Thirty Years' War; but our middle-class university men, so numerous in Germany, are poorer than ever just now. The salaries of government officials and lawyers' and doctors' fees do not augment in proportion to the rise in rents and in articles of daily consumption, for the law of demand and supply needs time to find its balance. The official, the clergyman, the schoolmaster of to-day, who earns £200 is, in fact, a poorer man than his father was with £100, even could he and would he live as his father did, which our altered circumstances would hardly allow. Most likely the equilibrium will only be established by means of association. If, *e.g.*, our book manufacture is not to dwindle down into the "cheap and nasty" species, publishers must be enabled to consider themselves independent of private purchasers when there is a question of new publications. This, however, would necessitate a development of public libraries, and a further increase of the

already flourishing circulating libraries sufficient to guarantee to the publisher an immediate sale of 1000 copies of a valuable new work to institutions of this sort, so that he might be able to regard what is sold to the few who can afford such luxuries or are obliged to buy professionally, as clear profit. If, again, our already rapidly declining art of engraving is not to be entirely lost, towns and art societies will have to play the part of collective art patrons; for the single individuals capable of recognizing the superiority of a valuable engraving over stunting and distorting photographs are not rich enough to buy it, and, however great a part our museum and gallery system may have played in promoting the half-culture of the nation, we shall have to resort to association whenever contemporary works of art or of art manufacture are concerned, on account of our financial circumstances and the democratic character of our society. Besides, this as well as other forms of association have long since been called into life by our middle classes. Private gardens and grounds, indispensable to the Englishman and Frenchman, are replaced in Germany by public walks where our middle-class citizen sips his coffee and smokes his cigar among a hundred others of his own rank; the luxury of a ball at his own house being beyond his means, he subscribes to public balls; where his sons and daughters are free to enjoy an amusement which is denied to the young people of the same class in other countries; he cannot afford to entertain his guests with good chamber-music or celebrated public singers, but he is a member of some musical society or public orchestral association for cheap concerts, where he and his family have opportunities of hearing the best music performed by the best artists, such as the Parisian and the Londoner have only begun to know since the existence of the Padeloup and the Monday Popular Concerts, and such as no provincial in England or France is able to enjoy at any price.

However this may be, it is an undeniable fact that our middle class is in a bad way, and that to assure it that it is only passing through a period of transition is but a poor attempt at consolation. Are not all historical moments periods of transition? History never stands still; the question is only, how long this period of transition is likely to last? The old purely intellectual and ideal German life, with its material poverty, seems forever lost; the new public and realistic life is poor inwardly, and irretrievably false outwardly. Our traditions of the past and our aspirations for the future are sadly at variance with each other. How are we to get rid of this discord? Is it by going back to the past, supposing this to be possible? Is it by giving up our traditions, and forming a new state of things adapted to a merely external existence? Or is it by conciliating the old and the new? And if we admit this reconciliation to be the task of our times, what are the

means by which we can perform it with least risk, avoiding too hazardous and costly experiments on the one hand, and that convenient free-and-easy nonchalance on the other which so often conceals itself beneath general thoughts and terms? A reconciliation is certainly needed; for the deepest, most legitimate reason for our dissatisfaction does not lie so much in our disappointment after having attained long-wished-for benefits, nor in the necessity we are under of fighting out the hard political and ecclesiastical battles which have been forced upon us by the new state, nor in the incessant wounds inflicted upon our susceptibilities by envious and suspicious neighbors, nor in the material burdens and privations we are now groaning under, nor even in the outward disproportion between the claims and wants of our middle class, and their means of sustaining these claims and satisfying these wants; it lies rather in the inward disharmony which is felt in that very portion of the nation which, properly speaking, ought to be the nursery of our national culture. Now this inward disharmony has its source in our half-culture, and as the half-educated are always discontented, so does the present predominant dissatisfaction of the Germans principally spring from the preponderance of the half-educated. But of this another time.

KARL HILLEBRAND, *in the Contemporary.*

THE MIGRATION OF POPULAR STORIES.

THE preference for an explanation of facts which calls for little effort of thought to another which makes large demands on it is natural and intelligible. If we find the same custom in many different countries, we infer more readily that it was carried from one of these countries into the rest, than that it has come down from the common ancestors of the inhabitants of these lands in some remote age. When we find popular stories, of a very complicated and remarkable character, in Scotland and Germany, in Scandinavia, Persia, and India, we are at once disposed to adopt the conclusion that their presence in the West is the result of direct communication with the East in historical and, perhaps, during comparatively modern times. This attitude of mind is to a certain extent justifiable. Much wit and ingenuity may be wasted in attempting to prove the lateral transmission of two or more given stories from times preceding the migration of divided tribes from their common home, when conclusive evidence may be forthcoming to show that we are dealing with instances of direct borrowing. The ground over which such discussions lead us needs wary walk-

ing; but it may be well to have our eyes open to the danger of committing ourselves with undue haste to either conclusion. If we say of some Norse or Teutonic tale that it found its way into Europe through some of those vast Oriental collections which are known to have been brought together in times later by many centuries than the Christian era, our mistake is not a trifling or a harmless one, if it can be shown that European Aryans were well acquainted with it at a time anterior to the date of the mythical founding of Rome or the era of Nabonassar—in other words, at a time preceding the compilation of the *Hitopadesa*, and possibly even of the *Panchatantra*, by fourteen or fifteen hundred years. Our mistake would in this case be mischievous, not merely as committing us to a conclusion not borne out by evidence, but as putting out of sight one of the most astonishing facts in the history of the human race. If stories gathered, by Grimm or others, from the lips of peasants and their wives, almost in our own day, were told by Greek nurses or mothers to their children two or three thousand years ago, it is absolutely certain that their introduction into Europe is not owing to the activity of mediæval Christendom and the contact with the East brought about by the Crusades or any other events of more modern history.

Our first duty, therefore, with regard to any story is to ascertain, so far as it may be possible to do so, the earliest time at which it is found in the written literature of the country to which it is traced, and then to determine, so far as the evidence may warrant our determining, how long it may have been known in that country before it was committed to writing. Of the many misconceptions which have hindered the settlement of such questions or diverted them to a false issue, not a few could never have sprung up if the ancient literature of the Hellenic tribes had been examined without prejudice or partiality. The truth is that Englishmen are still, or have been almost to the present time, brought up under the impression that the epic, lyric, and tragic poems which delighted Athenian hearers or readers had nothing in common with the poems and stories which have come to us in a distinctively Teutonic or English dress; and no attempt has been made to ascertain whether and how far the prose writings of Greek historians and mythographers bring before us stories which form part of the native popular tradition or folk-lore of northern Europe. On the contrary, if the subject was ever touched upon at all, boys were led to read the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and to work their way through the dramas of the Greek tragic poets under the firm belief that they contain nothing with which children in our nurseries are familiar in other shapes. Under the influence of this belief, which they never thought of calling in question, some have gone on to suppose that the stories told to English or German children were

never told to children in Athens or Rome before the dawn of Christianity; and a few perhaps have tried to find reasons for the marvellous fact that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the odes of Pindar, and the plays of *Æschylus* and *Sophokles* should be made up of materials wholly different from those which have furnished our nursery tales, or even the Saga literature of the Teutonic nations. That these poems and dramas, the works of the highest human genius, should contain any matter such as that which has been moulded into the stories of *Cinderella* or *Blue Beard*, or *Boots*, or *Beauty and the Beast*, was a thought not to be entertained for a moment. The dignity of the Greek epic or tragic poets would not have stooped to the use of such materials, even if they had known them: but the common impression still is, that they did not know them. In so thinking and speaking we are no wiser than the learned men who set to work to explain why a jar of water weighed no heavier with a fish in it than it weighed without the fish. The danger of neglecting or passing over the evidence which would correct these mistaken impressions may be best shown by citing one or two examples as to which it may be safely said that no room is left for reasonable doubt.

Of the popular tales of northern Europe, one of the most familiar is that of the Master Thief. The question is whether this story was known in Germany or Scandinavia, or in any other part of Europe, before the middle ages of our era, or whether it was not. In Professor Max Müller's belief it was first brought from Asia by means of the Arabic translation of the *Hitopadesa*, known as the *Kalila and Dimna*. This conclusion, he admits, could not be maintained if the tale were found in Herodotus, in whose time the translations of the *Hitopadesa* had, of course, not yet reached Europe, and the compilation of the *Panchatantra*, which furnished the materials of the *Hitopadesa*, was still a thing of the distant future. If it were so found, we should, he allows, be obliged to include the Master Thief within the most primitive stock of Aryan lore. But speaking of the story of the Brahman and the Goat, told in the *Hitopadesa*, he adds:

"There is nothing in the story of the two sons of the architect who robbed the treasury of Rhampsinitos, which turns on the trick of the Master Thief. There were thieves more or less clever in Egypt as well as in India, and some of their stratagems were possibly the same at all times. But there is a keen and well-defined humor in the story of the Brahman and his deference to public opinion. Of this there is no trace in the anecdote told by Herodotus. That anecdote deals with mere matter of fact, whether imaginary or historical. The story of Rhampsinitos did enter into the popular literature of Europe, but through a different channel. We find it in the *Gesta Romanorum*, where Octavianus has taken

the place of Rhampsinitos, and we can hardly doubt that it came originally from Herodotus."

So far as this tale is concerned, the question must be set at rest if it can be shown that not merely the adventures, but the title of the Master Thief, were well known in Europe for ages before the *Gesta Romanorum* came into existence. If this can be shown, there will be no need and no temptation to trace the Norse, Teutonic, and Irish versions of the legend to the *Gesta*. To do so would be only to multiply difficulties unnecessarily. Of the *Hitopadesa* story, then, we may note, first, that it says nothing of a regular fraternity of thieves, nothing of a rivalry among them, nothing of the pre-eminence of one who was never known to fail, and therefore, of course, that it does not mention his distinctive title. Of the several versions of the Master Thief, on the other hand, we must remember that not one ascribes the losses of his victims to any deference to public opinion; and thus, without going further, we may be justified in doubting whether the story of the Brahman and the Goat has more than a very distant connection with one or two of the incidents embodied in the story of the Master Thief, while it certainly has nothing to do with its leading idea. The *Hitopadesa* tale is, indeed, very simple, if not very meagre. It merely tells us of a Brahman who, on being assured by three thieves in succession that the goat which he carried on his back was a dog, cast off the animal, and so left it as a prize for the knaves, who had adopted this mode of cheating him. But it does not say that these three rogues were striving for the mastery among themselves; and if they had been so striving they could not thus have worked in concert.

The gist of this story, Professor Max Müller remarks, is "that a man will believe almost anything, if he is told the same by three different people." But in truth it is not easy to discern any real affinity between the *Hitopadesa* tale and the European traditions of the Master Thief; and the moral of the latter, if they have any moral at all, seems to be very different. Instead of showing that the seemingly independent testimony of two or three witnesses will pass at once for truth with the credulous, they seem rather to point out that there are some who cannot be taught by experience. The tales themselves give their key-note with singular plainness. When, in the German story, he returns to his father's hovel with all the pomp of wealth, the youth replies to the question how his riches have been gained by saying, 'I have been a thief; but do not be frightened, I am a Master Thief. Neither locks nor bolts avail against me; whatever I wish for is mine.' He is one in whom the power of thieving is inborn. He needs no teaching, and his first exploits are as mighty and as successful as his last. The increasing difficulty of the tasks imposed upon him excites not the

least feeling of fear or hesitation; and in the craft which invariably employs the means best fitted to obtain the desired ends there is no malignity and no spite, but always a genial humor, which delights in the absurdity of the positions in which his victims place themselves. These characteristics mark the three versions of the story, which may be found in Grimm's "Household Tales," in Dasent's "Tales from the Norse," and in Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands." The question is, When did the myth of which we have these three closely allied forms find its way into Europe?

In the pages of Herodotus we have a singular story, which he ascribes to the reign and the capital of the Egyptian king Rhampsinitos. In this legend the wealth of the king is filched from his treasury by the sons of the architect, who on his death-bed reveals to them the method by which he had retained the power of entering it without the owner's knowledge. Finding his stores dwindling away, the king places a trap within the house. Being caught in this trap, the younger brother prevails on the elder to cut off his head; and Rhampsinitos on entering the chamber is not only astounded at finding a headless body, but terrified by the knowledge that at least one of his spoilers was still at large. It is at this point of the story that a series of incidents begins, which show the unflinching wit and success of the thief who had no peer. Inviolable custom demanded that the bodies of the dead should be duly mourned; and the king fully counts on speedy discovery, when he orders his guards to impale the body on a wall, and bring before him any one whom they might find mourning for him. He solved that the body should have the due rites of burial, the mother tells her surviving son that unless he forthwith brings it to her, she will reveal everything; and the thief, loading some asses with wine-skins, drives them under the wall where the guards are keeping watch, and then, loosening the strings of two or three of them, allows the liquor to escape. Roused by his frantic cries of distress and calls for help, the soldiers hasten to the rescue; but they are more intent upon catching the wine in their cups and drinking it than on fastening the skins. At length their entreaties overcome the reluctance of the thief, and receiving more and more wine they drink themselves into insensibility. The thief, of course, takes away the body; and its disappearance more than ever perplexes the king, who now makes use of his daughter to discover the criminal. The effort is vain. The thief places in her hand the hand of a dead man, and so escapes from her grasp. The king feels that no other course is now before him than to win his friendship by offering him his daughter, and on the celebration of the marriage he is told by Rhampsinitos that the Egyptians are cleverer than all other men, but that he in his thievery is cleverer than all the Egyptians.

Unless the Egyptian people of the days of Herodotus are to be regarded as a portion of the Aryan race, the presence of this legend in the Nile Valley is a perplexing fact, which can be explained seemingly only on the hypothesis of not infrequent intercourse between Egypt and India. The flattering unction to Egyptian vanity with which the story is wound up might easily be brought in by men who were well aware that the myth was not one of Egyptian growth. But it is not less clear that if be not Egyptian, it must be borrowed. There is no doubt a class of myths which are common to all mythical systems alike, whether Aryan or non-Aryan; but these myths all belong to the primary or organic stage of development, and their general characteristics may be easily discovered. The phenomena of day and night or of the seasons must to a certain extent impress all mankind in the same way. There is, therefore, nothing which is of necessity distinctively Aryan in phrases which speak of the sun as the child of the darkness or of the dawn; of the night as the daughter of the sun or the twilight; of the sun itself as compelled to move in a fixed track, hence as under the doom of ceaseless toil, a bondman or a slave. From all these phrases a large crop of stories might spring up everywhere; but the character and sequence of their incidents would differ completely, except among tribes who had carried away at least the framework of the tales from the common home of their forefathers. This legend of the treasure-house of Rhampsinitos is not one of this class. The leading ideas or the framework of the tale being once given, we can imagine that the ingenuity of later generations might refine on the subtleties of the Master Thief; but we cannot suppose that a series of ideas so singular could suggest themselves to many minds, or even to two minds independently. If it be supposed, as some have been inclined to think, that the old inhabitants of the Nile Valley belonged to the Aryan stock, the difficulty is at once removed; but the substantial identity of the tale with stories found in India, Germany, Norway, and Scotland is beyond doubt. The Indian story, however, is not that of the Brahman and the Goat in the Hitopadesa, but the tale of Karpura and Gata related by Somadeva Bhatta of Cashmir, in his *Katha-saritsagara*, or Ocean of the Stream of Narrative, a collection made early in the twelfth century, and itself professedly an abridgment of the older collection, known as the *Vrihat-Katha*. Here, as in the Egyptian tale, we have a king, a king's daughter, and a room in which he places his child as well as his treasures; but the thieves are more clumsy. The elder brother enters, not by pushing aside a movable stone, but merely by making a hole through the wall. Staying too long, he is caught in the morning and hanged, having time only to warn his brother to carry away the princess. From this point the legend follows much the same

course with that of Rhampsinitos. The body of Karpapa is exposed, and the necessary amount of mourning must be gone through for it. This the surviving brother, Gata, accomplishes by dashing on the ground a karpapa, or pot of rice, and exclaiming, "Alas for my precious karpapa!" words which the guards regard as uttered for the loss of the broken pipkin. The trick of the wine follows, and the body is stolen away; but when the king puts forth a proclamation promising his daughter in marriage to a thief of such consummate skill, the princess bids Gata beware, and they make their escape together from the country. The substantial identity of this tale with the Egyptian tradition cannot be questioned; but the latter assuredly could not be derived from the Vrihat-Katbâ, which was probably not in existence for perhaps a thousand years after the time of Herodotus, and perhaps no one will maintain that the Egyptian version is the original of the myth as given by Somadeva Bhatta.

The idea that the story in Herodotus furnished the materials for the Teutonic, Norse, and Celtic versions of the Master Thief would be scarcely less absurd. In these versions the narrative exhibits great changes in detail; but the framework remains the same, and the general spirit of the myth is in no way altered. It is very necessary to note that the thief is described as a singularly slim and slender youth, whose modest and unpretending demeanor would never lead strangers to suspect his astonishing adroitness and power. In each of these versions the place of the king is taken by a wealthy nobleman, whose daughter in the Norse and Scottish stories becomes the wife of the thief. The German tale alone makes no mention of any daughter, and is, indeed, the most meagre of the three. In it we are told that the thief resolves to face the count in his castle, and is told that he can escape death only if he succeeds in stealing the count's favorite horse from his stable, then in taking away the counterpane from his bed, while he and his wife are asleep, and lastly in stealing the parson and clerk out of the church. The first of these tasks is performed by precisely the same means which the thief employs in the Hindu and Egyptian stories. The guards are stupefied with drugged wine, and the thief rides up to the castle on the stolen horse. The second he accomplishes by means of a corpse which he pushes up to the window of the room in which the count slept. The latter, hearing the noise, points a pistol at the figure and fires; and the thief immediately lets the body fall to the ground. When the count comes down to bury the dead man, the thief hastens to the chamber and obtains the bed-covering from the countess on the plea of needing a shroud, and the ring on the plea that it was only fair to bury with him that for which he had perilled his life. Although this incident is not found in the Herodotean story, it may

be well to compare the use here made of the corpse with the way in which the dead man's hand is used in the Egyptian tale. The accomplishment of the third task is, like the other incidents of the legend, related with greater humor and vigor in the Norse version, in which the thief, climbing into a tree, tells the priest that he is an angel sent to announce to him that he should be taken up alive into heaven for his piety's sake, that at a given time he would come for him with a sack, and that all his worldly goods must be left in a heap in his dining-room. Completely taken in, the priest, who had laughed at the nobleman for allowing himself to be duped, preaches a farewell sermon, telling his parishioners of his approaching ascension. The result is that his goods are stolen, and he himself left bruised and battered in the sack.

Of this incident we have no trace in the Herodotean tale, nor does it appear in that of Karpapa and Gata; but we find it in a totally different connection in the very remarkable story of Charipa Rane, related by Miss Frere, in her volume entitled "Old Deccan Days." This story will call for some further notice. For the present, we have to mark that in Scotland the legend of the Shifty Lad presents a much closer likeness to the Egyptian myth than either the Norse or the German versions. We cannot, of course, fail to notice the still closer resemblance to the Herodotean tale exhibited in the tradition which Pausanias relates of the treasury of Hyrieus, built by Trophonios and Agamedes, who so leave one of the stones that it can be moved from the outside. Here, again, a snare is set; and Hyrieus is astounded to find the body of Agamedes, whose head had been carried away by Trophonios. In this instance it may, of course, be said that the localizing of this tale in Hellas was the result of direct borrowing from the Herodotean narrative; but this explanation can scarcely be received without much misgiving. The details of the Celtic legend are certainly more noteworthy. The Shifty Lad here goes through his time of pupilage under the Black Rogue, whom he tricks to his death. He next engages himself to a carpenter, with whom he agrees to plunder the king's treasure-chamber. The snare set in this case is a hog's-head of soft pitch, into which the wright sinks up to his neck. The youth stepping in on his shoulders, takes as much gold as he can carry, and then sweeping off the carpenter's head, leaves his body in the cask. The king now consults a Scanagal, who advises that they should "set the trunk aloft on the points of the spears of the soldiers, to be carried from town to town, to see if they could find any one at all to take sorrow for it." As they pass the carpenter's house his wife cries out in her distress; but the thief cuts himself with an adze, and makes the captain believe that the cry was caused by sorrow at his hurt. This is followed by the hanging of the body on a tree, the soldiers receiving strict orders to

seize any one who should attempt to take it down ; but they are, of course, tempted to drink themselves to sleep, and the thief carries off the corpse. The sequel is perhaps in still closer accordance with the Herodotean version ; and Mr. Campbell, who gives us the Celtic tale, duly notices the theory that these incidents " have been spread among the people by those members of their families who study the classics of the Scotch universities." This theory, he adds, involves the further supposition that " these books have been read at some time so widely in Scotland, as to have become known to the laboring population who speak Gaelic, and so long ago as to have been forgotten by the instructed, who speak English and study foreign languages."

That the five stories thus far noticed are simply variations of one myth we may now very safely maintain ; and it is also proved that the legend in Herodotus could not possibly be derived from either the Katha-sarit-sagara or Panchatantra. But inasmuch as the Egyptian tradition is in substance the same as those of northern Europe, Professor Max Müller's conclusion that the story of the Master Thief could not be known to Herodotus, because the translations from the Hitopadesa had not yet found their way westward, and indeed were not yet in existence, falls to the ground. There remains one more fact connected with these legends, which is more astonishing than any which we have yet marked. The so-called Homeric Hymn to Hermes is undoubtedly older than the history of Herodotus—how much older it might be rash to affirm. But for Thucydides these hymns were certainly the work of Homer, and he speaks of them as having been composed in times which even in his day were ancient. The one addressed to Hermes dwells on the exploits of a child so slender and weak that none who see him in this form can credit him with the possession of gigantic power and superhuman subtlety. He is, in short, the slim and lithe youth whom the count or the squire of northern stories cannot bring themselves to regard with any fear. Yet there are no secret places into which he cannot penetrate ; there are no treasures which he cannot slich away ; and when his thievish work is done, he reassumes his old appearance of innocence and weakness. The hymn speaks of him as born in the early morning, when he sings sweetly to himself in his cradle, playing gently with the cradle-clothes. But in an hour or two he rises up and fashions for himself a lyre with the shell of a tortoise which he finds in front of the cradle, and after bringing forth from it for a little while some beautiful stirring melodies, he hurries with gigantic paces over hill and valley to the mountains where the cattle of Phœbus are feeding. These he drives away by tortuous paths which make the task of tracking him hopeless ; and when Apollo at last finds him, he has passed through the bolt-hole of the cave, and is again whispering

to himself in his cradle. What can a child a few hours old know of cattle or of thieving? Still there is roguery in his eye, and when he has made his defence he utters a soft whistling sound to show, perhaps, how entirely it should be believed. In spite of his anger a smile is forced to the face of Phœbus; and in the suppressed amusement which the whole adventure gives him we have the counterpart of a very striking feature in the Norse version of the story. The squire may be vexed at finding himself in every case outwitted; but he cannot help laughing at his own discomfiture, and still more at the troubles of the parson. In this version, one of the trials which he imposes on the thief is that of stealing from him his own horse while he is riding it; and an incident closely in accordance with this, but not mentioned in the Hymn to Hermes, is given in the well-known stanza of Horace:

Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolam amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret viduus phœetra
Risit Apollo.

In all the forms of the myth, except in the Teutonic version in Grimm's collection, the thief marries the daughter of the king, nobleman, or squire, whose treasures and property he has stolen, in other words, the old wrong is atoned, and a league of amity set up between them. This is the special point of the tale related in the Homeric hymn, in which Phœbus Apollo is the king, count, or squire. It is impossible to resist the plunderer; it is, therefore, better to make him the guardian of the cattle, which otherwise he will steal without leave or license, and the proffer is accompanied by the solemn promise that the child or youth shall be honored forever by the title of the Master Thief.

τοῦτό γὰρ οὖν καὶ ἔπειτα μετ' ἀθανάτοισι γέρας ἔχεις,
ἈΡΧΟΣ ΦΗΛΗΤΕΩΝ κεκλήσεαι ἡμῶν πάντα,

Here, then, we have demonstrative evidence, not merely that the story of the Arch Thief or Master Thief was known in Europe, for many centuries probably, before the time of Herodotus, but that the Greeks were perfectly familiar with the title, and that this title, in fact, lay at the very root of the myth. On the Rhampsinoides story we need lay no stress. It is valuable chiefly as proving that the legend was not first brought into the West by translations from the Hitopadesa; but although Herodotus speaks of it as an Egyptian tradition, it by no means follows that he was rightly informed. Egyptians might easily localize a tale which they had received originally from Greeks or any others; and the story of Hyrieus, Trophonios, and Agamedes is conclusive evidence that the myth existed in Hellas in a distinctively Greek form. We can scarcely suppose that the tale related by Pausanias is of post-Herodotean growth; and the fact that Herodotus does not notice it

goes for nothing. Few Greeks, probably, were familiar with the whole mass of Hellenic mythology, and it is only on the hypothesis of this partial knowledge that we can account for the silence of many writers on myths closely resembling those of which they were themselves speaking. The value of the Homeric hymn is immeasurably greater. It places beyond doubt the fact that the myth formed part of the folk-lore of Hellenic tribes for many centuries before the compilation of the *Vrihat-Kathā* and the *Panchatantra*, and it also discloses its origin. The cows of Phœbus are the cattle of India, and these are unmistakably the rain-giving clouds, which are driven along by the wind. But the wind can blow either softly or strongly, and therefore the wind is not only a thief, but a singer or harper. The powers of music and of theft are inherently his own; and though he may root up forests in his fury, in his gentler moods he can call forth sounds that fill all hearts with gladness. The covenant represented by the marriage of the thief with the daughter of the king, count, or squire, in the northern versions is here represented by the compact which, in return for the rod of wealth, secures to Phœbus from Hermes the divine power of song. The real nature of the material from which the story has grown up is laid bare in every line of the hymn. The wind can penetrate into tangled thickets and mysterious caves; the wind-god, therefore, thinks that he may fairly ask for the wisdom of the sun-god, who sees and knows all things. In thorough accordance with the facts of the outward world, he is told that this request cannot be granted, but he may obtain a wisdom far surpassing that of man by holding converse with the hoary sisters who dwell in the cliffs of Parnassus. To crown the proof, we have in hymns of the *Rig Veda* precisely the same conceptions of the wind which have shaped the western myth. In those hymns Rudra is the father of the Maruts, the wind whose "shout makes all men reel forward over the whole space of the earth." Like Hermes, Rudra is "the bountiful," "the gracious," and has his fertilizing power; but like him and the Shifty Lad, he is also "the lord of thieves, the robber, the cheater, the deceiver, the lord of pilferers and robbers."

This evidence can lead us to but one conclusion. The story of the Master Thief was not brought into Greece or into northern Europe by any communication of Greeks or Teutons with Aryan tribes after they had planted themselves in the Indian peninsula. It is useless to refer it to the intercourse between the East and West caused by the conquests of Alexander, or even by the wars with Darius and Xerxes, because the Hymn to Hermes is older, probably by many centuries, than the earliest of these events. It must belong therefore to that class of myths which the ancestors of Hindus, Greeks, Celts, Teutons, and Scandinavians carried away

with them, in forms more or less developed, from their common primeval home.

The temptation to connect the story of Panch Phul Rancee in Miss Frere's "Deccan Tales," with that of the Snake Leaves in Grimm's collection, as an instance of direct borrowing, might be felt perhaps even more strongly. Neither of these two tales have found its way into written literature until quite lately; but in the former we read of a young prince killed in jumping the seventh hedge of spears, within which the Dawn-maiden was imprisoned. The rajah is tired of seeing so many men die in order to win her, and he orders that his daughter shall be taken away with the dead body and abandoned in a jungle. There she hears two jackals talking, and learns that he might be brought to life again, if some of the leaves of a certain tree were "crushed and a little of the juice put into the rajah's two ears and upon his upper lip, and some upon the spear wounds in his side." The German story is that of the husband of a princess, who makes a vow that she will marry no one who would not promise that, if she should die first, he would let himself be buried alive with her. Shut up with his wife's body he sees a snake creeping out of a corner of the vault, and, thinking it was coming to feed on the corpse, he cut it into three pieces with his sword. Another snake, which now crawled out, retreated on seeing its companion dead, and returned with three green leaves in its mouth. Joining the three pieces of the dead snake together, it put a leaf on each wound, and the serpent thus restored to life crawled away with the other. The husband now places the leaf on the mouth and eyes of his wife's body, and her life also is restored. It is of course possible that the story may have been carried from Germany to India or from India to Germany within the last two or three centuries, although, from the scant communication between the two countries, as well as from the wide differences in the setting and details of the legends, this is in a very high degree unlikely. But the speculation is superfluous. The tale was known in Europe at least two-and-twenty centuries ago, and it is recorded in the pages of Apollodorus, who tells us how Polyidos found the dead body of Glaukos, the son of Minos, and was by the king's order shut up with it until he should bring it to life. "Being sorely perplexed," says the mythographer, "Polyidos saw a dragon approach the corpse. This he killed with a stone, and another dragon came, and, seeing the first one dead, went away and brought some grass which it placed on the body of the other, which immediately rose up. Polyidos, having beheld this with astonishment, put the same grass on the body of Glaukos, and restored him to life." Here, then, we have another set of tales, for which any other supposition than that of lateral transmission becomes inadmissible. The Greek, the Hindu, and the

German story form part of the folk-lore carried away from the common ancient home of the Aryan tribes.

A strange presumption, to say the least, is thus raised against the hypothesis of conscious borrowing in the case of stories which, down almost to our own times, have belonged strictly to the unwritten folk-lore of Europe or Asia. It will be found probably that the influence of the great Hindu, Persian, and Arabian compilations which have been made known in Europe by means of translations, has lain chiefly among the educated and literary classes; and that they have not furnished materials for the genuine folk-lore stories which the country people tell to one another, or to their children. If, then, we find a story of a very complicated kind in Grimm's collection, which in all its essential features reappears in a Hindu tale picked up only the other day from one who had received it by oral tradition, we are scarcely justified in thinking that the one was borrowed from the other, even if a story more or less resembling it had already been given to the world in printed books. When no such tale has been printed or written down, the likelihood of the borrowing becomes indefinitely fainter. This substantial identity between the story of the Dog and the Sparrow, in Grimm, and that of Champa Ranea in the Hindu legend of Vikram Maharajah, is very striking. Certainly we cannot trace these tales back to the age in which the Hymn to Hermes was composed; and probably the literary world never heard of either before the present century. In both a bird vows to ruin a human being for injuring a helpless and unoffending creature; and in both the offender is made to bring about the catastrophe by his own voluntary acts. In the German story the wrong is done by a carter to a dog, which he deliberately crushes beneath the wheels of his wagon. The dog's friend, a sparrow, warns him that his deed should cost him his horses and his cart. The bird contrives to force out the cork from the bung-hole of one of the casks in the wagon, and the wine is wasted. She then perches on the head of one of the horses and picks out his eye. The carter, hurling his hatchet at the bird, slays the horse. The other casks and the remaining horses are disposed of in the same way. Hastening home the carter bewails his disasters to his wife, who tells him that a wicked bird had brought a vast army of birds which were eating every ear of corn in their wheat-fields. But when the carter mourns over the poverty which had come upon him, the bird says that he is not poor enough yet. His deed shall cost him his life. After desperate efforts he catches the sparrow, and when his wife asks him if she shall kill it, he replies that that would be too merciful. He therefore swallows her alive; but the bird flutters about in his stomach, and coming into his throat, cries out again that she will have his life. In despair the carter bids his wife bring an axe

and smites the bird in his mouth. Missing her aim, she kills her husband, and the predictions of the sparrow are fulfilled. In Miss Frew's Deccan tale the place of the sparrow is taken by a parrot, and that of the carter by a dancing-girl, while a wood-cutter, whom the girl tries to cheat, represents the dog of the German story. The case is brought before the rajah, who determines to abide by the sentence of a wise parrot belonging to a merchant in the city. The bird is enabled to prove the fabrications of the nautch girl, who declares that she will get the parrot into her power and bite off its head. The vow of the parrot is now made once for all, and the story runs to its issue with a cleverness and simplicity for which we look in vain in the German tale. Summoned to the merchant's house, the maiden dances so well that she is bidden to name her own reward. She asks only for the parrot, which she gives to her servant to be cooked, ordering that its head may be grilled and brought to her that she may eat it before eating anything else. The parrot is plucked, having escaped the wringing of its neck by pretending to be dead, and during a momentary absence of the servant wriggles itself into the hole which carries off the kitchen sewage. A chicken's head is placed before Champa Rancee, who exults over the success of her scheme of vengeance. But the nautch woman is one who fears death exceedingly, and her constant prayer to the god whose image stood in a neighboring temple was that she might be translated to heaven without the process of dying. The parrot, placing itself behind the image, tells the girl, when next she comes, that her prayer has been heard, and that, if she wishes to attain her desire, she must sell her goods and give them to the poor, and, having levelled her house to the ground, must return to the temple, whence she should be bodily taken up into heaven. Champa Rancee does as she is bidden; but when she hastens to the shrine with her friends whom she had brought to witness her glorification, the parrot flies up from behind the image and bids her farewell. "You ate a chicken's head," said the bird. "Where is your house now? Where are your servants and all your possessions? Have my words come true, think you, or yours?" Cursing her folly, the nautch girl dashes herself down on the floor of the temple and is killed.

This incident of the promised ascent into heaven, and of the disappointment which follows it, is found, as we have seen, in the Norse and Teutonic versions of the story of the Master Thief. The correspondence extends even to minute touches; but the setting in the two cases is entirely unlike, and the fact would seem to prove that of the innumerable mythical incidents handed down by the forefathers of the Aryan nations some might be applied to different purposes, the change of collocation establishing their great age still

more conclusively. But, apart from this, what opportunity have German peasants had of borrowing from the peasants of India, or the latter from the former, since the days when Hermann crushed the legions of Varus, or for centuries before his time? Clearly none: and it would probably be true to say that no borrowed story ever differed so widely from its original as that of Champa Raneé differs from the German tale of the Dog and the Sparrow. If there is absolutely no evidence of borrowing, the notion must be given up, and it should be given up with good-will. Professor Max Müller has rightly set aside, as sneaking, the argument which ascribes to conscious borrowing even those fables which are common to all the branches of the Aryan family. It seems to afford an explanation, when it is really a mere surmise which furnishes none. But it is not the less impossible that the Hindu and the German should each for himself have hit on the idea which makes a bird the avenger of wanton wrong, and brings about the ruin of the wrong-doer through his own acts, while in each case the criminal swallows, or thinks that he has swallowed, his persecutor. Whatever, then, be the origin of the story (and with this it is unnecessary for the present to concern ourselves), its framework belongs, we must conclude, to that distant time when the forefathers of the Hindu, the German, and the Englishman had still a common home in Central Asia.

There are, of course, a vast number of tales, of which it would be very rash to speak positively, but which raise nevertheless some curious and interesting questions. The readers of *Fraser* will remember Mrs. Oliphant's singularly beautiful story of "Earth-bound," which appeared in the number for January last. This tale tells us of a girl who had died in early youth, and whose short life was marked by the clinging tenderness which, after death, would not suffer her to leave the scenes which she had loved. More than others about her she had delighted in her home; and when her happy springtime was cut short, her spirit could not tear itself away from her old haunts. She lingers especially round one spot as the slow years roll away; and at length a young man, with a deeper insight than his companions, is enabled to see her and confess his love. She answers him gratefully and tenderly, but without any trace of earthly passion. After his departure no one else, so far as we have heard, has been again accosted by the gentle little lady who was earthbound. Perhaps her time of willing punishment is over, and she is earthbound no more.

This, it may be said, is a very simple framework for a story; but it is as striking as it is simple, and it awakens a keen curiosity to learn how the idea originated. Arguing for an other purpose, Mr. Gladstone had said long ago, in his "Homeric Studies," that "invention cannot absolutely create; it can only work on what is

finds already provided to hand ;" and the Eastern and Western versions of myths already noticed have shown convincingly how extremely simple may be the framework of very complicated stories, which in spite of all differences in local features and coloring come undoubtedly from the same source. Now, in Washington Irving's delightful "Tales of the Alhambra,"* we have in the "Legend of the Three Beautiful Princesses" a character which is precisely that of the gentle lady in "Earthbound." Zorayhayda, like her, is bound to her home, even to those objects in it which we might fancy would not be likely to call forth any warm affection. But to every object in it she clings ; and when, like her sisters, she wins the love of a Spanish captive, she cannot make up her mind to follow their example, and elope with her lover. She remained in her home and she died young, and the story ran that every night, clad in her Moorish garb, she appeared by the side of the fountain in the patio (the square of grass with its vase-surmounted pedestal in "Earthbound"), in the hope of being seen by some Christian, at whose hands she might receive baptism, and thus be enabled to rest in peace. Generations roll away, and at length a maiden who despairs of the faithfulness of her lover sits down one midsummer night disconsolate by the fountain side. "The poor little damsel's heart was overlaid with sad and tender recollections, her tears began to flow, and slowly fell drop by drop into the fountain. By degrees the crystal water became agitated, until a female figure, richly clad in Moorish robes, slowly rose to view." Like Edmund Coventry, the Rose of the Alhambra the next morning relates her experience to her aunt, and like him is told that she must have been dreaming. Like him, also, she resolves on seeing the gentle lady again, if it be possible. "That what I have seen is no phantasy of the brain," said she to herself. "I am confident. If indeed it be the spirit of the gentle Zorayhayda, which I have heard legends about this tower, of what should I be afraid?" Her hope is realized. The vision excites in her mind a strange tumult

* Due allowance must be made, in examining these tales, for the degree in which the imagination of the narrator may have modified or embellished them. But it must be remembered that Irving disclaims complete originality for any of them, while he declares that he has given some as nearly as he can recollect in the words of his informant. To the latter belongs the noteworthy story entitled the "Adventure of the Mason," one of the many tales of plundered treasure-houses which have already come before us in the stories of Rhampsinos, of Karpura and Gata, of Hyrieus, and of the Master Thief. It is probably not too much to say that those who have given any attention to the subject of comparative mythology will have no difficulty in distinguishing these portions of Irving's Alhambra stories which belong to the local tradition from his additions or embellishments. There can be no question of the substantial genuineness of the story of "Prince Ahmed al-Kamel, or the Pilgrim of Love;" and with scarcely less confidence we may speak of the passage relating to Zorayhayda in the legend of the Rose of the Alhambra as obtained by Irving from the story-tellers of the place.

of feelings, but she is "reassured by the soft and plaintive voice of the apparition, and the sweet expression of her pale, melancholy countenance." The Moorish lady asks if the maiden will undertake the task of breaking the spell by pouring over her the waters of baptism and uttering the holy words?

"I will," replied the damsel, trembling. "Come hither, then, and fear not. Dip thy hand in the fountain, sprinkle the water over me, and baptize me after the manner of thy faith: so shall the enchantment be dispelled and my troubled spirit have repose." The damsel advanced with faltering steps, dipped her hand in the fountain, collected water in the palm, and sprinkled it over the pale face of the phantom. The latter smiled with ineffable benignity. She dropped her silver lute at the feet of Jacinta, crossed her white arms upon her bosom, and melted from sight, so that it seemed merely as if a shower of dewdrops had fallen into the fountain."

In this legend we have the essential features and some even of the minuter details in the story of "Earthbound." It would be a matter therefore of no little interest to learn whether Mrs. Oliphant has found this tale localized in any English spot; in what shape it first came to her knowledge; and whether there is any clew toward tracing its history. Because it resembles in greater or less degree the *Ahambra* story, it by no means follows that it is a direct importation from Spain; but, on the other hand, no peculiarities of local coloring will suffice, of themselves, to prove that it is of strictly English origin. The features of "The Ghost of Lew Trenchard" seem to be absolutely distinctive; and Mr. Baring Gould relates with reference to it a circumstantial tale which might deceive any but the most wary. A young man who had landed from America soon after the death of Madame Gould was riding home to Tavistock.

"It was a clear moonlight night, and as he passed through the Lew Valley, with the white rime lying thick on the grass, he noticed a newly ploughed field, in which the plough had been left. On this was seated a lady in white satin, with long brown hair floating down her shoulders. Her face was uplifted and her eyes were directed toward the moon, so that Mr. Symonds had a full view of it. He recognized her at once, and taking off his hat he called out, 'I wish you a very good-night, madame.' She bowed in return and waved her hand, the man noticing the sparkle of her diamond rings as she did so. On reaching home, after the first greetings and congratulations, he said to his aged parents, 'What do you think now? I have seen that strange Madame Gould sitting on a plough this time o' night, and with frost on the ground, looking at the moon.' All who heard him started, and a blank expression passed over their countenances. The young man, seeing

that he had surprised them more than he had anticipated, asked what was the matter. The reply was, 'Madame was buried three days ago in Lew Church.' "

In this story Mr. Baring Gould sees a legend which in its essential features is of great antiquity, and he asserts in plain words that Madame Gould, a lady who died toward the close of the eighteenth century, is "unquestionably an ancient Saxon goddess (the German Frau Holle) who has fallen from her pedestal and undergone anthropomorphism and localization." Such instances, he adds, although rare in England, are common enough in Norway. It would be interesting to learn whether the framework of "Earth-bound" has been provided by any like process; nor must it be forgotten that it is strictly the framework only which is a matter of scientific interest. The details may vary indefinitely; but the myths already examined must surely suffice to show that the divergences of stories manifestly cognate may be profoundly astonishing.

GEORGE W. COX, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE FRENCH CLERGY AND THE PRESENT REPUBLIC.

THE Church and the Republic in France are passing through a fresh crisis which must be injurious to both of them, although in very different degrees. While misunderstandings, perhaps partly involuntary, but which are for the most part deliberately provoked, have placed the Republic in a state of warfare with the Church, Europe stands with crossed arms gazing with fixed eyes on France, awaiting the issue of the strife. It watches the spectacle with a painful interest, suspecting that there will be many victims; nor is it mistaken in this belief.

Placed as we are in the heart of the conflict, our attention is divided between the shocks sustained by our unhappy country and the notice they attract in other lands, but it appears to us that many spectators of passing events do not understand or estimate the importance of the strife. The complaints of the two opposite camps are misunderstood, and men are inclined to believe that those most to blame are in reality the most innocent. Responsibilities are ascribed to the Church which she does not accept, and she is supposed to be implicated in acts with which she has nothing to do, and which she would have prevented if it had been possible.

This is not the first occasion on which the conduct of the Church has been misunderstood, nor is it likely to be the last. Whether the errors of her opponents are involuntary or not, it is important that she should secure the sympathy of those spectators who are

either indifferent or well-disposed, and for this reason the clergy are interested in explaining their attitude with reference to the republican institutions now established in France, and in giving a frank statement of the principles of their conduct.

They can do this without difficulty and without fear, since they have done nothing to be ashamed of; and if all classes of French society had done their duty as well as the clergy, France would not have fallen into the condition to which she is now reduced.

We believe that foreigners do not fully understand the present controversy, and that they ascribe ideas and aspirations to the clergy which the latter are far from entertaining. They are supposed to be systematically hostile to the Republic, and the present crisis is ascribed to their hostility. In all this there are many misconceptions, and we therefore propose to examine with sincerity and frankness the situation of the clergy in reference to the Republic.

I.

The first question presented to us is whether the clergy of France are hostile to the Republic. To this we distinctly reply that the clergy are not hostile to the Republic either in their tenets, their traditions, their opinions, or their discipline. We proceed at once to prove the truth of this assertion.

In the first place, there is no doctrinal difference between the clergy of France and the Republic as far as the form of government is concerned. Although this question is theoretical, it is one of great importance, for if it is certain that there is nothing incompatible between the doctrines of the French clergy and the republican system, the present hostility of the French Republic against the clergy must be ascribed to other causes.

The attention of the Church has long been directed to forms of government, and she has declared her opinion of so-called modern institutions, which are in reality as ancient as the world itself. Catholic theologians have studied and discussed different forms of government, monarchical, aristocratic, and republican; they have pointed out the advantages and disadvantages of each, pronouncing sometimes in favor of one rather than of another, but without condemning any, for with the wisdom which the Church always imparts to those who listen to her, they have seen that what was best in theory was not always the best in practice, and that forms of government must be judged in accordance with their time and place rather than in the abstract.

We should have liked to discuss at some length the theoretical aspect of the question; but, owing to the limits of our space, we are obliged to refer the readers to the works of S. Thomas, Bellar-

min, and Suarez, where they will find the subject fully examined. For this reason we pass over this side of the matter, and hasten to show that there is no traditional opposition between the Republic and the French clergy.

II.

Two classes of persons are found among the enemies of the French Republic: men who are honest, intelligent, noble-minded, and abounding in virtue and self-devotion. This is deeply to be regretted, for it is a misfortune for any form of government to number among its adversaries the most honest, virtuous, and intelligent section of the country; and it is equally unfortunate that divisions should exist in a nation where union is so necessary. When the enemy is at our frontiers, ready to take advantage of our mistakes, the nation should be aware of errors and careful to avoid divisions. This is precisely the situation of France at this moment.

The first class of men in opposition to the Republic includes the adherents of the old dynasty, men whose names, recollections and history are mingled with those of the ancient monarchy. It is indeed difficult for those who bear an historic name, and look back to the family tradition of loyalty—and many such Frenchmen may still be found—to admit that France has no other future before her save that of a Republic. Great force of character is required in those who are not swayed by interest, necessity, or some still less creditable motive, in order, we do not say, to repudiate but to separate themselves from the past. Reason may tell us that a good Frenchman has nothing else to do but to accept the Republic; reason, however, is of little avail unless the will goes with it, and such a step exposes the man who takes it to criticism, to attacks, and to calumnies. It is difficult for such men as De la Rochefoucauld, De Broglie, De Larcy, and a hundred others, to ally themselves with the Republic, and abandon the monarchical traditions of their forefathers.

We can scarcely expect that men whose ancestors made and preserved the French monarchy, whose fathers perished by the guillotine erected by the Revolution, should hail the Republic as the government of their choice. The circumstances are too recent for such a conversion, which would indeed scarcely be creditable to human nature. A similar debasement of mind would lead us to despair of the future of France. Moreover, the events of this century show that instability is the chief characteristic of modern institutions. There is no certainty that the Republic will last longer than the governments which preceded it, especially if she pursues her present suicidal course. The newspapers and the most ardent republicans would hardly declare so loudly that she is de-

firmly established in France, unless her situation were somewhat precarious, and it may be said in passing that the dangers which threaten her come from the warmest adherents of the republican system.

The instability of our institutions is therefore a sufficient reason to deter the representatives of the old families from the cause of the Republic. There is a dignity in this calm and reserved attitude which commands our respect and admiration. In this case tradition is in agreement with reason and good sense, and both restrain them from taking an active part in the establishment of a republican government. Such persons cannot be expected to do more than remain passive, and raise no obstacles to the reigning policy.

A second class of opponents of the Republic includes those who were connected with the monarchies of the present century, with the two empires, and the monarchy of July. When the favors of the Napoleonic dynasty have fallen upon a man's father or upon himself, gratitude forbids him to ally himself with the government by which that dynasty was overthrown, or he can be drawn to it but slowly and within certain limits. Such of the republicans as have not understood the duty imposed upon them by these considerations have been severely punished for their conduct. They are the object of public contempt, and this is perfectly just, since those whom they basely forsook despise them, and they are but poorly esteemed by the party they were so ready to join. It is needless to give instances of what we say; every one knows in what estimation Comte Foucher de Careil is held in the republican camp—a deserter from and a traitor to every party.

Traditions of gratitude as well as family traditions may therefore hold men back from the Republic, as is actually the case in France to-day.

If, instead of a Republic, that is, a government which represents part of the people only, it were the Republic, representing the whole nation, these two classes of opponents need give the government no uneasiness, since their opposition is open, fair, and incapable of unworthy intrigues. The government, it is true, could not reckon on much zeal and devotion, but they might depend upon indifference, perhaps even on a more active co-operation, since the republican government could no longer be administered by a caste. This was the state of things from 1870 to 1877, when monarchists did not refuse to serve the Republic. They in fact have created that capital of good fame both at home and abroad on which she has subsisted for the last three years, and which is unfortunately almost exhausted. But admitting that family tradition and considerations of gratitude have estranged part of the French nation

from the Republic, we have now to consider how far these motives affect the French clergy.

If we regard the clergy of France *en bloc*, they may be divided into two unequal parts. The immense majority are drawn from the middle and lower classes, whence the ranks of the republicans are also recruited. As far as this portion of the French clergy is concerned there is plainly no question of family tradition. The middle class, the artisans and laborers, were not more than they are now favored by the empire, the government of July, and the restoration. Family tradition is therefore with them ineffective, and even since the Republic relies for support on the common people, the clergy is bound, from a simply human point of view, to regard this government with favor so long as it is worthy of respect, because their family ties and class interests are with the Republic. In this case family tradition might indeed conciliate the suffrages of the clergy if the Republic acted in a reasonable manner.

As for that portion of the clergy which is drawn from the great families favored by the Bourbon, the Orleans, and the Bonaparte dynasties, it is so merged in the mass of the clergy that their opinions count for nothing. It is possible that some priests are by tradition Legitimist, Orleanist, or Bonapartist, but we formally deny that any priests, as such, and in their official capacity, proclaim their personal and political opinions. Of course we do not here speak of one or two eccentric characters which are found in every large body of men, since the clergy of France form no exception to the rule. But no inference can be drawn from these isolated cases. Moreover it is certain that those who by family tradition belong to one or other of our political parties take good care not to proclaim their opinions, and avoid all that could reasonably offend public opinion. The clergy of France are then fettered by no connection with political parties, and of all classes of the people, they could be the most easily won over to the cause of the Republic, to whom such an achievement would be the greatest honor.

Let us now see whether the clergy are bound to the monarchical form of government by ties of gratitude.

There was one period in this century when the French clergy took a part in politics, we mean after 1830. Although the restoration was favorable to the clergy, the latter obtained but few favors from the Bourbons, but they saw that the ill-treatment of the Church was contrary to the wishes of the reigning dynasty. Charles X. signed the famous ordinance of 1828, *la mort dans l'âme*, and worsted in this first struggle was overwhelmed in the second, under the ruins of his shattered throne. The Revolution of 1830, made against religion and the legitimate monarchy, was profoundly disliked by the clergy, and it was ten years before their opposition

died away. After a while, however, the clergy took a just view of the situation and of their proper sphere of action, and from that time held aloof from political ties, desiring to remain wholly independent. The French clergy are of all classes of society certainly the most indifferent to forms of government, considering them all good so far as they are compatible with order. They only decline to enter into any compact with disorder and revolution. They know well that it is their duty to be superior to republican and monarchical forms, since they are bound to serve all persons alike. It is their mission to save souls, not to overthrow a republic and found a monarchy.

Nor is there any reason whatever why they should be especially attached to the monarchical form of government, by which they have at different times been persecuted, as we will briefly show.

The second empire, while professing to honor the Church, secretly persecuted her, opposing her action and hindering her good works, suppressing her associations, paralyzing her influence, preparing and completing the ruin of the temporal power of the Pope. And while doing all this, the empire contrived to make people suppose that it was protecting religion, so that since the clergy have been persecuted out of hatred to the empire. Nor did they fare better under the government of July. From the religious point of view, the dynasty of Louis Philippe was Voltairean. The persecutions of 1845, the refusal to allow liberty of teaching, the annoyances to which the episcopate was subjected, are recollections which do not inspire much sympathy for the Orléanist dynasty among the clergy. The survivors of that epoch still speak sadly of the outrages to which the clergy and religion were subjected. As for the restoration, its more favorable disposition does not enable us to forget the debauchery of Louis XV, the saturnalia of the regency, the declaration of 1682, the persecutions of the *Régale*, and many other royal edicts distinctly directed against the rights of the Church and the welfare of souls. It is unnecessary to make many researches and to go back further to show that the clergy cannot absolutely rely on monarchy and monarchies, and that they are sufficiently acquainted with history to be aware of the fact. They would willingly add a clause to the litanies which it is sometimes their duty to recite: "From this kind of protection, deliver us, O Lord!"

It is true that the conduct of the Republic toward the clergy of France has left an indelible stain. The illusions of 1789, quickly followed by the crimes of 1791-1797, have left bloody records in the annals of the clergy as well as in those of the French nation. A form of government ushered in by such horrors needs much forgiveness. Before stipulating that it should be treated as a government worthy of respect, it must prove that it is so beyond all pos-

ability of contradiction. It is the height of absurdity to suppose that a republic ought not to inspire some uneasiness and to meet with some suspicion and fear. It is not for the clergy to make advances, but for the Republic. It is true that in 1848 the Republic gave two proofs of repentance and conversion; she undertook the expedition to Rome and organized the liberty of secondary instruction. The Church and the clergy remember this with gratitude, and while regretting the way in which the Republic has established herself among us for the third time, the clergy were disposed to accept another experiment of her system in a loyal spirit. Although the Church had nothing to do with the establishment of the republican government, she was equally determined to have nothing to do with its overthrow.

We repeat that the clergy are no enemies of the Republic by tradition; and we have now to show that the assertion that they are hostile in inclination and opinions is equally erroneous.

III.

In the first place no one will venture to say that the education of the clergy is directed in a sense hostile to the Republic, and indeed it would be impossible to prove such an assertion. There has been much talk about the Jesuits and their mode of teaching. Jules Ferry, the Director of Public Instruction, has lately quoted in the Senate twenty-seven passages extracted from authors of whom at least half were not Jesuits, and the other passages were taken from the writings of two of that order. We might probably differ from these authors on some points, but no sensible man would believe that they are necessarily anti-republican because they condemn the illusions, crimes and saturnalia of 1789-1797. If it is necessary, in order to be a good republican, to approve theft, assassination, pillage, disorder, and impiety, it is evident that the clergy is anti-republican, and no one can be surprised at the fact. But it is possible to be a republican and yet condemn the great Revolution *en bloc* as a piece of useless savagery. Even good republicans think and speak with us on this subject.

There is no reason for educating the clergy in a systematic opposition to the Republic, nor would the attempt be successful. In fact, the subject scarcely enters into the course of secondary instruction. The teacher's object is to form honest, upright and steady ecclesiastics, who may take an intelligent interest in events of the day, and combine the love of their country with the love of souls. The teacher seeks to inspire them with respect for authority, a spirit of self-denial and devotion to duty. It can hardly be desired that the teaching of theology should be imbued with oaths of hatred to royalty and of death to tyrants. Neither would any wish

to see the clergy espouse the cause of every Hartmann of our time. Men would not endure priests affecting the rôle of tribunes of the people.

All sensible men in France wish that priests should be modest, gentle, charitable, devoted to their duties, and that they should take little or no part in politics. Such are the priests we have, and they have been formed by the education which has been imparted to them.

But it may perhaps be said that social relations have imbued the clergy with anti republican opinions, and it is necessary to meet this argument by stating one or two questions. If it is true that these relations are the cause of their opinions, it follows that the French clergy do not associate with republicans, who might inoculate them with their sentiments, just as they are now inoculated with the sentiments of the Legitimists, Bonapartists and Orleanists. If so, whose fault is this? Is it not because republicans as a rule hold aloof from the Church, and are openly at war with religion and Christianity? If the clergy are not led by their social relations to think well of the Republic, those republicans are to blame who assume to be her representatives. Let them examine their consciences, and they will find more reason to say that the republicans are hostile to the clergy than that the clergy are hostile to the republicans.

The following explanation has recently been given by the *Saturday Review* of the situation created in France by the breach between the clergy and the Republic :

"It might have been expected that a church organized on a highly democratic basis (and in some respects the social standing of the clergy, for example, the Catholic Church is very democratic) would show no rooted hostility to republican institutions. The priests might not have felt inclined to bless trees of liberty as in 1848, but there was no very obvious reason why they should part company from their fathers and brothers and curse the government, which, if they had remained laymen, they would probably have accepted as decidedly the best within their reach."

On this point we agree with the *Saturday Review*. It is perfectly true that the Church is made for the people, and adopts all that is good in democracies, but this only places the errors of the republicans in France in a clearer light, since they have alienated and still to contrive to alienate the Catholic clergy from them, although the latter would naturally have worked with them. This abnormal situation cannot be explained by trivial causes, but this is the attempt made by the *Saturday Review*. We proceed to give its singular solution of a problem which is interesting from more than one point of view :

"The hostility between the Church and the Republic (says the

Review) is in part due to the extreme poverty of the clergy. The parish priests, especially in the country, have scarcely enough to live on. The payment they receive from the state is very small indeed; and the peasants, who keenly feel being obliged to pay even this, are not likely to supplement it by any private liberality of their own. In this respect, however, the Republic is not worse than the governments that have preceded it. The request of the clergy for an increase in their stipends has been disregarded, but they receive no less than they did under the empire." (November 8th, 1879.)

It is true that the stipends of the French clergy are insufficient, especially when we compare them with those of the Anglican clergy, and for this the Republic is perhaps more to blame than the preceding governments; first, because the conditions of life have materially changed since 1870, and secondly, because other stipends, those of schoolmasters, for example, have been raised, while those of the clergy remain unchanged. On this point the republicans have displayed neither wisdom nor justice, and the clergy are justified in regarding the fact as a bad symptom.

But in spite of the assertion of the *Saturday Review* to the contrary, the clergy have made no complaints, and have asked for no increase; their conduct in the whole matter has been full of dignity. If they had no greater grievance to allege against the Republic peace would have been quickly made, or at any rate the republicans would have been very impolitic not to make it. But we must tell the *Saturday Review* that the French clergy think worse of the republicans for stinting the incomes of the bishops than for refusing to augment their own stipends, and this is the strict truth.

The *Saturday Review* continues:

"Where it is a hard matter for priest to keep body and soul together, it is very important to him to stand well with his richer parishioners. The great house in the village can give him a good many dinners in the course of the year, and thus save his pocket and satisfy his hunger at the same time. The ladies of great houses are seldom republicans, and the priest who depends on their hospitality for all he knows of the luxuries of life—meaning thereby all such necessities as cannot be provided out of an income of £24 a year, will be very apt to be, as regards politics, what they are. He ought no doubt to remember the dignity of the sacerdotal character, and to have a will and opinions of his own, but as a matter of fact he seldom does. There is so very little butter to his bread, at the best, that he is naturally anxious above all things to be quite sure on which side the little that there is to be found."

In this way great effects are explained by trivial causes. According to the *Saturday Review* the hostility of the French clergy

toward the Republic is due to no other cause than the number of dinners which can be eaten at the neighboring château. It is surprising that a serious paper should publish such absurdities. The *Saturday Review* is in general more ably conducted, and we cannot congratulate it on this discovery. Besides, it is untrue that the stipend of the country clergy is not more than £24; nor is it true that every village has its château. The châteaux disappeared during the Revolution, and are only found here and there in some districts of France. But it is only too true that the republicans are recruited from the ranks of the poor, the needy, sometimes the disreputable, or men of extravagant ideas. Well-educated people of good position respect themselves and hold back. And this is a misfortune for the Republic, since it shows a want of confidence in its discretion. It is also true that the republicans are not generally distinguished either for their generosity, their education, their respect for religion, and morality. It is among the monarchists that we find more men of good education and piety. But we do not precisely see how this division can turn to the advantage of the Republic and of republicans.

The French clergy find devoted support in the different monarchical parties, who all respect religion even when they do not practise it. They cannot therefore be blamed for giving them their sympathies, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that the clergy are Legitimist, Orleanist, or Bonapartist because they associate with men of those parties. If we had time to go into the question in detail it would be easy to show that while holding such intercourse with individuals, the clergy do not attach themselves to the opinions of any party. While seeking aid for their good works, the clergy do not engage to vote for the donors at the elections; still less do they engage to adopt their illusions, their errors, jealousies, and rancours. The clergy are on their guard against all these foibles, and, taken as a whole, they act only from a sense of duty.

IV.

It may finally be said that the clergy are hostile to the Republic as a matter of discipline, that the bishops are averse to the republican government, and that the priests are compelled to think with them. This has, in fact, been asserted, and those who wish to know how far men will go in gratuitous assumptions must turn to the *Saturday Review* and read the article quoted above.

Supposing this to be true, why, if the bishops are anti-republicans, have not republican bishops been appointed in the course of the last ten years? Surely, out of 60,000 priests, some honest republicans might have been found to try and convert the rest.

There was nothing to prevent the Republic from undertaking this work of consolidation, and she has evinced too great generosity in appointing her enemies to the episcopate. If no republican priests can be found fit to become bishops, men of good character must be rare in that party. In that case the clergy are only doing their duty in holding aloof from them, and their hostility is dictated by necessity.

But let us ascertain how much truth there is in the assertion that the episcopate is hostile to the Republic. It is true that as men and citizens the bishops in France are divided among all the political parties. They, as well as the clergy, belong, as a rule, to the middle and working classes, and there are among them Legitimists, Orléanists, Bonapartists, perhaps even Republicans. But as bishops the French prelates have no political opinions, and express none. They are conciliatory, and do nothing, without good cause, to embarrass the established authority. No episcopate was ever more moderate in its complaints, more firm and serious in its language, more reluctant to protest against arbitrary measures which are as injurious to the country as to the Church. For the last fifteen months an impious war has been waged against the clergy, in which the bishops have had to take part, and yet little cause of reproach has been proved against them. There was some talk about Monseigneur d'Angers' funeral oration over General Lamoricière, but any unprejudiced person will agree that it provoked much more attention than it deserved. And even granting that one bishop is hostile to the Republic, is that a reason for condemning them all? The bishop of Angers is, however, perhaps, an opponent of some republicans rather than of the Republic itself. We feel sure that Monseigneur Freppel would readily reconcile himself with an honest republic nor dream of insisting on a monarchy.

And further. Even if the episcopate were monarchist, it does not follow that the clergy would necessarily be hostile to the Republic. Bishops are not in the habit of ascertaining the political opinions of their priests before nominating them to any cure, and it is absolutely untrue that a priest has ever been constrained to declare on which side he would vote. We defy any one to produce a single conclusive case of the kind. It is possible that some priests have lost promotion in consequence of their political opinions, but only because they did not maintain a fitting reserve, and because, by their unseemly behavior, they compromised religion and the Church in the eyes of the faithful. The decisive action of the bishops in such cases cannot be blamed.

The bishops do, in fact, conduct themselves like the clergy. They fulfil the duties of their pastoral office without meddling with politics. Our customs and social condition do not allow the clergy to take an active part, as they do in England and elsewhere, in the

elections and in other things which have no direct concern with religion. Every one expects the clergy to inquire whether the candidates proposed are in favor of Article 7, or opposed to it, but not that they should concern themselves about Legitimism, Orleanism, the Empire, or even the Republic. They would be blamed by men of all parties if they came forward and made use of their influence to favor one side more than another. The clergy and the episcopate are aware of this and do not fail to do their duty; they do not offer aid which no one demands and which they ought not to afford. They have never appeared at political demonstrations, as, for example, at those of the Legitimists organized for the 29th of September, and those of the Bonapartists after the death of the Prince Imperial. Their behavior has been full of nobility, reserve, and dignity.

It is therefore untrue that the episcopate enjoins hostility to the Republic. The bishops would be the first to repress any deviation from social usages either in speech or action. The assertions to the contrary which are sometimes circulated by the French and foreign press are devoid of foundation, and the fact is as clear as day to any impartial observer.

V.

Let us now see how the French clergy really feel toward the Republic and the republicans. We draw this distinction since there is a real difference between them.

As far as the Republic is concerned, we will adduce the following incident, although it may be thought egotistic. Soon after the fall of the Empire and the Commune, a person connected with a family we had known for many years remarked with some surprise: "You must know, M. l'Abbé, that one thing puzzles me and many others, and that is the shade of your political opinions. We have often speculated to what party you belong, but have never been able to guess." "We are not surprised at this," did we reply, "since we are in fact of no party. It may be a misfortune, but the fact is we have no definite opinions. We are in favor of every government which maintains order, and opposed to every government which encourages disorder. We do not go beyond this; it may be a mistake, but it is the simple truth."

We venture to quote this reply, because it represents the disposition of the immense majority of the French nation, and especially of the Catholic clergy. Both in theory and practice the clergy of France are irrevocably attached to no party. They know how they ought to act in the revolutions which recur every ten years, and take care not to link their destiny with that of any system of government, whether it be a monarchy or a republic.

The clergy of France hold that the Republic is like other forms of government, theoretically and in itself neither good nor evil. They believe that everything depends upon the mode in which it is administered, and that it may be the source of great good and also of great evil. They think, with all men of sense and experience, that if the Republic is sometimes a good and fair government, it is from its nature liable to fall rapidly into anarchy, which is the most terrible of all forms of despotism. They remember that for ten years the guillotines rose everywhere in France under the authority of the Republic, that the prisons were crowded with innocent victims, that rivers of blood were shed. It is hard to reproach the clergy because they have not yet forgotten the Great Revolution. They wait therefore until the Republic is organized and appears to govern fairly. The clergy give her credit for good intentions in 1848, but that is all. They will accept or submit to her rule, but without linking their destiny to hers, nor trying to establish her on the soil *per fas et nefas*. This is the mission of politicians, not of the clergy. The former must do what they think best for the country, the latter have to think of the salvation of souls, whether they are members of a republic or a monarchy. If they do not encroach on each other's territory all will go well, and there is assuredly no desire on the part of the clergy to encroach on the Republic.

Both in theory and practice, therefore, the clergy have been, and still are, indifferent to the republican form of government as such. The cardinals of Paris and of Cambrai spoke lately as follows on this subject :

"Members of the clergy, churchmen, and ministers of Jesus Christ, we are strangers to political parties.

"Standing aloof from all political agitations, strangers to all civil administrations and secular affairs, we content ourselves with the duties of our office, and only ask for liberty to fulfil them. As for the laity, we shall continue to serve them, in spite of their mistrust, antipathy and opposition, recommending all to exercise the respect for magistrates and obedience to the laws which we practise ourselves, so long as they do not controvert the law of God, our devotion to our country, and the anxious solace of human suffering."

It cannot be said of republicans, or at least of those who are now in power, that they act in the same way, and all intelligent men in France and elsewhere will agree with us when they know what is passing.

Take all the men in power at this moment, from the President Grévy to the lowest provincial *sous-préfet*; study their past and present lives and their projects for the future, and you will see that they are not such as men of high character would choose for friends,

If you examine their past, you will generally find that they are men who have failed in their career either in intelligence, good-feelings, morals, or way of life : men who have done nothing but make speeches, who have been involved in plots against order, who have organized or encouraged all our revolutions ; men who have squandered their money, dishonored their homes or families, who have been branded with the disgrace of imprisonment, exile, or the galleys. We do not say that all republicans of our time are rogues, but that all rogues and *communards* are republicans. This is not much to the credit of the Republic, and does not enlarge our sympathy for her.

If we turn from the past to the present, we have to consider the acts of the republicans, and whether they have made a single really useful law since they came into power. We say that, on the contrary, they have proposed many measures opposed to public order, which have been discussed and passed with unseemly haste. These may be counted by tens, not by units ; they have pulled down without attempting to rebuild ; they have alarmed and offended all interests without satisfying any, and this is the conduct of a government which, before its advent to power, promised us a second golden age, peace, liberty, universal happiness, and a spirit of conciliation which was to draw toward it all hearts by its moderation and discreet conduct. As the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris wrote to the President of the Republic on the 8th of April, 1880 : " If the Republic wishes to establish her rule over us, she must adopt other means. When, before her advent to power, it was sought to make us love her, she was presented to us in a very different form."

In fact, it is like a dream to read the former programmes of the republicans and to compare them with the acts of the very same men who are now in power. The army, the magistrature, finance, and public instruction all bear the traces of violence by republican hands. We have already reached the era of 1792 in the third Republic, and men begin to ask if we are not on the eve of another 1793. Revolution, persecution, every expedient is used by the men now in power. The catalogue of misdeeds committed by our rulers is already enormous, and of all the interests menaced, religion is the most in danger. We subjoin a list of the measures proposed or accepted by those who profess to be the only true representatives of the Republic.

Projet Talandier, Barodet, and Bert on the subject of public instruction. *Loi* Ferry respecting the higher council of public instruction and on higher education. The suppression of the military almonry. *Projet* Saint Martin to forbid ministers of public worship to enter the barracks. *Projet* Naquet on divorce. *Projet* Saint Martin on the marriage of priests. *Projet de loi* on

cemeteries. *Projet* Belle as to funeral rites. *Projet* Labuge on vestries. Secularization of the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance*. *Projet* Bert and Labuge, for making the clergy liable to military service. *Projet* Boyssset for the suppression of the budget of Public Worship and the abrogation of the concordat. Brisson's amendments in the articles 9 and 10 of the Financial Budget of 1881, etc.

Surely this list of measures of persecution is enough. While the republican members of the Chamber are legislating in this sense the government officials are equally busy. An examination of the course pursued by the *préfets* and the municipal councils shows that they are offending or alarming every religious interest. The Christian Brothers, Sisters of Mercy, and the parish clergy are all the objects of oppression, and illegal acts against them are committed every day. The clergy cannot be expected to feel esteem, confidence, and respect for such men, nor can they make common cause with men so disreputable, if we take them all together.

Nor is this all which we have to expect from the republicans; it is only an instalment of what they propose to do. They are still held back by the moderately conservative majority in the Senate; but the republicans look forward to the day when they shall be the absolute rulers, and they have already told us what they propose to do. Read the *comptes-rendus* of the Municipal Council of Paris, or the report of speeches made in the Chamber of Deputies by M. Ferry, and even by M. de Freycinet, and you will judge whether any thoughtful man can be reassured by the proposed legislation. In fact, a war of extermination against all old institutions has begun, and especially against the Church and the clergy, which are the most stable elements of French society.

Innumerable proofs of this assertion might be alleged, but they are superfluous, for any one who deceives himself as to the intentions of the republicans must read nothing, hear nothing, and see nothing of what is passing around him. Only those who are wilfully blind and deaf can ignore the present attack upon the clergy of France by the republicans. There is a deluge of pamphlets, articles, and caricatures, one more scurrilous than another. A party which has recourse to such weapons ought to be eternally disgraced.

While the mass of the republican body acts in this way, the only honorable men of that party, by whose means the present government has come into power, such as Jules Simon, Dufaure, Laboulaye, Wallon, Bérenger, Lamy, are hooted, excommunicated, reviled, and threatened, because they wish to be just to the Catholics. This is not likely to convert the clergy to the republican institutions, nor to allay their fears, since they have nothing to hope and everything to fear from that party. According to writers in the *Saturday Review* the responsibility for the present situation rests

partly on the republicans and partly on the Church ; but although it may be well to say so from a literary point of view, the assertion is not borne out by truth, justice, or common fairness.

The republicans must not only have made mistakes, but have committed crimes before such men as Jules Simon, Dufaure, Laboulaye, Béranger, and Wallon would have uttered such indignant protests in the French tribune. M. Béranger, one of the most moderate members of the republican party, spoke as follows on May 5th, 1880.

"You cannot establish the Republic without us ; it cannot be done without the support of the moderate party. No, you cannot exist without us. When we joined you, we little thought to what uses we were to be applied. In order to do so many of us broke with traditions which were the glory of our lives, and we endured the dissatisfaction and irritation of our friends. Can it be supposed that we committed this kind of moral perjury against our former convictions for any other purpose than to advance the liberal cause ? We acted from the conviction that the Republic was inseparable from liberty, which we had worshipped all our lives, and declared that if the welfare of our country demanded the sacrifices of our former opinions, our liberal aspirations would at any rate be gratified. It was this thought which led us to join your party, but to retain us juster and more noble measures must be proposed. It has already been declared that we have become adherers of the monarchy, but this insinuation is an outrage. No, we remain faithful to the Republic, but we will not desert liberty. It is said that the Republic and universal suffrage are identical, but the fact may be disputed since we have seen one without the other. But it is, as I think, rigorously true that the alliance between the Republic and liberty is indissoluble, indispensable, and that they have never been separated with impunity. The Republic is liberty itself ; it is, as the very word indicates, common to all. If it should become the property of a few, the stamp of the Republic may remain, but its essence and reality will be no more. Before leaving the tribune I have one word more to say ; be careful lest, owing to your policy, a party should be formed in the heart of the Republic which shall unfurl another flag, round which may rally all generous hearts, honest minds, and enlightened consciences ; the flag of liberty for all alike."

The sentiments of the French clergy toward the Republic and toward republicans are not the same. They hold that the present majority does not represent a possible but an impossible republic ; or, in other words, the Revolution. It is not a system of government, but the proscription of all government, and thoughtful observers agree in this opinion. They readily accept the maxim of M. Thiers : "The Republic must be conservative or she will

cease to exist." She is no longer conservative: since she has refused to give up Hartmann, since she has recalled incendiaries and *communards*, since she has finally issued the decree of expulsion against unoffending monks and nuns, she has alarmed all interests and all consciences, and she must therefore cease to exist.

While the clergy is justified in distinguishing between the Republic and the republicans now in power, they maintain a dignified attitude under all the attacks of the radical press and of the government officials. They show no unseemly agitation, but remain silent and allow the torrent to rush by; they despise insults, and carry on their good works as far as possible as the only reply to calumny. The columns of the newspapers are not filled with indignant letters, and they only protest by their silence, while expecting from time and from God the justice refused by man. The clergy of France, like the whole Catholic Church, triumph over their adversaries by patient endurance of persecution.

VI.

It may secondly be asked what has caused the present breach between the government and the French clergy, and what has aroused the angry cry against the latter, if the facts are as we have stated. The answer is easy. The attack upon the clergy is due to general causes, always at work, and on which we need not dwell, but it is also due to special causes which have aroused the latent strife into activity, and we have to consider there these special causes.

In a book which obtained and deserved some notice, M. Emile Ollivier has touched on this delicate subject with his well-known ability, yet not perhaps so as to place it in its true light. The cause of the present religious crisis is to be found, he says, in the situation in which the Papacy has been placed during the last thirty years. The Revolution of 1848, dreaded by Catholics, directed the hatred of sectarians throughout the world against Rome. The destruction of the temporal power of the Pope, the object of the revolutionary party in all countries, having led to the occupation of Rome by French troops, provoked for ten years a paper war against Catholicism. The crisis became more acute during the Italian war, and the world was divided into two camps, containing the Catholics and Conservatives on the one side, and the irreligious and revolutionists on the other. During the last decade of the empire the hatred of Catholicism was always increasing, and it was not difficult to foresee the grave events to which it must give rise. The wars in Denmark and in Austria, the unification of Germany and of Italy, the withdrawal of the French troops, and the invasions by Garibaldi raised religious animosities to their highest

point. On the one side the alarm of the Catholics was displayed, while on the other the revolutionary party loudly expressed their hopes. Nor did the last party only direct their attacks against the temporal power; their views went further, and this was only the first stage toward the destruction of the Church and of Catholicism. This is still their object, as some among them are frank enough to declare.

It will be easily understood that this did not set consciences at rest. Religious questions were eagerly discussed, minds were inflamed, and irritation and hatred appeared on every side. Strange to say, the empire, which had done more harm to the Church than the government of July, contrived to make the Church odious, even while persecuting her. While despoiling the Holy See, or suffering her to be despoiled, the empire was outwardly favorable to religion, and evinced good-will to the clergy. In this way the Church inherited some of the unpopularity of the dynasty at its fall. The Council of the Vatican, the war of 1870, the occupation of Rome by the Italians, were not calculated to diminish the tension of the situation. Yet the behavior of the clergy during the war, which drew the following avowal from Prince Frederic Charles: "Throughout the invasion the French clergy were the only class distinguished for their dignity, nobility, and patriotism; no one could refuse to admire them on the field of battle;" this behavior, we say, added to the massacres of the Commune, restored a certain degree of popularity to the Church, and at that time the revolutionary party, which had contributed as much as the Germans toward the misfortunes of our country, were overwhelmed by the weight of their crimes. The National Assembly was not clerical, as some people have chosen to say, but it was no more animated by a hostile and persecuting spirit. Its members were anxious to repair all breaches, and understood that this could only be done by not checking the current of religious opinions.

About this time the mistakes committed by M. Thiers provoked those committed by the Assembly itself. While France was thus agitated by anarchy, Germany fomented the divisions among us, and sustained the hopes of the revolutionary party that the Republic might be established in France. The Germans then inaugurated the religious persecution which they are now trying to allay, and this revived among us the anti-religious passions which the disasters of 1870 and the crimes of 1871 had in some degree appeased. France felt the reaction of what was passing in Germany. Happily for her, the government and the National Assembly were opposed to every idea of persecution, and the revolutionary party were obliged to restrain their ardor, instead of sharing in M. Bismarck's feast on the Jesuit and the parish priest.

It must also be confessed that some Catholics, able and virtuous

men, did not set a good example of discretion and moderation, and thus furnished the enemies of the Church, not with reasons, but with a pretext for attacking her. Much has been said of the counter-revolution during the last eight or ten years, but without explaining exactly what is meant by it. The misunderstandings of many of our opponents are wilful, but some persons whom we do not suspect of bad faith are deceived. There is no foundation whatever in the assertion that the clergy and the Catholics have adopted a general plan of campaign against the Republic or the present government. They have been held responsible for the 24th, and especially for the 16th of May; but this is most unjust. As French citizens and as religious men attached to Catholicism, they may have taken part in these two events, but they did not do so because they were Catholics. Indeed many Catholics disapproved of these measures, and it is iniquitous to confound the Church with acts for which she has always repudiated any responsibility. No one can quote a public speech or an episcopal letter intended for publicity which lends the sanction of any bishop to either the 24th or the 16th of May. On the contrary, the episcopal charges show that the bishops have always, everywhere and without exception, advised their clergy to hold aloof from politics, and the clergy, as well as Catholics in general, have obeyed the injunction. Abundant proofs could be given, and there is nothing to justify the imputation that the Catholics were responsible for events which they did not even approve. Neither the Catholics nor the clergy have made the slightest attempt to overthrow the Republic.

We admit that many mistakes have been made during the last eight years by influential persons, and that some Catholics have thus compromised the Church. The letter of the Bishop of Nevers, irregularly addressed to all the mayors of the department, was a folly as well as a fault, since it could only have the effect of discrediting the Catholic cause. Few thoughtful Catholics approved of the proceeding, and the bishop himself died of repentance. It was, in fact, the cause of the 16th of May, a premature measure, ill-conceived and ill-executed, carried out by men who ought never to have been in power, and consequently calculated to produce the effects which resulted from it. It is, therefore, a grave mistake to suppose that the Church and the clergy prepared, executed, and approved of what occurred on the 16th of May. They had nothing to do with it, and foresaw that the attempt would have deplorable results.

Although the Catholics had nothing to do with the 16th of May, it does not follow that they did not think some such measure expedient when the right moment should arrive. The elections of 1876 had shown that the Republic was gliding rapidly down the

decline of radicalism. Proposals adverse to the Church and to religion, which had hitherto been laid aside as unlikely to be accepted, had begun to be made, and it was evident that the rising tide of the revolution could not long be arrested. The advanced radicals for whom M. de Bismarck had shown so much sympathy in France, were eager to imitate the Chancellor and to introduce the *Culturkampf*. They were impatient to attack the Church and Catholicism, and in the beginning of the session of 1876 they began to discuss the laws of primary instruction, and to propose measures against religious associations. In this session an inquiry was instituted into the condition of the religious orders of France, an inquiry made in a hostile spirit, and of which the practical result is now evident.

It would be false to say that the Catholics have watched the course of events without profiting by the lessons they afforded. They have watched these events with uneasiness, and have anxiously asked themselves whether France had also to pass through an experience similar to those of Germany and Switzerland. The weakness of the government, the violence of the radical press, and the language of the republican leaders were not calculated to reassure them, and it is not surprising that their indifference has insensibly been transformed into hostility, not against the Republic, but against the men who represent her. The Republic has twice before covered France with ruins and with blood, and surely it is natural to feel again alarm when we see her falling into the same expences for the third time. All Catholics are held responsible for the imprudent acts and words of M. de Mun or of the Bishop of Nevers, although they disapprove of them, and yet they are expected to remain quiet when Gambetta declares, amid the applause of his party, that clericalism is the great enemy, when Ferry denounces the Church and the congregations from the tribune, when Madiet de Montjau proposes that Catholics should be outlawed, when Lepère insults the bishops in his circulars, when Article 7 is forced upon the Chamber *per fas et nefas*, when a decree of expulsion has gone forth against the Christian Brothers and nuns of all the schools, and a hundred measures, one more wicked than another, are deposited in the offices of the Chamber! Such blind and headlong folly is scarcely credible.

We emphatically repeat that the clergy are neither republican nor monarchical.* They are merely devoted to their duty and in-

* 'I confess that although I am a republican by instinct and tradition, I only attach a secondary importance to forms of government, which are good or bad according to circumstances, and I have never been able to enroll myself among those who spend their lives in warfare for the Monarchy or the Republic.'—M. Ollivier, *L'Eglise et l'Etat au Concile du Vatican*. M. Ollivier is perfectly just in what he says, and we believe that every French ecclesiastic agrees with him, although M. Ollivier asserts the contrary.

different to political questions, as long as they are allowed to be busy about good works, and to fulfil their mission. But their indifference to politics does not extend to politicians themselves. They are unable to take the same view of rogues as of honest men. We may blame the want of tact and the mistakes of the honest men, and we may commend the cleverness of the rogues, but we can never place upon the same line MacMahon and Grévy, Dufaure and Clémenceau, Jules Simon and Gambetta, Wallon and Hérold. The clergy and the Catholics watch the course of events, and learn from experience like the rest of the world. When an election takes place they are only anxious to vote for honest and religious men, and since unfortunately the republicans now in power seem to glory in being irreligious and of lax morals, they do not obtain the votes of Catholics. It would be absurd to conclude from this fact that the Catholics and the clergy are hostile to the Republic, unless the Republic and irreligion are one and the same thing. So long as the Republic is distinct from the Revolution the Catholics do not condemn her, but at the present moment it is not a republic or a monarchy which is in question, but order or disorder, government or anarchy.

It is, therefore, unjust to ascribe the present crisis to the clergy, for they did not provoke and are not responsible for it. Their attitude as a body has been irreproachable during the last ten years, and will continue to be so. They neither court nor defy the Government, but stand aloof, calm, dignified, and reserved, and busy themselves in good works as far as they are allowed to do so. This is as true of the regular as of the secular clergy, the Jesuits included, of whom the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris lately spoke as follows :

"In the midst of the dissensions which agitate and divide our country, the whole body of the clergy have strictly confined themselves within the limits of their spiritual office, nor has the congregation of Jesus been less careful than the rest to avoid any interference with political questions, and assertions to the contrary are unfounded. A bishop who has the principal Jesuit establishments under his jurisdiction is entitled to vindicate them from this reproach." *

The clergy are exposed to insults, attacks, and outrages ; they are dragged through the mud and are persecuted in all sorts of ways, and they submit in silence. It would be impossible to find in any age or in any country a large body of men who have maintained a more reserved and dignified attitude under such a trial. It is grossly unjust to assert that the clergy of France have provoked the Republic and the republicans. As the Bishop of Autun

* Letter from the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris to the President of the Republic, April 12, 1880.

observes in his letter of the 15th of April, 1880: "We did our duty as citizens and as Frenchmen during the war and in the disastrous epoch of the Commune. After these disasters we renewed our labors among you. We only demand the right of alleviating the ills of society, and the liberty necessary for accomplishing the task. No one can say that we have taken an undue part in the manufacture of the constitution and of the laws. We are justified in saying to politicians, you do not come across us in your own department, in the sphere of interests which is your special charge."

The hatred to religion and the desire to please Bismarck led to the open war which has long been meditated. An occasion was found and eagerly seized on the 16th of May. The clergy are the victims, and it is only by a strange perfidy that the attempt is made to fix the guilt on them in order to justify their destruction. Men must be blind or deaf who ignore this truth.

VII.

We have now only to ask, What will be the issue of the present crisis? The reply would be easy if the republicans were sincere and really desired peace. The clergy and the Catholics do not ask for protection and privileges, but for common justice and liberty. The Government, instead of being hostile and oppressive, has only to become neutral and indifferent, and peace will be made at once. If the Republic should be overthrown, it will certainly not be owing to the Church and clergy. The republicans themselves will be wholly responsible.

In fact, it is difficult to see how the present crisis is to end in a state of relative tranquillity after the orders of the day in the Chamber, and the decrees of the 29th of March. The majority of the Chamber consists of men who can pull down, but who cannot build up, so that there is no hope of a peaceful solution. The arbitrary course on which the Government has entered cannot be arrested. The Freycinet ministry has accepted the part of Pontius Pilate, but in three months it will have ceased to exist, in order to give way to still more violent men.

A conservative President might then make his own 16th of May, and make it under favorable conditions. If he were to appeal to the country with the question, Do you, or do you not, desire a religious persecution? we are persuaded that the country would return a Chamber of more moderate views which would reject the *projets* Ferry. Such a measure would not only be good but republican policy. The life of the Republic might perhaps not be saved, but it would be prolonged.

It is unfortunately very doubtful whether President Grévy will accept the responsibility of dissolving the Chamber, and the imme-

diate prospect—which could in any case only be deferred—includes persecution, the Commune, and a dictatorship of some kind, probably Napoleonic.

Prince Napoleon may perhaps make his advent to power possible, in spite of his numerous faults, among which his recent letter was not the least; and he will be accepted, if not welcomed, by a country which every day becomes more weary of a Republic served by such republicans.

There is nothing seductive in such a prospect. But we can only accept facts as they are.

ABBÉ MARTIN, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

A STRANGER IN AMERICA.

No person could be more completely a stranger than I was in America. After being interested in American history and public affairs from my youth, I saw the country for the first time in August last. Being born in Midland, England, I had more English insularity of thought than most of my countrymen; and having a certain wilfulness of opinion which few shared at home, and probably fewer abroad, I had little to recommend me in the United States. Years ago I knew some publicists there of mark and character, but that was before the great war in which many of them perished. My friend Horace Greeley was dead, Lloyd Garrison was gone, with both of whom I had spent well-remembered days. Theodore Parker, the "Jupiter of the pulpit," as Wendell Phillips calls him, paid me a visit in England before he went to Florence to die. To me, therefore, it was contentment enough to walk unknown through some of America's marvellous cities, and into the not less wondrous space which lies beyond them.

For one who has seen but half a great continent, and that but for a short period, to write a book about the country would be certainly absurd. At the same time, to have been in a new world for three months and be unable to give any account whatever of it would be still more absurd. To pretend to know much is presumption—to profess to know nothing is idiocy. A voyager who had seen a strange creature in the Atlantic Ocean as he passed it, might be able to give only a poor account of it; but if he had seen it every day for three months, and even been upon its back, he would be a very stupid person if he could give no idea whatever of it. I saw America and Canada from Ottawa to Kansas City for that length of time, travelling on its lakes and land, and may give some notion, at least to those who never were there, of what I ob-

served—not of its trades or manufactures, or statistics, or politics, or churches, but of the ways, manners, and spirit of the people.

After all I had read or heard, it seemed to me that there were great features of social life there unregarded or misregarded. New York itself is a miracle which a large book would not be sufficient to explain. When I stepped ashore there I thought I was in a larger Rotterdam; when I found my way to the Broadway, it seemed to me as though I was in Paris, and that Paris had taken to business. There were quaintness, grace and gayety, brightness and grimness, all about. The Broadway I thought a Longway, for my first invitation in it was to No. 1455. My first days in the city were spent at No. 1 Broadway, in the Washington Hotel, allured thither by its English military and diplomatic associations, going back to the days when an Indian war-whoop was possible in the Broadway. At that end, you are dazed by a forest of tall telegraphic poles, and a clatter by night and day that no pathway of Pandemonium could rival. Car-bells, omnibus-bells, drayhorse-bells, railway-bells, and locomotives in the air, were resounding night and day. An engineer turns off his steam at your bedroom window. When I got up to see what was the matter, I found engine No. 99 almost within reach of my arm, and the other ninety-eight had been there that morning before I awoke. When one day at a railway junction I heard nine train-bells being rung by machinery, it sounded as though disestablishment had occurred, and all the parish churches of England were being imported.

Of all the cities of America, Washington is the most superb in its brilliant flashes of space. The drowsy Potomac flows in sight of splendid buildings. Washington is the only city I have ever seen which no wanton architect or builder can spoil. Erect what they will, they cannot obliterate its glory of space. If a man makes a bad speech, the audience can retreat; if he buys a dull book, he need not read it—while if a dreary house be erected, three generations living near it may spend their melancholy lives in sight of it. If an architect in each city could be hanged now and then, with discrimination, what a mercy it would be to mankind! Washington at least is safe. One Sunday morning I went to the church, which is attended by the President and Mrs. Hayes, to hear the kind of sermon preached in their presence. But the walk through the city was itself a sermon. I never knew all the glory of sunlight in this world until then. The clear, calm sky seemed hundreds of miles high. Over dome and mansion, river and park, streets and squares, the sunlight shed what appeared to my European eyes an unearthly beauty. I lingered in it until I was late at church. The platform occupied by preachers in America more resembles an altar than our pulpit, and the freedom of action and grace in speaking I thought greater than among us. The sermon

before the President was addressed to young men, and was remarkably wise, practical, definite, and inspiring; but the transition of tone was, at times, more abrupt and less artistic than in other eminent American preachers whom I had the pleasure to hear.

Niagara Falls I saw by sunlight, electric light, and by moonlight, without thinking much of them—until walking on the American side I came upon the Niagara River, which I had never heard of. Of course water must come from somewhere to feed the Falls—I knew that; but I had never learned from guide-books that its coming was anything remarkable. When, however, I saw a mighty mountain of turbulent water as wide as the eye could reach, a thousand torrents rushing as it were from the clouds, splashing and roaring down to the great Falls, I thought the idea of the Deluge must have begun there. No aspect of nature ever gave me such a sense of power and terror. I feared to remain where I stood. The frightful waters seemed alive. When I went back to the Canadian side I thought as much of Niagara as any one—had I seen the Duke of Argyll's recent published "Impressions" of them (he also discovered the Niagara Rapids) before I went there, I should have approached Niagara Falls with feelings very different from those with which I first saw them.

In the Guildhall, London, I have seen city orators point their merchant audience to the statues of great men there, and appeal to the historic glories of the country. Such an audience would respond as though they had some interest in the appeal—feeling, however, that these things more concerned the "great families" who held the country, whom they make rich by their industry, who looked down upon them as buttermen or tallow-chandlers. No orator addressing the common people employs these historic appeals to them. The working class who are enlisted in the army, flogged and sent out to be shot, that their fathers may find their way to the poorhouse, under their hereditary rulers, are not so sensible of the glory of the country. The working-men, as a rule, have no substantial interest in the national glory: I mean those of them whose lot it is to supplicate for work, and who have to establish trades-unions to obtain adequate payment for it. Yet I well knew that England has things to be proud of which America cannot rival.* At the same time we have, as Lord Beaconsfield discerned, "Two Nations" living side by side in this land. What is wanted is that they shall be one in equity of means, knowledge, and pride. Nothing surprised me more than to see the parks

* Americans are not lacking in generous admissions herein, as any one may see in William Winter's "Trip to England." The reader must go far to find more graceful pages of appreciation of the historic, civil, and scenic beauties of this country.

of New York, abutting Broadway, without a fence around the greensward. A million unresting feet passed by them, and none trampled on the delicate grass—while in England board schools put up a prison wall around them, so that poor children cannot see a flower-girl go by in the streets; and the back windows of the houses of mechanics in Lambeth remain locked up, whereby no inmate can look on a green tree in the Palace grounds. In Florence, in Northampton, where the Holyoke Mountain* looks on the ever-winding Connecticut River, as elsewhere, there are thousands of mansions to be seen without a rail around their lawns. Acres of plantations lie uninclosed between the beautiful houses, where a crowd of wanderers might rest unchallenged, and watch mountain, river, and sky. In England, if an indigent wanderer sat down on house-ground or wayside, the probability is a policeman would come and look at him, the farmer would come and demand what he wanted, and the relieving officer would suggest to him that he had better pass on to his own parish. In England the whole duty of man, as set down in the workman's catechism, is to find out upon how little he can live. In America the workman sets himself to find out how much he ought to have to live upon, equitably compared with what falls to other classes. He does not see exactly how to get it when he has found out the amount. Co-operative equity alone can show him that. No doubt workmen are better off in any civilized country than workmen were one hundred or two hundred years ago. So are the rich. The workmen whom I addressed in America I counselled not to trouble about comparisons as to their condition, but to remember that there is but one rule for rich and poor, workmen and employer—namely, that each should be free to get all he *honestly* can. A wholesome distinction of America is that industry alone is universally honorable there, and has good chances. There are no common people there, in the English sense. When speaking in the Cooper Institute, New York, I was reminded that the audience would resent being so addressed.† Every man in America feels as though he owns the country, because the charm of recognized equality and the golden chances of ownership have entered his mind. He is proud of the statues and the public buildings. The great rivers, the trackless prairies, the regal mountains, all seem his. Even the steep curbstones of New York and Boston, which brought me daily distress,

* In an historic churchyard at the bottom of the mountain is the grave of Mary Pynchon, the wife of Elizur Holyoke, the early English settler, whose name the mountain bears. Among the commonly feeble epitaphs of churchyards hers is remarkable for its grace and vigor. It says,

She who lies here was, while she stood,

A very glory of womanhood.

† The Rev. R. Heber Newton said to me, "Remember, Mr. Holyoke, we have no 'common people' in America. We may have a few uncommon ones."

I was asked to admire—for some reason yet unknown to me. In England nobody says to the visitor or foreigner, when he first meets him, "What do you think of England?" The people do not feel that they own the country, or have responsible control over it. The country is managed by somebody else. Not even members of Parliament know when base treaties are made in the nation's name, and dishonoring wars are entered into, which the lives and earnings of their constituents may be confiscated to sustain. All that our representatives can tell us is that that is an affair of the Crown. In America there is no Crown, and the people are kings, and they know it. I had not landed on the American shores an hour before I became aware that I was in a new nation, animated by a new life which I had never seen. I was three days in the train going from Ottawa to Chicago. It was my custom to spend a part of every day in the cosy smoking saloon of the car, with its red velvet seats, and bright, spacious-mouthed braziers for receiving lights or ashes. My object was to study in detail the strange passengers who joined us. Being on the railway there practically but one class and one fare, the gentleman and the workman, the lady and the mechanic's wife sit together without hesitation or diffidence. A sturdy, unspeaking man, who seemed to be a mechanic, was generally in the smoking-saloon. He never spoke, except to say, "Would I take his seat?" when he thought I was incommoded by a particularly fat passenger by my side. "It will suit me quite as well to smoke outside the car," he would civilly say, if I objected to putting him to inconvenience. On the morning of the third day, he and I only were sitting together. Wishing to find out whether he could or would talk, I asked him, "How far are we from Chicago?" He looked at me with a sudden amazement. Black stubbly hair covered his face (which had been unshaven for days, an unusual thing with Americans). At my question every stubble seemed to start up as he laid his hand on my knee and said, "Have you *never* been to Chicago?" "How could I?" I replied; "I am an Englishman travelling from London in order to see it." All at once, looking at me with pity and commiseration, his little deep black eyes glistening like glow-worms in the night of his dark face, he exclaimed, laying his hand now on my shoulder, that his words might be more expressive, "Sir, Chicago is the boss city of the Universe," evidently thinking that I might make some futile attempt to compare it with some city of this world. Afterward I learned that this electric admirer of Chicago was the brakeman of the train. Yet this man, who had probably driven into the fiery city a thousand times, had as much delight in it, and as much pride in it, as though he were the owner of it. I soon found that it would not be a wise thing for a stranger to be of a different opinion. As I rode into Chicago three hours

later, I thought I have never seen such a lumbering, dingy, rickshackle, crowded, tumultuous, boisterous outside of a city before. When asked my opinion again, amid the roar of cars and hurricane of every kind of wagons and vehicles, I framed one from which I never departed, namely, that considering the short time in which Chicago had been built and rebuilt, it was the most miraculous city I had ever seen. This opinion was silent on many details, and the acumen of an American questioner is not easily foiled, but ~~as~~ I admitted something "miraculous" about the place my opinion was tolerated, as fulfilling essential conditions. And when I came to see Chicago's wondrous streets of business, its hotels in which populations of twenty ordinary English parishes would be lost, its splendid avenues, its fine, noble, far-spreading parks, and Lake Michigan stretching out like a sea on the city borders—it did seem to me a "miraculous city," quite apart from the happy days I spent there, as the guest of Mr. Charlton, of the Chicago and Alton Railway, who travelled with me though Canada and half America, that I might see, without cost or care, the civic and natural marvels of the two countries.

The first hour I was in New York, one, in friendly care for my reputation as a stranger, said to me, "Mind, if you get run over, do not complain—if you can articulate—as it will go against you on the inquest. In America we run over anybody in the way, and if you are knocked down it will be considered your fault." In America self-help (honest and sometimes dishonest) is a characteristic. In Germany apprentices were required to travel to acquire different modes of working. If young Englishmen could be sent a couple of years to take part in American business they would come back much improved. An eminent English professor, whom I lately asked whether it would not do this country good if we could get our peers to emigrate, answered, "No doubt, if you could smarten some of them up a bit first." Everywhere in America you hear the injunction, "Hold on!" In every vessel and car there are means provided for doing it: for unless a man falls upon his feet—if he does fall—he finds people too busy to stop and pick him up. The nation is in commotion. Life in America is a battle and a march. Freedom has set the race on fire—freedom, with the prospect of property. Americans are a nation of men who have their own way, and do very well with it. It is the only country where men are men in this sense, and the unusualness of the liberty bewilders many, who do wrong things in order to be sure they are free to do something. This error is mostly made by new-comers, to whom freedom is a novelty; and it is only by trying eccentricity that they can test the unwonted sense of their power of self-disposal. But as liberty grows into a habit, one by one the experimenters become conscious of the duty of not

betraying the precious possession by making it repulsive. Perhaps self-assertion seems a little in excess of international requirements. Many "citizens" give a stranger the impression that they do think themselves equal to their superiors, and superior to their equals; yet all of them are manlier than they would be through the ambition of each to be equals of anybody else.

The effect of American inspiration on Englishmen was strikingly evident. I met workmen in many cities whom I had known in former years in England. They were no longer the same men. Here their employers seldom or never spoke to them,* and the workmen were rather glad, as they feared the communication would relate to a reduction of wages. They thought it hardly prudent to look a foreman or overseer in the face. Masters are more genial, as a rule, in these days; but in the days when last I visited these workmen at their homes in Lancashire, it never entered into their heads to introduce me to their employers. But when I met them in America they instantly proposed to introduce me to the mayor of the city. This surprised me very much; for when they were in England they could not have introduced me to the relieving-officer of their parish, with any advantage to me, had I needed to know him. These men were still workmen, and they did introduce me to the mayor as "a friend of theirs;" and in an easy, confident manner, as one gentleman would speak to another, they said, "they should be obliged if he would show me the civic features of the city." The mayor would do so, order his carriage, and with the most pleasant courtesy take me to every place of interest. To this hour I do not know whom I wondered at most—the men or the mayor. In some cases the mayor was himself a manufacturer, and it was a pleasure to see that the men were as proud of the mayor as they were of the city.

One day a letter came, inviting me to Chautauqua Lake, saying that if I would allow it to be said that I would come to a convention of Liberals there, many other persons would go there to meet me, and then I should see everybody at once. I answered that it was exactly what I wanted—"to see everybody at once." In England we think a good deal of having to go ten miles into the country to hold a public meeting; but knowing Americans were more enterprising, I expected I should have to go seventeen miles there. When the day arrived and I asked for a ticket for Chautauqua Lake, the clerk, looking at the money I put down, said, "Do you know you are seven hundred miles from that place?" Having

* Long years ago, when I first knew Rochdale, workmen at Mr. Bright's mills used to tell me with pride that he was not like other employers. He not only inquired about them, but of them; and to this day they will stop him in the mill yard and ask his advice in personal difficulties, when they are sure of willing and friendly counsel from him.

engaged to speak in the "Parker Memorial Hall" to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Church of Boston the next Sunday, there was no escape from a journey of fourteen hundred miles in the mean time, and I made it. At Chautauqua was a sight I had never seen. A hall, looking out on to the great lake, as full of amateur philosophers and philosopheresses—all with their heads full of schemes. There were at least a hundred persons, each with an armful or reticule-full of first principles, ready written out, for the government of mankind in general. It was clear to me that the Government at Washington will never be in the difficulty we were when Lord Hampton had only ten minutes in which to draw up for us a new Constitution—our Cabinet not having one on hand. If President Hayes is ever in want of a policy, he will find a good choice at Chautauqua Lake. My ancient friend, Louis Masquerier, had the most systematic scheme there of all of them. I knew it well, for the volume explaining it was dedicated to me. He had mapped out the whole globe into small homestead parallelograms. An ingenious friend (Dr. Hollick) had kindly completed the scheme for him one day when it was breaking down. He pointed out to Masquerier that there was a little hitch at the poles—where the meridian lines converge, which rendered perfect squares difficult to arrange there. This was quite unforeseen by the Homestead artificer. The system could not give way, that was clear; and nature was obstinate at the poles. So it was suggested that Masquerier should set apart the spaces at the poles to be planted with myrtle, sweet-brier, roses, and other aromatic plants, which might serve to diffuse a sweet scent over the Homesteads otherwise covering the globe. The inventor adopted the compromise, and thus the difficulty was, as Paley says, "gotten over;" and if Arctic explorers in the future should be surprised at finding a fragrant garden at the North Pole, they will know how it came there. In Great Britain, where a few gentlemen consider it their province to make religion, politics, and morality for the people, it is counted ridiculous presumption that common persons should attempt to form opinions upon these subjects for themselves. I know the danger to progress brought about by those whom Colonel Ingersoll happily calls his "Fool Friends." Nevertheless, to me this humble and venturesome activity of thought at Chautauqua was a welcome sight. Eccentricity is better than the deadness of mind. Out of the crude form of an idea the perfect idea comes in time. From a boy I have been myself of Butler's opinion that,

"Reforming schemes are none of mine,
To mend the world's a great design,
Like he who toils in little boat
To tag to him the ship afloat."

Nevertheless, since I am in the ship as much as others, and have

to swim or sink with it, I am at least concerned to know on what principles, and to what port, it is being steered; and those are mere ballast who do not try to find as much out. Dr. Erasmus Darwin's definition of a fool was "one who never tried an experiment." In this sense there is hardly a fool in America—while the same sort of persons block up the streets in England—newspapers of note are published to encourage them to persevere in their imbecility, and they have the largest representation in Parliament of any class in the kingdom. Everybody knows that no worse misfortune can happen to a man here than to have a new idea; while in America a man is not thought much of if he has not one on hand.

Yet a visitor soon sees that everything is not perfect in America, and its thinkers and statesmen know it as well as we do. But they cannot improve everything "right away." We do not do that in England. In America I heard men praised as "level-headed," without any regard to their being moral-headed. I heard men called "smart" who were simply rascals. Then I remembered that we had judges who gave a few months' imprisonment to a bank director who had plundered a thousand families, and five years' penal servitude to a man who had merely struck a lord. In Chicago you can get a cup of good coffee without chicory at Race's, served on a marble table, with cup and saucer not chipped, and a clean *serviette*, for five cents. Yet you have to pay anywhere for having your shoes blacked 400 per cent more than in London. The government there will give you 160 acres of land, with trees upon it enough to build a small navy; and they charged me three shillings in Chicago for a light walking-stick which could be had in London for sixpence. All sorts of things cheap in England are indescribably dear in America. Protection must be a good thing for somebody: if the people like it, it is no business of ours. We have, I remembered, something very much like it at home. We are a nation of shopkeepers, and the shopkeeper's interest is to have customers; yet until lately we taxed every purchaser who came into a town. If he walked in, which meant that he was poor and not likely to buy anything, the turnpike was free to him; but if he came on horseback, which implied that he had money in his pocket, we taxed his horse; and if he came in a carriage, which implied possession of still larger purchasing power, we taxed every wheel of his carriage to encourage him to keep away. One day I said, that to this hour our Chancellor of the Exchequer taxes every person who travels by railway, every workman going to offer his labor, every employer seeking hands, every merchant who travels to buy or sell: in an industrial country we tax every man who moves about in our trains. Englishmen who had been out of this country twenty years could not believe this. When they found

that I was the Chairman of a Committee who had yet to agitate for free trade in locomotion in England, they were humiliated and ashamed that England had still to put up with the incredible impost. Many things I had heard spoken of as absurd among Uncle Sam's people seemed to me less so when I saw the conditions which have begotten their unusualness. Here we regard America as the eccentric seed-land of Spiritism; but when I met the prairie schooners,* travelling into the lone plains of Kansas, I could understand that a solitary settler there would be very glad to have a spirit or two in his lone log-house. Where no doctors can be had the itinerant medicine-vender is a welcome visitor, and, providing his drugs are harmless, imagination effects a cure—imagination is the angel of the mind there. We are apt to think that youths and maidens are too self-sufficient in their manners in those parts. They could not exist at all in those parts save for those qualities. We regard railways as being recklessly constructed—but a railroad of any kind is a mercy if it puts remote settlers in communication with a city somehow. If a bridge gives way, like that on the Tay lately among us, fewer lives are lost there than would be worn out by walking and dragging produce over unbridged distances, and often going without needful things for the household, because they could not be got.

In the United States there are newspapers of as great integrity, judges as pure, and members of Parliament as clean-handed as in England; but the public indignation at finding it otherwise is nothing like so great there as here. John Stuart Mill said that the working classes of all countries lied—it being the vice of the slave caste—but English working-men alone were ashamed of lying, and I was proud to find that my countrymen of this class have not lost this latent attribute of manliness; and I would rather they were known for the quality of speaking the truth, though the devil was looking them square in the face, than see them possess any repute for riches, or smartness, without it. Far be it from me to suggest that Americans, as a rule, do not possess the capacity of truth, but in trade they do not strike you as exercising the talent with the same success that they show in many other ways. However, there is a certain kind of candor continually manifested, which has at least a negative merit. If a "smart" American does a crooked thing he does not pretend that it is straight. When I asked what was understood to be the difference between a Republican and a Democrat, I was answered by one of those persons, too wise and too pure to be of any use in this world, who profess to be of no party—none being good enough for them—he said, "Republicans and Demo-

* A long, rickety wagon drawn generally by one horse, carrying the emigrant, his family and furniture, in search of a new settlement.

crats profess different things, but they both do the same." "Your answer," I replied, "comes very near the margin of giving me information. What are the different things," I asked, "which they do profess?" The answer was, "The Republicans profess to be honest, but the Democrats do not even profess that." My sympathies, I intimated, lay therefore with the Republicans, since they who admit they know what they ought to be probably incline to it. However impetuous Americans may be, they have one great grace of patience: they listen like gentlemen. An American audience, anywhere gathered together, make the most courteous listeners in the world. If a speaker has only the gift of making a fool of himself, nowhere has he so complete an opportunity of doing it. If he has the good fortune to be but moderately interesting, and obviously tries, in some humble way natural to him, to add to their information, they come to him afterward and congratulate him with Parisian courtesy. At Washington, where I spoke at the request of General Mussey and Major Ford, and in Cornell University at Ithaca, where, at the request of the Acting President Professor, W. C. Russell, I addressed the students on the Moralities of Co-operative Commerce, there were gentlemen and ladies present who knew more of everything than I did about anything; yet they conveyed to me their impression that I had in some way added to their information. Some political colleagues of mine have gone to America. In this country they had a hard time of it. In the opinion of most official persons of their day they ought to have been in prison; and some narrowly escaped it. In America they ultimately obtained state employment, which here they never would have obtained to their latest day. Yet their letters home were so disparaging of America, as to encourage all defamers of its people and institutions. This incited me to look for every feature of discontent. What I saw to the contrary I did not look for—but could not overlook when it came upon me. John Stuart Mill I knew was at one time ruined by repudiators in America, but that did not lead him to condemn that system of freedom which must lead to public honor coming into permanent ascendancy. For myself, I am sufficiently a Comtist to think that humanity is greater and sounder than any special men; and believe that great conditions of freedom and self-action can alone render possible general progress. Great evils in American public life, from which we are free in England, have been so dwelt upon here, that the majority of working-men will be as much surprised as I was to find that American life has in it elements of progress which we in England lack. Still I saw there were spots in the great sun. The certainty of an earthquake every four years in England would not more distress us or divert the current of business than the American system of having 100,000 office-holders, liable to displacement every Presi-

dential election. Each placeman has, I "calculate," at least nine friends who watch and work to keep him where he is. Then there are 100,000 more persons, candidates for the offices to be vacated by those already in place. Each of these aspirants has on the average as many personal friends who devote themselves to getting him installed. So there are two millions of the most active politicians in the country always battling for places—not perhaps regardless altogether of principle; but subordinating the assertion of principle to the command of places. The wonder is that the progress made in America occurs at all. Colonel Robert Ingersoll, during the enchanted days when I was his guest in Washington, explained it all to me, and gave reasons for it with the humor and wit for which he is unrivalled among public speakers among us: nevertheless I remain of the same opinion still. This system, although a feature of republican administration, is quite distinct from republican principle, and has to be changed, though the duration of the practice renders it as difficult to alter as it would be to change the diet of a nation.

It would take too long now to recount half the droll instances in which our cousins of the New World rise above and fall below ourselves. Their habit of interviewing strangers is the most amusing and useful institution conceivable. I have personal knowledge, and others more than myself, of visitors to England of whom the public never hear. Many would be glad to call upon them and show them civility or give them thanks for services they have rendered to public progress, elsewhere, in one form or other. But the general public never know of their presence. These sojourners among us possess curious, often valuable knowledge, and no journalists ask them any questions, or announce, or describe them, or inform the town where they are to be found. Every newspaper reader in the land might be the richer in ideas for their visit, but they pass away with their unknown wealth of experience, of which we might have partaken. There is no appointment on the press to be more coveted than that of being an interviewer to a great journal. The art of interviewing is not yet developed and systematized as it might be. Were I asked, "What is the beginning of wisdom?" I should answer, "It is the art of asking questions." The world has had but one master of the art, and Socrates has had no successor. With foolish questioning most persons are familiar—wise questioning is a neglected study. The first interviewer who did me the honor to call upon me at the Hoffman House, in New York, represented a Democratic paper of acknowledged position: being a stranger to the operation of interviewing, I first interviewed the interviewer, and put to him more questions than he put to me. When I came to read his report all my part in the proceedings recounted was left out. He no doubt knew best what would inter-

at the readers of the journal he represented. I told him that an English gentleman of political repute was interested in an American enterprise, and had asked me to go to North Alabama with a view to judge of its fitness for certain emigrants. I put the question to him whether in the South generally it mattered what an emigrant's political views were, if he was personally an addition to the industrial force and property of the place, observing incidentally that I saw somebody had just shot a doctor through the back who had decided views about something. His answer has never passed from my memory. It was this: "Well, if a man will make his opinions prominent, what can he expect?" I answered, that might be rather hard on me, since though I might not make my opinions "prominent," they might be thought noticeable, and a censor with a Derringer might not discriminate in my favor.* This, however, did not deter me from going South. The yellow fever lay in my way at Memphis, and I did not feel as though I wanted the yellow fever. I was content with going near enough to it to fall in with people who had it, and who were fleeing from the infected city. No doubt the rapidity of my chatter upon strange topics did confuse some interviewers. Now and then I read a report of an interview, and did not know that it related to me until I read the title of it. One day I met a wandering English gentleman, who had just read an interview with me, when he exclaimed, "My dear Holyoake! how could you say that?" when I answered, "My dear Verdantson! how could you suppose I ever did say it?" When in remote cities I fell in with interviewers who were quite unfamiliar with my ways of thought and speech, I tried the experiment of saying exactly the opposite of what I meant. To my delight next day I found it had got turned upside down in the writer's mind, and came out exactly right. But I had to be careful with whom I did this, for most interviewers were very shrewd and skilful, and put me under great obligations for their rendering of what I said.† If English press writers interviewed visitors from a country unfamiliar to them they would make as many misconceptions as are ever met with in America. I have never known but two men not Englishmen—Mazzini and Mr.

* We are not without experience somewhat of this kind in England. At Bolton, when Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., was lecturing there on the "Cost of the Crown," a very harmless subject, one of the royalists of the town hurled a brick through the window of the hall, intended for the speaker, which killed one of the audience. Sir Charles was merely "making his opinions prominent."

† The *Kansas City Times* published an "Interview with Gen George Holyoake." This was discerning courtesy. Down there "difficulties" had often occurred, and a "general" being supposed to have pistollic acquirements, I was at once put upon a level with any emergency. It was in Kansas City, where a Judge trying a murder case said to those present, "Gentlemen, the court wishes you would let somebody die a natural death down here, if only to show strangers what an excellent climate we have."

G. W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*—who understood public affairs in England as we understand them ourselves. Even Louis Blanc is hardly their equal, though a rival in that rare art.

When leaving England I was asked by the Co-operative Guild of London to ascertain in my travels in America what were the conditions and opportunities of organizing co-operative emigration.

As this was one of the applications of the co-operative principle meditated by the co-operators of 1830, and which has slept out of sight of this generation, I received the request with glad surprise, and undertook the commission.

Pricked by poverty and despair, great numbers of emigrant families go out alone. With slender means and slender knowledge, they are the prey, at every stage, of speculators, agents, and harpies. Many become penniless by the way, and never reach their intended place. They hang about the large cities, and increase the competition among workmen already too many there. Unwelcome, and unable to obtain work, they become a new burden on reluctant and overburdened local charity, and their lot is as deplorable as that from which they have fled. Those who hold out until they reach the land, ignorant of all local facts of soil, climate, or malaria, commence "to fight the wilderness"—a mighty, tongueless, obdurate, mysterious adversary, who gives you opulence if you conquer him, but a grave if he conquers you. What silence and solitude, what friendlessness and desolation the first years bring! What distance from aid in sickness, what hardship if their stores are scant—what toil through pathless woods and swollen creeks to carry stock to market and bring back household goods! Loss of civilized intercourse, familiarity with danger, the determined persistence, the iron will, the animal struggle of the settler's life, half animalizes him also. No wonder we find the victor rich and rugged. The wonder is that refinement is as common in America as it is. Stout-hearted emigrants do succeed by themselves, and achieve marvellous prosperity. Nor would I discourage any from making the attempt. To mitigate the difficulties by devices of co-operative foresight is a work of mercy and morality. It is not the object of the London Guild to incite emigration nor determine its destination; but to enable any who want to emigrate to form an intelligent decision, and to aid them to carry it out with the greatest chances of personal and moral advantage. In New York I found there had lately been formed a "Co-operative Colony Aid Association" (represented by the *Worker*, published by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, and edited by the Rev. R. Heber Newton), of which Mr. E. E. Barnum, Dr. Felix Adler, Mr. E. V. Smalley, the Rev. Dr. Rylance, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, Mr. Courtland Palmer, Joseph Seligman, the Hon.

John Wheeler, and others, were promoters. From inquiries in the city (which I, a stranger, thought it right to make) I found that these were persons whose names gave the society prestige. Mrs. Thompson was regarded in the States as the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is in England, for her many discerning acts of munificence. To them I was indebted for the opportunity of addressing a remarkable audience in the Cooper Institute, New York—an audience which included journalists, authors, and thinkers on social questions, State socialists and communists—an audience which only could be assembled in New York. The Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer presided. The object of the Colony Aid Association is to select and purchase land, devise the general arrangements of park, co-operative store, and school house; erect simple dwellings, and provide food for the colonists until crops accrue; arrange for the conveyance of emigrants, from whatever land they come, to their intended settlement—providing them with escort and personal direction until they have mastered the conditions of their new life. The promoters take only a moderate interest upon the capital employed, affording these facilities of colonial life at cost price; acting themselves on the entirely wholesome rule of keeping their proceedings clear alike of profit and charity. There is no reason why emigration should not be as pleasant as an excursion, and competence rendered secure to all emigrants of industry, honesty, and common-sense. It soon appeared to me that land-selling was a staple trade in America and Canada—that no person knew the whole of either country. From visits and letters I received from land-holders and agents I doubted not that there were many honest among them. But unless you had much spare time for inquiry, and were fortunate in being near those who knew them, it would be difficult to make out which the honest were. Evidently what was wanted was complete and trustworthy information, which everybody must know to be such. There was but one source whence this information could issue, and it seemed a duty to solicit it there. If information of general utility was to be obtained, it was obviously becoming in me, as an Englishman, first to ask it of the Canadian Government, and for this reason I went over to Canada.

Canaan was nothing to Canada. Milk and honey are very well, but Canada has cream and peaches, grapes and wine. I went gathering grapes in Hamilton by moonlight—their flavor was excellent, and bunches abundant beyond imagination. The Mayor of Hamilton did me the honor of showing me the fruits of Canada, on exhibition in a great fair then being held. Fruit-painters in water-colors should go to Canada. Hues so new, various, and brilliant have never been seen in an English exhibition of painters in water-colors. Nor was their beauty deceptive, for I was per-

mitted to taste the fruit, when I found that its delicate ~~hue was~~ but an "outward sign of its inward" richness of flavor. It was unexpected to find the interior of the Town Hall of Hamilton imposing with grace of design, rich with the wood-carver's art, relieved by opulence of space and convenience of arrangement far exceeding anything observed in the Parliament Houses of Ottawa or of Washington. The parliamentary buildings of Canada, like those of the capital of Washington, are worthy of the great countries in which they stand; but were I a subject of the Dominion, or a citizen of the United States, I would go without one dinner a year in order to subscribe to a fund for paying wood-carvers to impart to the debating chambers a majestic sense of national durability associated with splendor of art. The State House of Washington and the library of the Parliament of Ottawa have rooms possessing qualities which are not exceeded in London by any devoted to similar purposes. The dining-room of the Hotel Brunswick, in Madison Square, New York, has a reflected beauty derived from its bright and verdant surroundings, with which its interior is coherent. But the Windsor Hotel of Montreal impressed me more than any other I saw. The entrance-hall, with its vast and graceful dome, gave a sense of space and dignity which the hotels of Chicago and Saratoga, enormous as they are, lacked. The stormy lake of Ontario, its thousand islands, and its furious rapids, extending four hundred miles, with the American and Canadian shores on either hand, gave me an idea of the scenic glory of Canada, utterly at variance with the insipid rigor and frost-bound gloom which I had associated with the country. A visitor from America does not travel thirty miles into Canada without feeling that the shadow of the Crown is there. Though there was manifestly less social liberty among the people, the civic and political independence of the Canadian cities seemed to me to equal that of the United States. The abounding courtesy of the press, and the cultivated charm of expression by the *Spectator* of Hamilton and the *Globe* of Toronto, were equal to anything I observed anywhere. And not less were the instances of private and official courtesy of the country.

At Ottawa I had the honor of an interview with the Premier, Sir John Macdonald, at his private residence. The Premier of Canada had the repute, I knew, of bearing a striking likeness to the late Premier of England; but I was not prepared to find the resemblance so remarkable. Excepting that Sir John is less in stature than Lord Beaconsfield, persons who saw them apart might mistake one for the other. On presenting a letter from Mr. Witton (of Hamilton, a former member of the Canadian Parliament), myself and Mr. Charlton were admitted to an audience with Sir John, whom I found a gentleman of frank and courtly manners, who

permitted me to believe that he would take into consideration the proposal I made to him, that the Government of Canada should issue a blue-book upon the emigrant conditions of the entire Dominion, similar to those formerly given to us in England by Lord Clarendon, "On the Condition of the Laboring Classes Abroad," furnishing details of the prospects of employment, settlement, education, tenure of land, climatic conditions, and the purchasing power of money. Sir John kindly undertook to receive from me, as soon as I should be able to draw it up, a scheme of particulars similar to that which I prepared some years ago at the request of Lord Clarendon. A speech of Lord Beaconsfield's was at that time much discussed by the American and Canadian press, as Sir John Macdonald had recently been on a visit to Lord Beaconsfield. Sir John explained to me in conversation that in the London reports of Lord Beaconsfield's speech, there appeared the mistake of converting "wages of sixteen dollars per month" into "wages of sixteen shillings per day," and of describing emigration "west of the state" as emigration from the "Western States." This enabled me to point out to Sir John that if these misapprehensions could arise in the mind of one so acute as Lord Beaconsfield, as to information given by an authority so eminent and exact as Sir John himself, it showed how great was the need which the English public must feel of accurate and official information upon facts with which they were necessarily unfamiliar. Afterward I had the pleasure of dining with the Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. John Henry Pope. Both myself and my friend Mr. Charlton, who was also a guest, were struck with the Cobbett-like vigor of statement which characterized Mr. Pope. He explained the Canadian theory of protection as dispassionately as Cobden would that of free trade. Mr. Pope had himself, I found, caused to appear very valuable publications of great service to emigrants. He admitted, however, that there might be advantage in combining all the information in one book which would be universally accessible, and known to be responsible. I was struck by one remark of this minister worth repeating: "In Canada," he said, "we have but one enemy—cold, and he is a steady but manageable adversary, for whose advent we can prepare and whose time of departure we know. While in America, malaria, ague, fluctuation of temperature are intermittent. Science and sanitary prevision will in time exterminate some dangers, while watchfulness will always be needed in regard to others."

Subsequently I thought it my duty to make a similar proposal to the Government of Washington. Colonel Robert Ingersoll introduced me to Mr. Evarts, the Secretary of State, who with the courtesy I had heard ascribed to him, gave immediate attention to the subject. Looking at me with his wise, penetrating eyes, he said

"You know, Mr. Holyoake, the difficulty the Federal Government would have in obtaining the collective information you wish." Then he stated the difficulties with precision, showing that he instantly comprehended the scope of the proposed red-book, without at all suggesting that the difficulties were obstacles. So far as I could observe, an American statesman, of any quality, does not believe in "obstacles" to any measure of public utility. I was aware that the Federal Government had no power to obtain from the different States reports of the kind required, but Mr. Evarts admitted that if he were to ask the Governor of each State to furnish him with the information necessary for emigrant use, with a view to include it in an official account of the emigrant features of all the States, he would no doubt receive it. I undertook, on my return to England, to forward to him, after consulting with the Co-operative Guild, a scheme of the kind of red-book required. Mr. Evarts permitted me to observe that many persons, as he must well know, come to America and profess themselves dissatisfied. They find many things better than they could have hoped to find them, but since they were not what they expected, they were never reconciled. The remedy was to provide real information of the main things they would find. Then they would come intelligently, if they came at all, and stay contented. General Mussey did me the favor of taking me to the White House, and introducing me to the President and Mrs. Hayes, where I had the opportunity also of meeting General Sherman, who readily conversed upon the subject of my visit, and made many observations very instructive to me. Mrs. Hayes is a very interesting lady, of engaging ways and remarkable animation of expression, quite free from excitement. She had been in Kansas with the President a few days before, and kindly remarked, as something I should be glad to hear, that she found on the day they left that every colored person who had arrived there from the South was in some place of employment. The President had a bright, frank manner; and he listened with such a grace of patience to the nature and reason of the request I had made to Mr. Evarts, and which I asked him to sanction, if he approved of it, that I began to think that my pleasure at seeing him would end with my telling my story. He had, however, only taken time to hear entirely to what it amounted, when he explained his view of it with a sagacity and completeness and a width of illustration which surprised me. He described to me the different qualities of the various nationalities of emigrants in the States, expressing—what I had never heard any one do before—a very high opinion of the Welsh, whose good sense and success as colonists had come under his observation. Favorable opinions were expressed by leading journals in America upon the suggestion above described. To some it seemed of such obvious utility that wonder

was felt that it had never been made before. If its public usefulness continues apparent after due consideration, no doubt a book of the nature in question will be issued.

There is no law in America which permits co-operation to be commenced in the humble, unaided way in which it has arisen in England. When I pointed this out to the gentlemen of the Colony Aid Association, the remark was made, "Then we will get a law for the purpose." In England, working-men requiring an improvement in the law have thought themselves fortunate in living till the day when a member of Parliament could be induced to put a question on the subject; and the passing of a bill has been an expectation inherited by their children, and not always realized in their time. Emerson has related that when it was found that the pensions awarded to soldiers disabled in the war, or to the families of those who were killed, fell into the hands of unscrupulous "claim agents," a private policeman in New York conceived the plan of a new law which would enable every person entitled to the money to surely receive it. Obtaining leave of absence he went to Washington, and obtained, on his own representation, the passing of two acts which effected this reform. I found the policeman to be an old friend of mine, Mr. George S. McWatters, whom I found now to be an officer of customs in New York. An instance of this kind is unknown in this country. Emerson remarks that, "having freedom in America, this accessibility to legislators, and promptitude of redressing wrong, are the means by which it is sustained and extended."

Before leaving Washington, I thought it my duty to call at the British Embassy, and communicate to His Excellency Sir Edward Thornton particulars of the request I had made to the governments of Canada and of the United States; since if His Excellency should be able to approve of the object thereof it would be an important recommendation of it. I pointed out to Sir Edward that "though public documents were issued by the departments of both governments, the classes most needing them knew neither how to collect or collate them, and reports of interested agents could not be wholly trusted; while a government will not lie, nor exaggerate, nor but rarely conceal the truth. Since the British Government do not discourage emigration, and cannot prevent it, it is better that our poor fellow-countrymen should be put in possession of information which will enable them to go out with their eyes open, instead of going out, as hitherto, with their eyes mostly shut." I ought to add here that the Canadian Minister of Agriculture has sent me several valuable works issued in the Dominion, and that the American Government have presented me with many works of a like nature, and upward of five hundred large maps of considerable value, all of which I have placed at the disposal of the Guild

of Co-operation in London, for dispersion amid centres of working-men, with whom the founder of the Guild, Mr. Hodgson Pratt, is in communication.

Because I admired many things in America, I did not learn to undervalue my own country, but came back thinking more highly of it on many accounts than I did before. Not a word escaped me which disparaged it. In Canada, as well as in America, I heard expressed the oddest ideas imaginable of the decadence of England. I always answered that John Bull was as sure-footed, if not quite so nimble, as Brother Jonathan; that England would always hold up its wilful head; and should the worst come to be very bad, Uncle Sam would superannuate England, and apportion it an annuity to enable it to live comfortably; doing this out of regard to the services John Bull did to his ancestors long ago, and for the good-will the English people have shown Uncle Sam in their lucid intervals. As yet, I added, England has inexhaustible energies of its own. But lately it had Cobden with his passion for international prosperity; and John Stuart Mill with his passion for truth; it has still Bright with his passion for justice; Gladstone with his passion for conscience; and Lord Beaconsfield with his passion for himself; and even that is generating in the people a new passion for democratic independence. The two worlds with one language will know how to move with equal greatness side by side. Besides the inexhaustible individuality and energy of Americans proper, the country is enriched by all the unrest and genius of Europe. I was not astonished that America was "big"—I knew that before. What I was astonished at was the inhabitants. Nature made the country; it is freedom which has made the people. I went there without prejudice, belonging to that class which cannot afford to have prejudices. I went there not to see something which I expected to see, but to see what there was to be seen, what manner of people bestrode those mighty territories, and how they did it, and what they did it for; in what spirit, in what hope, and with what prospects. I never saw the human mind at large before acting on its own account—unhampered by prelate or king. Every error and every virtue strive there for mastery, but humanity has the best of the conflict, and progress is uppermost.

Co-operation, which substitutes evolution for revolution in securing competence to labor, may have a great career in the New World. In America the Germans have intelligence, the French brightness, the Welsh persistence, the Scotch that success which comes to all men who know how to lie in wait to serve. The Irish attract all sympathy to them by their humor of imagination and boundless capacity of discontent. The English maintain their steady purpose, and look with meditative, bovine eyes upon the novelties of life around them, wearing out the map of a new path

with looking at it before making up their mind to take it ; but the fertile and adventurous American, when he condescends to give co-operation attention, will devise new applications of the principle unforeseen here. In America I received deputations from real state Socialists, but did not expect to find that some of them were Englishmen. But I knew them as belonging to that class of politicians at home who were always expecting something to be done for them, and who had not acquired the wholesome American instinct of doing something for themselves. Were state workshops established in that country, they would not have a single occupant in three months. New prospects open so rapidly in America, and so many people go in pursuit of them, that I met with men who had been in so many places that they seemed to have forgotten where they were born. If the bit of paternal government could be got into the mouth of an American, it would drop out in a day—he opens his mouth so often to give his opinion on things in general. The point which seemed to be of most interest to American thinkers, was that feature of co-operation which enables working-men to acquire capital without having any, to save without diminishing any comfort, to grow rich by the accumulation of savings which they had never put by, through intercepting profits by economy in distribution. Meditating self-employment by associative gains, English co-operators do not complain of employers who they think treat them unfairly, nor enter into defiant negotiations, nor make abject supplications for increase of wages ; they take steps to supersede unpleasant employers. With steam transit ready for every man's service, with the boundless and fruitful fields of Australia, America, and Canada open to them, the policy of self-protection is to withdraw from those employers and places with whom or where no profitable business can be done. To dispute with capital which carries a sword is a needless and disastrous warfare, even if victory should attend the murderous struggle. Even the negro of the South has learned the wisdom of withdrawing himself. He has learned to fight without striking a blow : he leaves the masters who menace him. If he turned upon them he would be cut down without hesitation or mercy. By leaving them their estates become worthless, and he causes his value to be perceived without the loss of a single life.

I learned in America two things never before apparent to me, and to which I never heard a reference at home : First, that the dispersion of unrequited workmen in Europe should be a primary principle of popular amelioration, which would compel greater changes in the quality of freedom and industrial equity than all the speculations of philosophers or the measures of contending politicians. Secondly, that the child of every poor man should be educated for an emigrant, and trained and imbued with a knowl.

edge of unknown countries, and inspired with the spirit of adventure therein; and that all education is half worthless—is mere mockery of the poor child's fortune—which does not train him in physical strength, in the art of "fighting the wilderness," and such mechanical knowledge as shall conduce to success therein. I am for workmen being given whatever education gentlemen have, and including in it such instruction as shall make a youth so much of a carpenter and a farmer that he shall know how to clear ground, put up a log-house, and understand land, crops, and the management of livestock. Without this knowledge, a mechanic, or clerk, or even an M.A. of Oxford, is more helpless than a common farm-laborer, who cannot spell the name of the poorhouse which sent him out. We have in Europe surplus population. Elsewhere lie rich and surplus acres. The new need of progress is to transfer overcrowding workmen to the unoccupied prairies. Parents shrink from the idea of their sons having to leave their own country; but they have to do this when they become soldiers—the hateful agents of empire lately—carrying desolation and death among people as honest as themselves, but more unfortunate. Half the courage which leads young men to perish at Isandula, or on the rocks of Afghanistan, would turn into a paradise the wildest wilderness in the world of which they would become the proprietors. While honest men are doomed to linger anywhere in poverty and precariousness, this world is not fit for a gentleman to live in. Dives may have his purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. I, for one, pray that the race of Dives may increase; but what I wish also is, that never more shall a Lazarus be found at his gates.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, *in the Nineteenth Century.*

ON HAVING TOO MUCH AND TOO LITTLE TO DO.

AMONG the various classifications to which human beings may be subjected, there is one that makes them consist respectively of those who have too much and those who have too little to do. As a rule, however, a great deal of error lurks under a sweeping generalization. Nothing is so false as facts, except figures, to which we may also add except philosophical "generalizations." Of course there are a set of people who have too much and another set who have too little to do; but my belief is that the majority of people belong to both categories, that at varying times of their life they have respectively too much and too little to do. Of the two sharply contrasted classes it must be much more comfortable and agreeable to belong to the latter; but on the broad principle

that it is better to wear out than to rust out, it may be supposed that the first lot may intrinsically be more human and more honorable. It happens in the case of multitudes of people that they have really too little to do in early life; they have seasons of much holiday and glorious leisure; then comes the long middle stretch of life with its incessant activities; and then, when men retire from business, or business retires from them, there is the protracted evening during which many who have had too much now find that once more they have too little to do. Of course the real philosophy of life is to hit the golden mean, to steer between the too much and too little; but practically there are quite sufficient people who miss the mean to furnish us with an article on them and their ways.

Oh, this ample, blessed, glorious season of youth, with its leisure and independence and hopes and chances! In these days especially, when the home rule is so mild and loving—very different from the Rhadamanthine rigor which some of us remember—when the tone of our public schools is infinitely altered and softened, when even the universities lay as much stress on rackets and the river as upon lectures and chapel, there is a season of leisure which may never come back again in life, or perhaps not till life is nearing its final rapids. There are many young people whose lives are miserably overtaxed in working for open scholarships at school; but there are also numbers who really seem to have too little to do. And it is just possible that early in life young people may acquire an inveterate habit of this too little, which may last all through life and thoroughly spoil it for them. One of our greatest judges was lamenting to a friend of mine the other day that he was altogether behind in the literature of the day. If you go to a barrister or member of Parliament in the full tide of activity, he will probably tell you that he has no time for reading; and if you are a youngster he will probably exhort you to do what you can in the way of reading while you are young, because when you have too much to do there will be no time for it. It may be said generally of our *jeunesse dorée* that they have too little to do. There are all sorts of diabolical proverbs about such men: "The devil tempts other men, but idle men tempt the devil." "The devil dances in an idle head."

Of course this applies to our very charming but somewhat volatile young friend, the girl of the period. That interesting young woman frequently answers to the name of Lady Clara Vere de Vere. We all know that that very unsettled young person had a great deal too little to do.

"Is time so heavy on your hands,
You needs must play such pranks as these?"

Such young people speak of pastime, *i.e.*, passing time, also of killing time, and are frequently pathetic in their declarations that they

have "nothing to do." Then our poet remonstrates with "Clara," and altogether shows us that "Clara" is in a very bad way. One does not require to be an heiress to have Clara's faults.

"Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gates,
Or any poor about your lands?
Oh, teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew."

Certainly the most plentiful class of those who have "too little to do" was mainly recruited from young ladies. They had a plentiful and even a perilous amount of leisure on their hands. We are improving all this. Women are beginning to find out their mission. They now make nurses, Sisters of Mercy, doctors (I think their doctoring ought to be limited to women and children), telegraph clerks, members of school boards, mistresses of board schools, which many young ladies might find plesanter and more remunerative than governessing. It is only to be feared that there are still many young ladies who do too little, who, if they did not look so far afield and only just looked at home, might have reason to alter their complaint of the too little into that of the too much. And this also is to be noted as a curious fact, that many who complain of the too much are, in point of fact, among those who have the too little. My clerical friends often tell me that they can find hard-worked mothers of large families who will give them effective help in their parishes, while childless mothers, or widows, or leisurely young ladies will plead a multiplicity of engagements. But this experience is as old as the hills. Horace talks of his strenuous idleness, and Grotius confesses his habit of laboriously doing nothing.

I am always very sorry for those who have too little to do. They seem to me scarcely to have a fair chance in the world. Their natures are not properly taxed and tested, trained and developed. They might have been among the great and wise and good and famous in the world; but they have fallen back into the ranks of the *ignavum pecus*. Their liberation from the common cares and activities of life, on which, perhaps, they prided and plumed themselves, is their drawback and their bane. It is even possible that it may help to kill them. A traveller who visited the Pitcairn Islanders in their lonely Pacific home found some of them dying of sheer old age when between fifty and sixty. They had too little to do. The rough fibre of life, for its due adjustment, needs a certain amount of work and worry—of working against the collar, of straining against wind and tide.

One day two strangers met at a little inn in the Isle of Wight. One was a medical man; the other was a man of letters, whose avocations gave him incessant work and called him into all sorts

of places. I expect that the same desire for repose had brought them through different paths to this same quiet haven of rest. In the morning the special correspondent—so we had better designate him—lay languidly on the grass, plucking buttercups and daisies, and gazing languidly into the blue depths of the sky. Charles James Fox used to say that there was only one thing better than lying on the grass with a book, and that was lying on the grass without a book.

The medical man watched him. Those medical men often have a trick of watching every one. Their fellow-creatures are their books, and they get into the habit of scanning such pages very swiftly.

"Sir," said the medical man, "I should think that you were rather fond of lying on the grass and gathering daisies."

"Sir," was the answer, "I have a passion for it. I should like nothing better in life than to lie on the ground and pluck the daisies."

"And yet, sir," was the rejoinder, "I have a strong idea that you are a man who goes about a great deal in the world, and takes an interest in a great many subjects."

"I go about a great deal too much, and work a great deal more than I like. If I had my choice in life, I should lie all day long on the grass and pick daisies."

"Do you know, sir, what would be the probable result of your having too little to do?"

"Well, what would it be?"

"It would probably be an attack of paralysis. To shut up work would probably be to close your existence."

And practically this is a kind of thing which does not happen so infrequently as might be supposed. It is always a dangerous crisis for the professional man who retires from the full tide of business without having learned the art of cultivating and enjoying leisure. Men of the highest professional eminence have found themselves absolutely stranded when they have passed from the condition of having too much to that of having too little to do. One might here tell tragic narratives of melancholy despair and suicide.

There are some persons who appear to be absolutely insatiable in their desire for work. The more they have, the more they want. They are absolute gluttons in the way of business. They are a description of people who always carry note-books and pocket-books with them, and seem to have a positive delight in accumulating memoranda, and, it is only fair to say, in industriously working through them when the proper time and opportunity arrive. Then they check them off with great internal chuckling and delight, and commence upon a new series. Such people, no doubt, are very

kind and well-intentioned ; but they are often their own worst enemies. One day I asked my friend Jones to make an appointment with me. There were good reasons why we should spend an hour together. Jones consulted his little book. There was no day, scarcely any hour in any day, that had not its engagement for the next fortnight. It was a matter of the most elaborate calculation before a time could be fixed. One day Jones met one of these intensely busy people—rather a distinguished man in his way—down at Westminster. He spoke, and very truly, of the multiplicity of his engagements. "I will give you a bit of advice, my friend," said he. "Go to Westminster Pier and take the penny steamer to London Bridge and back." "Yes," he answered, with a sigh, "there are no doubt plenty of cheap amusements around us, only there is no time for them." Of course he did not take the penny steamer. Instead of taking penny steamers he got ill and died.

The nervous system will not stand more than a certain amount. If you do not treat it well it becomes paralyzed, as our friend in the Isle of Wight explained. It appears to me that a man is almost as badly off as a convict-prisoner if he is tied up to the moral triangle every day of his life by those mems in his pocketbook. What time does he leave himself for reading and thinking, for his own private tastes and pursuits ?

There are some men who have not only the taste for hard work and the capacity for it, but are also under the necessity of it by reason of their great position. They cannot escape from having too much to do. The Prime Minister, or the Attorney-General, or any professional man works in a way that would be disdained by his lowest menial. A great man becomes great by reason of the survival of the fittest. Look at our great men ! What broad chests and abdomina they have ! What hard heads inside and outside ! Look at such a man as Mr. Gladstone, who at one epoch has the cares of empire upon his shoulders, and at another invests his little fortune in post-cards, and answers every inquiry as if he were the editor of *Notes and Queries* or of the *Family Herald* itself. He is like an elephant that can either crack a nut or prostrate an oak. Among the last letters of George Canning is one in which he mentions Pozzo Borgo's secret of getting through much work. It was *l'un après l'autre*. It was the keeping of things distinct—the thoroughly doing one thing before you went on to the other. There is the fairy order whose wand reduces the most heterogeneous materials to comparative simplicity. For many people the work is simply impossible. I know a man who gets about three thousand letters every morning. He sends a cart for them every morning to the General Post Office, and of course the government is anxious to give him every facility. He has a small army of

clerks to attend to his letters. Only those which are private or very special actually come before him. One is reminded of Napoleon's classification of business. Some is done, some does itself, and some is left undone. It is astonishing how much business does itself. If you only leave your letters alone, as a rule they answer themselves. The man who has really too much to do finds that his only way of living his life is to work by time and not by piece. Make up your mind to strike work at a certain definite time. It is a fine feeling to know that you have work to do, and that you are doing it; that you are doing it fairly well, and that your work tells. You are cutting down trees in the forest of difficulty. You are hewing out the steps by which you will climb to competence and distinction. Those are wise lines of Tennyson, who has so many wise lines:

"Unto him who works, and feels he works,
The same great year is ever at the door."

Too much work often gives a feeling of bewilderment and dismay, and too much work will possibly end in no work at all. We have all heard of the celebrated housemaid who rose early in the morning for the contemplation of her various duties. There was the cloth to lay, the kitchen to get tidy, the beds to make, the carpets to be swept, the door to be answered. The housemaid surveyed the situation, and came to the conclusion that she had too much to do, and accordingly went to bed again. A great many people act after the example of that philosophical housemaid. I know a man who discovered one season that he had a great deal too much to do. He had his profession to attend to, a large family to look after; he was engaged in a lawsuit; he was pledged to write articles in daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly periodicals. He was perfectly overwhelmed by the number and variety of his responsibilities. A desperate resolution seized him. He stowed away some surreptitious fivers, and gave positive orders that no letters or telegrams should be sent after him. Then he disappeared among the lakes and mountains of North Italy. For two months he never came near his work. He thought it rather odd when he found out that he had not been much missed, and that the world had got on very well without him. However, he certainly cut the Gordian knot—what a man ought to do when he has got too much to do.

He evidently thought that his great business was to "get out of it all." And if his work was really killing him, and he really came back recuperated for future work, who will say that that too was not a good morning's work when he put the "silver streak" of the Channel between himself and his manifold perplexities?

I think it is Baron Bunsen who somewhere says that life is a conflict of duties. There is a preliminary stage to be settled. You must first get people to acknowledge the idea of duty at all before

you can get them to acknowledge the variety of duties, and to steer their way among them. There was a very able man who said that his mind was absolutely paralyzed when anything presented itself to him in the light of a duty. ^{Sooner} or later, however, we begin to appreciate the force of Bunsen's felicitous phrase. One set of duties drags us one way, and another set of duties drags us another. We are conscious both of a centrifugal and a centripetal force. The result is that instead of travelling on either side of a square we describe a diagonal. Perhaps the diagonal is the best road for us. Or we proceed in curves instead of straight lines; and there is a greater mystery and complexity and use about the curve. This reflection may perhaps be a source of consolation to some worthy people who may find themselves obliged to mediate between conflicting roads, and instead of spending their strength with ample result in one direction, are obliged to move on lines which they would hardly have marked out for themselves. But though their orbit may be eccentric, though they may wander beneath strange stars and unfamiliar skies, yet this may be their destined path, designed for rare and excellent uses. And there is one practical lesson, if one might talk sermon-fashion, to be derived from this consideration. When we think we have too much to do we are all very intolerant of interruptions. We grudge the chance visitor his five minutes. It is astonishing, by the way, how much can be done in five minutes. I once called on a very busy man, who held out his watch and told me that he could give me exactly five minutes. My business was over in two minutes, and I rose to go. But he said that we had still three minutes together, and very excellent use we made of them. Now it is just possible that the interruption may prove of more importance than the original business. The main action of a piece is promoted by its by-play. There is many a man who prefers to go, like a crow, straight to his mark; but most people will think that the meanderings of a river prove of more beauty and use than if it ran in a straight line, like a canal. The interruptions and deviations, especially if attended to without hurry and flurry, form part of the integral business of life. The Czar Nicholas, in a fit of imperialism, determined that he would himself lay down the line of rail from St. Petersburg to Moscow. He made it as straight as a ruler. Doubtless the plan might have its advantages. But he made its way through forest and morass which might easily have been skirted, and left big towns on the right hand and on the left unprovided with railway accommodation; so that I think that, upon the whole, he might have done better if he had turned now to the right and now to the left without pursuing that stern, uncompromising, undeviating line. Which things are an allegory.

Now there is a certain amount of business which we all have to

do. It is business which simply has to be done or which does itself, and to leave it undone is an effectual and probably a disastrous way of doing it. We all have to attend to matters of mind, body, and estate. Every person, consciously or unconsciously, maps out a certain range of matters which really must be attended to. Only it is a curious fact, illustrating the perversity of human nature, that many people, having acquired a notion of what they have got to do, put them in a kind of reverse order, doing what is least necessary and comparatively unimportant first, and leaving what is absolutely essential to come last and to take care of itself. As Macaulay says, there are persons who gather the chaff into the barn and burn up the wheat with unquenchable fire. Let us draw up a table of comparative duties, responsibilities, and avocations. Unless we come to the opinion that a human being consists of a variety of chemicals and a couple of bucketfuls of water, we shall think that man has a soul, and that this soul is deserving of primary attention. Then the apostles of culture, Mr. Matthew Arnold being the Choregus, all tell us that mental development is the one great duty of human nature. They may entirely ignore spiritual developments, but they account a man hardly worthy of life who is unsusceptible of intellectual expansion. At this point, indeed, I should like to split a friendly lance with the philosophers. Some clever novelist, James Hannay, I think and a really clever novelist is necessarily something of a philosopher—says that a man had better worship a crocodile than worship nothing at all. I do not profess to vindicate such a very extreme supposition, but this I say, there are multitudes, nay the majority, of the human race who have no chance of literary and intellectual culture, but who nevertheless, through every hour of their lives, may be carrying on a spiritual education. Then after this mental education—for which, in my humble way, I desire to be a strenuous advocate—I put down health as the third great point to be aimed at. I know that many sensible people would put down this as the chief point of all; but I have not adopted this classification without considering things all round. But I think that a spiritual and immortal being—on the hypothesis that we are spiritual and immortal beings—would deliberately prefer mental and spiritual health to mere physical health. Some of the best work in the world has been done by people who, on the Spartan system of exposing the weakest on Mount Taygetus, would simply be put to death as useless and unproductive members of society. Then after this comes the question of ways and means. We all want to make a little filthy lucre. Each man wants to make his "little pile;" and the bigger that little pile, so much the better. Diva Pecunia, in the opinion of many, ought to come in the very first of all. We all remember the words of the Latin satirist: "Money; honestly if it is to be done, but anyhow—money."

21 Then, advancing a further stage, we put down amusements. It is all very well for Sir George Cornwall Lewis to say that life would be tolerable without its amusements. I have no doubt that Sir George "took it out" in the way of amusements as much as any of us. Recreation is related to work as shadow to sunshine, or down-hill to up-hill. Now you will observe these five essential points. Count them up on your five fingers. The soul, the mind, the body, means recreation. These things are all absolutely essential, the only question being as regards the order of seniority. Whether we have too much to do or too little to do, something has to be done in respect to these things. But the population of the British Islands being mostly fools, most people reverse the order of things. So you will find people who will occupy themselves with any "petty" engagement, while they cannot be brought to consider matters of the highest import. Now, in the case of the five points of our human charter, people generally begin at the least and lowest. The uppermost idea in the minds of people is not duty, but pleasure, whatever the particular theory of pleasure may happen to be. Epicurus placed his idea of pleasure in a certain order and calm of life; and I suppose that the name and memory of no philosopher was more maligned and belied than his. But just accept this theory of pleasure as the ground-work of one's social philosophy, and every man seems tolerably free to attach his own interpretation. Then after this most men put down the making of money as "the one thing needful," this making of money also constituting the special pleasure of a great number of people. When the making of money involves an expenditure of time, strength, and thought beyond a certain point, then the making of it beyond what is necessary is a mistake. Money is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. You will find men giving up everything that makes life desirable simply that they may accumulate money in public securities, or have a large floating balance at their bankers'. They are like children playing at some childish game—little bits of paper come in, and little bits of paper go out, and that is all. The notes of the Bank of England have no more real value than notes of the Bank of Elegance. A man is worth not what he has, but what he can get the use of. I know some people who are nominally worth their hundred thousand a year, but in reality they have not many hundreds. The property does not belong to them, but to their representatives. Frequently they have no idea who those representatives may be.

But it might be thought that people would at least show wisdom in respect to health. No school of scepticism is possible on this point. No critic arises to tell people "not care for one's health is altogether a baseless tradition. The laws of nature are, no doubt, very benign; but if you manage to run your head against them so

much the worse for you. Nature may be our mother, but she is also quite capable of showing herself a step-mother. The laws of health work in the same calm, persistent, inexorable manner as the laws of the seasons and the orbits of the heavenly bodies. No doubt the conditions of health are better understood, and people are beginning to think, with the ex-Premier, *sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas*. Still there are people who live in the utmost defiance of all the laws of nature; people who will gobble, though they know that they are digging their graves with their teeth; who will drink unwholesome beverages, though they might well fear gout and gravel; who will work hard long after the tripod of life—brain, heart, lungs—has shown symptoms of weakness and distress in one direction or another. But men will not abandon their darling pursuits, trusting to the chapter of accidents or the vigor of their constitutions. In matters of health there is no such thing as a chapter of accidents, except indeed of unfavorable accidents; and if men live long with a good constitution under unfavorable conditions, they would live still longer under favorable conditions. It is in vain that you tell a man in the full tide of business that he is working inordinately, and that he will break up. He continues to work inordinately, and, as a matter of fact, he does break up. Generally speaking, a man has dense ignorance of the laws of nature; and if he knows something about them he will sin against his lights. Then as for his mind—or what he is pleased to call his mind—it appears to me that the average Englishman is less and less given to mental effort. Reading occupies a larger area, but is much more shallow than it once was. It is taking the most dangerous kind of personal liberty to try and improve a man's mind. To feed low and to think high is an exploded theory; the practice is the very reverse. The mind has little chance in the competition with the love of amusement and with money-making. And when we come to that mysterious soul of ours, that royal guest is frequently so utterly disguised, that men take no note of its existence, or hardly rise beyond the poor soldier's prayer on the eve of battle: "O God, if there be a God, have mercy on my soul, if I have a soul!" Thus the first are last and the last first. The rule of inverse proportion is maintained. In the main necessary business of life, men give the highest degree of attention to matters of smaller importance, and a smaller degree of attention to matters of the highest importance. Men, too, often think that the meal is more than life; and ladies that the raiment is more than the body.

Finally, there is an old distich which has been running in my mind, and which is well worth the quoting:

"Don Juan Fernando
Can't do more than he can do."

And the happy fact is that Don Juan Fernando is not really required to do more. When the Don has done his "level best," or his little "possible," he may rest upon his oars and be thankful. We may not have time to waste; but we have enough in which we may work. Our burdens were never meant to crush us.

It was one of the fine sayings of the first Napoleon, one of the views which redeemed the blackness of his character, when he saw a lady standing in the way of a poor soldier carrying a load, "Madam, respect the burden." If we feel that we have too much to bear—a burden of sorrow, of sin, of care—we know the words set to Mendelssohn's immortal music, where we may cast that burden. And for those generous souls whose regret it is that, disabled by sickness or circumstances, they lead obscure, uncomprehended lives, afar from the fray, devoid of its honorable dust and toil, there is the consolation that from their ranks are drawn those who think and pray and sympathize.

"His rank

Is kingly; thousands in his presence stand,
And speed o'er land and ocean without rest,
Those also serve who only stand and wait."

London Society.

THE RAILROADS OF THE UNITED STATES;

THEIR EFFECTS ON FARMING AND PRODUCTION IN THAT COUNTRY AND IN GREAT BRITAIN.

IN the report of one of the recent speeches of Mr. Gladstone, reference is made to information sent him by an English correspondent in this country in regard to the prices of certain farm-lands in Massachusetts, by which it appears that he has been misled in his inference that Western competition has depressed Eastern farming in the United States; his correspondent having formed a general conclusion upon very insufficient data.

As a right understanding of the true effects and results of Western competition in the production of grain and meat may become of the greatest importance in the settlement of the grave questions in reference to land-tenure now pending in Great Britain, it may not be unsuitable for an American to submit some considerations on the great changes that have in fact been brought about in the Eastern United States by the construction of railroads to the West, to which public attention has not been much directed even yet.

The object of this paper is to prove:

1. The vast saving of labor that has been effected in the eastern portion of the United States by the extension of the railway system to the West in procuring bread and meat at less and less cost.
2. That the art of agriculture in the Eastern States has in recent

years made a great advance in respect to method of work and in variety of products; in some sections of the Eastern States there has also been considerable increase in the value of agricultural products, such progress having been promoted and made possible by the changed relations of the two sections of the country growing out of the railway system.

3. That, under the unrestricted action of natural laws, like effects will be produced in Great Britain.

4. That, under the working of the new force represented by the modern railway system and the steamship, the present relations of landlord and tenant peculiar to Great Britain must and will be so entirely changed as to result practically in the almost entire disappearance or abatement of the element of rent in respect to land devoted to purposes of agriculture.

5. That, in place of the present division of agricultural produce or its value among three classes—laborers, tenants, and landlords—in the proportion of the minimum needed for subsistence to the first, an uncertain and at present negative quantity to the second, and a maximum to the third, a new division of an increased, varied, and more valuable product will occur between two classes, laborers and freehold farmers.

6. That, in this new division, the same facts will be observed that are found in other occupations: to wit, that, as the product increases in variety and in value, a larger share and a better subsistence accrue to each of the two classes, laborers and employers, wherever distribution is unaffected by restrictive statutes.

In pursuance of this subject, in respect to the eastern part of the United States, Massachusetts, on the whole one of the most sterile States, will be chosen as an example.*

It is admitted that there are many deserted farms in Massachusetts; that the rural population has not increased, but has in many places decreased; and that there is much land, once under cultivation, that would not now bring the cost of the stone walls with which it is inclosed.

But these farms are in the more sterile sections of the State, or are remote from railroads, and have been given up because im-

* Massachusetts is a small state, only 7800 square miles in area. Her typical natural products are commonly said to be granite and ice. Her people, about one fourth of whom are foreign-born, are mainly engaged in the manufacturing and mechanic arts of every kind; but in 1875 there were in the State 44,549 separate farms, of which only 1054 were held under leases, 43,495 being carried on by their owners. They contained 3402,000 acres of land, valued, with buildings, at \$162,000,000, at an average of \$4100 each. Not quite one third of the land is under cultivation. The total amount of wages paid for hired labor was \$5,600,000. The value of the domestic and agricultural product of these farms in 1875 was \$41,222,000.—*Vide Census of Mass., 1875, CARROLL D. WHEAT, Sept.*

provement in agriculture compasses larger product on less land with less labor elsewhere, even in the same State.

There is another class of farms of an intermediate kind, that have been sold by their original Yankee owners because their descendants did not find scope for their ability upon them: they needed a larger field and a greater opportunity. These farms have been taken up in very many cases by Irish, many of whom have passed from the textile factories or other occupations to the ownership of land purchased with the savings which the universal custom of depositing in savings-banks (especially among the Irish in New England) has enabled them to accumulate.

Yet, despite all this giving up of farm-land formerly cultivated, and this change of ownership, the more fertile lands of Massachusetts are now worth more, because more productive, than they were when we were much more dependent upon our own labor for grain and meat of home production than we now are. The aggregate value of the farm products of Massachusetts increases annually. Between 1865 and 1875 the cost of moving Western farm products to Massachusetts was reduced in greater ratio than at any previous period; yet the value of the agricultural products of the State was nearly eight million dollars more in the latter than in the former year, notwithstanding the very great reduction in prices which accompanied the appreciation of the paper dollar, from an average discount of thirty-six per cent in 1865 to only ten per cent in 1875.

Before the use of the railway, and even down to a later date—before the great railway systems of the country were consolidated and worked at the low rates that now prevail—it was necessary for the people of New England to work arduously for bread alone. Brown bread made of Indian-corn constituted the staple food in many farmers' families; white or wheat bread was a luxury.

There are, within twenty miles of Boston, hundreds of acres of land which, half a century since, would of necessity have been devoted to the production of grain and potatoes, of which the gross product per acre is now worth five hundred or a thousand dollars a year. Nothing strikes a New England man with more amazement, on the first approach to London, than to see the proximity of the wheat-fields to the suburbs of the city, where he would expect to find very small farms under high cultivation in market-gardening.

Again: it is but a few years since a wood-lot was as essential to the farm as the corn-field or the pasture. New England possesses no available beds of coal, and the whole supply of fuel came from the forest. It could not be moved long distances, and the farmer was obliged to go to the forest or to its proximity, since the forest could not come to him.

The hill-sides were cleared, and great temporary injury was done;

but at the present time the anthracite coal of Pennsylvania furnishes the cheapest fuel in very remote parts of the New England States. The forest is being restored on the hills; and many farms, which were only occupied because the supply of fuel was ample, may now be left for pasture, or even may be covered with wood on the arable land. In many cases this "sprout-land," so called, retains its value for the supply of railway-sleepers and other purposes.

The same rule of increased product and value applies to most of the farm-lands of Central New York in and around the Mohawk and Genesee valleys, formerly the very centre of the best wheat cultivation of the United States, but where but a moderate quantity of wheat is now raised. These farms, temporarily affected in value by the competition of Western grain, are now in many places more valuable than ever before; and as the mode of cultivation and the character of the crops become adjusted to the new conditions a higher degree of prosperity ensues.

There is still a considerable quantity of maize, or Indian-corn, produced in New England, because the varieties grown on our soil and in our climate are harder, sweeter, and more nutritious than the kinds raised upon the prairies of the West; but, on the whole, it may be said that maize and wheat are the *pioneer* crops of easiest cultivation in this country, and not—as wheat is in Great Britain—the product of high farming under a system of cultivation carefully prescribed in the lease of the land.

Thus it happens that, although these crops have passed more and more to the West, their migration does not mark decay, but rather progress, in the art of agriculture in the East. Since we can get the staple elements of subsistence from what may be called the great *manufactories* of grain and meat in the West, our own farmers are engaged in producing roots, hay, and fruits in great abundance, in raising poultry, or in dairy-farming. In witness of this statement, the data of the last national census (which were quite inadequate in respect to the products of agriculture of Massachusetts) disclosed the fact that Worcester County, Massachusetts, stood only third among the county divisions of the whole country in the value of the products of agriculture. The first was Lancaster County, Pennsylvania; the second, the great dairy county of St. Lawrence, New York; the fourth was Hartford County, Connecticut; not until the fifth did we reach the corn country, La Salle County, Illinois; sixth, the wheat country, Oakland County, Michigan; the next we come back to Burlington County, New Jersey.

In 1870 the value of the products of agriculture of the five counties of Lancaster, Penn., St. Lawrence, N. Y., Worcester, Mass., Hartford, Conn., and Burlington, N. J.—all situated in the far

East—was \$38,804,240. Yet the area of improved land on which this value was produced was only 3058 square miles.

The value of the farms of the five Eastern counties was in 1870 \$182,786,611. The value of all the improved lands in the great corn State of Illinois was only five times as great; the value of all the farms in the great wheat State of Minnesota a little more than one half as much; and in the great cotton State of Mississippi less than one half.

It is true that a great period of depression has occurred since 1870, which has affected the East a little more than the West; but it has passed by, and it cannot now be gainsaid that, although we have not in the East any great workers of hundreds and thousands of acres, who make corn or maize and wheat by machinery, there are yet more thrifty, prosperous farmers who own and cultivate moderate quantities of land in New England and the Middle States than there are in the Western States; the reason, of course, being that the more dense population of the towns and cities of the East, engaged in commerce or in the manufacturing and mechanic arts, affords a quicker market for the variety of products that cannot be moved over very long distances, but which constitute a far greater proportion of the cost and also of the comfort of household consumption than is represented by the mere consumption of bread. It is not intended to affirm that there are not many richer men engaged in agriculture in the West than in the East—men who have grown rich both by farming on a large scale and by the rise in the value of their land; but in proportion to numbers it is very certain that there is a higher standard of comfort and thrift in many of the farming counties of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and in portions of New England, than prevails at the present time in the Western States.

The same changes in variety and value of products will occur, or have doubtless occurred, in the neighborhood of the great Western towns and cities which are so rapidly becoming the centres of various manufactures; and they have also occurred in the vicinity of Southern seaboard cities—Charleston, Savannah, and Norfolk—where thousands of acres of land are devoted to market-gardening Northern supply, and are witnesses of the industry and thrift of the free colored laborers by whom most of the work is done; even long distance being offset by the high prices obtained for early vegetables and fruits.

The same rule seems to apply to these great staple and necessary products of agriculture—corn and meat—that applies to staple textile fabrics and to other factory work; namely, that, as they become more and more the product of machinery, employing relatively but few hands, they find their special place or district, and the work of that district is concentrated upon them. An ever-

increasing proportion of the population elsewhere is thus relieved from arduous drudgery and is enabled to spend more time and work on the comforts and luxuries of life, and in more varied occupations.

Machinery not only aggregates people in manufactories of fabrics, and also in districts devoted to wheat and to grazing, but it segregates as well, by enabling great numbers of men to do other work, requiring manual dexterity rather than machinery, for which there would otherwise be no time or opportunity, and which may be carried on wherever men choose to live in communities of moderate size.

The application of machinery to the staple products of maize and wheat is producing the same result—less human labor and more food to be consumed. In this essay maize and pork may be considered synonymous terms, the "hog-products" being the conversion of maize into meat.

The secret of these changes in the sources of our agricultural supplies is that the railroad has eliminated distance. A barrel of flour, and a barrel of pork or its equivalent, constitute the substance of Western farm products needed by each adult in the East. The two barrels are equal to 500 lbs., or a quarter of the net ton in which our railway traffic is computed. This quantity is now brought from Chicago to Boston, one thousand miles, at an average of \$11—sometimes for less—or at the rate of \$5, or £1 sterling, per ton of 2000 lbs.

We might therefore state an economic equation in these terms : The movement of one year's subsistence of grain and meat for an adult working-man a distance of one thousand miles is equal to \$1.25, or 5s., which sum is equal to one day's wages of a common workman, or half the daily wages of a good carpenter or mason.

Half of one day's wages, one thousand miles, and the movement of one year's subsistence, are synonymous terms. One day's pay places the mechanic of Massachusetts next door to the Western prairies a thousand miles away.

The same terms of the equation may soon be applied to the distances beyond Chicago, toward Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska, because grades are easier, fuel is more abundant, and, as population and traffic increase, *two* days' work of a common laborer in Massachusetts will soon move a year's subsistence of corn and meat fifteen hundred or two thousand miles from far Dakota and from the plains of Nebraska ; one name still designating a Territory, the other the last but one among the States admitted to the Union. At the present time the rates of freight west of Chicago are much higher than between Chicago and the seaboard.

In Dakota, on the Red River of the North, wheat is *manufactured*

in some fields, where each single furrow of the plough is said to take a day to run without once turning; and from these fields the wheat is now brought in millions of bushels, upon which there has been no manual labor, except to direct the machinery, from the time the seed was planted in the field until the bread is out upon the table of the factory operative in Lowell.

As Daniel Webster once replied to the objection made to the importation of the product of pauper labor from abroad, "We cannot afford to do for ourselves what foreign paupers can do so well for us," so we may now say in the East, that we cannot afford to work with our hands on crops which Western farm-machinery can produce so cheaply for us. This mechanism can only be applied with economy on a large scale, and where the soil is in a very comminuted condition, free from loose stones, boulders, ledges, or stumps of trees.

Such is the character of the prairie soil—in fact, of the arable land extending east and west from Central Ohio to Colorado, and north and south from Manitoba to Mississippi; this whole valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries now being assigned by some geologists to the loess formation.

Such having been the changes that the railroad has worked in the East in enabling us to spare our labor from that which used to be our most arduous work, and apply it to occupations which give us more comfort, more wealth, and more prosperity; and since the railroad can be worked profitably at much less than one cent, or a halfpenny a ton per mile, and on these bulky products of corn and meat at half a cent, or one farthing, per ton per mile—it may now be asked, what is to be the permanent effect of the steamship in enlarging the area of cheap transportation on the English production of corn and meat? In California the rains last only four months; in that State and in Colorado, by irrigation, crops of wheat are made exceeding the average English product per acre. Elsewhere our average crop per acre may not be over one half or three fifths; but the area on which this production is possible is subject to no limit for many generations.

An American observer may not pronounce dogmatically upon the possible effect of the competition between those lands and the wheat fields of Great Britain. But it may be asked, Can any system of high farming under restrictions compete with these conditions? Can any land, subject to any rent whatever, compete in the production of wheat and meat with these conditions of unlimited areas of land at a cost of \$2 to \$3, or 8s. to 12s., an acre, and rates of transportation at half a cent a ton, or one farthing per ton, per mile of rail, when the steamship continues the transportation at a less and less charge as improvements continue to be made in the construction and running of the ships?

Can any rented land, subject as it must be to special conditions in the leases as to the rotation of crops, the amount of stock to be kept, and other restrictions necessary to maintain it in condition, compete with these vast areas free from all restriction?

As time goes on, must not English farming adjust itself in the same manner that Eastern farming has adjusted itself to these new conditions?—that is, to the variety of products that will not bear long carriage, and that require more and more the individual ownership of small farms, free from onerous rents, and from the more obnoxious conditions of leases and settlements.

May not these conditions tend in the long run, and after the settlement of the temporary difficulties of land-tenure now pressing upon Great Britain, as they have here, to greater general prosperity and abundance, and to far greater variety of food at less and less cost to the consumer? Such having been the results without question in the United States, especially in respect to the changes in the older sections of the East, must not the same causes inevitably work the same results across the sea? If these points are well taken, we may now be witnessing not the decadence of the agriculture of Great Britain, but the very beginning of its true progress, and the opening of an upward movement among the agricultural population to greater welfare and prosperity.

If the competition of Western grain and meat renders the present system of leasing and working land in Great Britain absolutely and permanently unprofitable, and that system cannot be applied to the greater variety of methods of cultivation and of crops that have succeeded wheat culture in the East, then the interest of both landowner and tenant will coincide in making the changes required, no matter what the sacrifice of social position may be that is involved in the change. The ownership of land without income will not give much distinction. When these changes are complete, the time may perhaps come when simple printed forms of deeds and rules of registration will enable the town clerks, justices of the peace, or other intelligent persons, to do all the work of the conveyancer, as they now do in most of the country towns of New England.

In the first half-century, after the settlement of Plymouth Colony, the title to land passed by declaration before the governor or one of his assistants, duly recorded, without the execution of any written deed whatever, and without the signature of the vendor being required. Many of these deeds are in the simplest possible form of description, and are entirely free from legal technicalities. At the present time the written deed of land possesses little importance after the record is made.

It will be obvious that this adjustment to the new conditions brought into force by the railroad could not have been made with-

out very great difficulty in the eastern parts of the United States, had there been any system of landlord and tenant as to farm lands. Had not the purchase, sale, and division of lands been free, the examination of title easy and cheap, and the registration of deeds effective in every county, and had we not been absolutely free from the encumbrances of entails and settlements, we should have been subjected to as great difficulties as are now being met in Great Britain and Ireland.

It may be broadly stated, that the adjustment of production to changing conditions, brought into action by science and invention in the United States, has been made possible by the free conditions, not only in the sale, but in the use, of land throughout the country.

The modern cheese-factory is an example of an invention requiring absolute freedom in the use of land. If it were made incumbent on the farmer to feed the refuse of cheese-making to stock upon the land on which the stock fed, the cheese-factory would not be practicable. The farmer must sell his milk and restore his land in his own way. Absolute freedom in use is as necessary as freedom in purchase and sale.

In respect to wheat, it would be very desirable to be able to treat the subject of the actual cost of production, in order to state the exact terms of the competition between this country and Great Britain. Several attempts have been made to ascertain the exact cost of production on the field, but it is as difficult as it is to ascertain the cost of raising cotton. Some of the elements may be stated with sufficient accuracy for the purpose of the present investigation. We thus consider an extreme case—the wheat produced in the territory of Dakota, from which point it is now brought in very large quantity, and where some of the furrows are said to be a day's journey in length. The soil is in the finest condition, very deep, full of phosphate, lime, and potash, and has been fertilized by myriads of buffalo roaming over it for ages. Estimates of the cost of raising wheat on these "bonanza farms," so called, vary from 37 to 50 cents a bushel—or from 12s. 4d. to 16s. 8d. per quarter.

Within the limits of the land grant of the Northern Pacific Railroad, in that section are wheat lands of the very best quality, far more than equal to the area of all the land under cultivation in Great Britain and Ireland. The bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad (which road failed in 1873, but is now appearing to prosper again) are convertible into these lands, and can be purchased at such prices that the land will not cost the buyer more than \$2 or \$3 per acre. The great farms now under cultivation cost the owners but a trifle, as they were bought with bonds purchased immediately after the panic at a few cents on the dollar. The

average product of wheat is twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre.

The intermediate sections of government land can be bought at \$1.25 to \$3.50 per acre, and are open to actual settlers under the homestead law without cost.

The cultivation is all done by machinery; and the grain-binder, invented and applied within two or three years, has done away with the last element of manual labor.

It does not seem probable, to say the least, that any other method of cultivation can possibly compete with this, although it is possible that even this section will be excelled in cheapness of production on the irrigated wheat *manufactories* of Colorado, and in California on lands that are rainless during the harvest season.

It is perfectly safe to assume that the production of wheat in this section will increase so long as it brings half a dollar, or two shillings sterling, per bushel.

How entirely undetermined the cost of transporting wheat from the Red River of the North, in Dakota, to Liverpool, now is, will be seen by the following statement.

The distance may be divided substantially as follows in round figures:

	Miles.
From Dakota to Chicago,	650 to 900
From Chicago to New York or Boston,	950 to 1,000
Boston or New York to Liverpool, about	3,000

Within a year the rates of freight between Chicago and the seaboard have varied from \$3 to \$7 per ton of two thousand pounds.

From the seaboard to Liverpool, from 3d. to 8½d. per bushel, or from \$2 to \$5.66 per ton.

The rate on wheat from Dakota to New York has been from \$14 to \$16.50 per ton. It will thus appear that the charge on the railroad beyond Chicago for an average of about seven hundred miles has been \$9 to \$10 per ton; therefore, if the traffic this side of Chicago can be carried on at the price of the last year or two, there is a margin for reduction on the distance beyond Chicago to Dakota of \$4 to \$6 per ton whenever the railway service in that direction is consolidated and worked as effectively on that side of Chicago as it is on this side.

On the whole, it may be said that the charge for moving wheat from the Red River of the North to Liverpool has varied during the past season from \$17 to \$22 per ton of two thousand pounds, and that there is reason to expect such improvement that the average rate will be \$16 to \$20, or 48 cents to 60 cents per bushel.

Whatever the wheat brings in Liverpool above this charge and the charge for commissions, insurance, and incidental expenses, constitutes the remuneration of the wheat manufacturer of Dakota.

These figures are sufficiently accurate for an approximate estimate, and the wheat cultivation of Dakota increases rapidly under these conditions.

Land in Dakota will average three quarters or twenty-four bushels of wheat per acre in a fair season. The product of an acre can be landed in Liverpool or London at 50 cents or 2s. per bushel now, and prospectively for less, or at £2 8s. for the cost of transportation per acre.

The average return per acre of English wheat land in Dakota for the last six years appears to have been	£	s.
Deduct cost of transportation from Dakota,	7	4
	2	8
	4	18
Deduct for insurance and other charges, say about 6 per cent,	0	6
Remainder,	£4	10

A trifle over 90 cents per bushel as the ample remuneration of the farmer in Dakota or elsewhere.

Although all the elements of the problem are thus undetermined, one proposition may be stated dogmatically; to wit, that there are many parts of this country where wheat will be raised in increasing quantities at and above 50 cents per bushel, and whence it can be carried to Liverpool at 50 cents per bushel, or less, and landed at £1 14s. per quarter.

In respect to maize, it may be said that, upon the fat lands of Indiana and Illinois, a boy working a pair of horses can make one hundred tons in one hundred days in a good season. Upon corn raised at this measure of labor, Western hogs are fed, and the cattle from the plains of Texas and Colorado are fattened.

Such being the conditions, it seems very certain that we shall continue to supply Great Britain and Western Europe with ever-increasing quantities of bread and meat. There will doubtless be a temporary check to our shipments when good seasons return in Europe, which may bring on a commercial temporary revulsion of greater or less severity here, unless our vicious legal-tender paper debt currency is paid and withdrawn from circulation before the change. The change of conditions is, however, a permanent one; and it seems probable, to say the least, that this country must hereafter be the great source of the staple products of grain, meat, and cotton, for the use of the civilized world. It has been suggested, that, whenever Russia and Eastern Europe are in a normal or peaceful condition, their competition will again be felt, and that the opening of the Suez Canal will bring increasing supplies of wheat from India.

To this suggestion it may be answered, that cheap labor, measured by low wages, does not always mean—in fact, seldom means—low cost of production. In the use of complex machinery

in the factory or on the farm, a few hands at high wages compass the largest product at the lowest cost.

One operative in Lowell, working machinery one year on cotton-drills for China, produces eight thousand pounds of cloth, enough to clothe sixteen hundred Chinamen for a year at five pounds each, or thirty-two hundred East Indians at two pounds and one half each. No hand-spinning or weaving can long compete under these conditions; neither can the farm laborers of India or Eastern Europe compete with the machine-made wheat of the United States.

Our ports at present occupied may be insufficient for the work, and harbors that are now deserted or unused may be connected with our railways in order to provide sufficient room for the great commerce that is to come.

May not the cheap food and other material thus supplied to Great Britain render her mills and works again prosperous, and the export of their products not only secure recompense for her own laborers, but also pay for our own import of tea, coffee, silks, spices, and other Eastern goods?

We sell England the food and the material; England works the mills and sells the product to the Far East. We buy the tea, coffee, and sugar; in the London clearing-house the balance is settled. The exchange has worked benefit to all, and has harmed none.

Already the increasing demand of our own country is absorbing the product of our own mills, mines, and ironwork, and even more than their product. Already our export of manufactured cotton goods is being affected by the activity of the home demand, and hundreds of looms are being turned from the export fabrics to those used at home.

The independence of nations, and, most of all, of the English-speaking people, asserts itself in spite of all the obstacles that man and nature can interpose; and the Anglo-Saxon race will assert itself and its consanguinity on the two sides of the ocean in the way that must ultimately yield the greatest good to the greatest number.

Upon one fourteenth part of our whole soil, or upon one seventh part of that which is fit for agriculture, we produce the hay and roots that we require, and all the grains and cotton that we need ourselves, so that even if we did not produce an ounce of gold or silver within our borders, we could command the treasures of the world. Yet, if we consider the average product per acre in respect to every one of these crops, we find that it does not exceed one half the quantity that even a reasonably good system of agriculture would bring forth. If we consider the conditions under which each and all of these great crops of grain, hay, and cotton are pro-

duced, we find that they represent, in the lesser degree only, the art of agriculture.

We number now nearly or quite fifty million people. A hundred millions could be sustained, without increasing the area of a single farm or adding one to their number, by merely bringing our produce up to the average standard of reasonably good agriculture; and then there might remain for export twice the quantity we now send abroad, to feed the hungry in foreign lands. No longer divided by the curse of slavery, this nation is now united by bonds of mutual interest and of common speech, tied by the iron band of eighty-five thousand miles of railway, and is yet only beginning to feel the vital power and grandeur of a truly national existence.

What may be the future of this land few can yet conceive.

Texas alone comprises as much territory as the German Empire, England, and Wales combined. Texas has now about two million people within her boundaries; the Empire of Germany, England, and Wales, about sixty-seven millions. The good land in Texas is equal in area to the good land in Germany and Great Britain.

Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa combined, more than equal France in area, and possess more fertile land. Only twenty-five years ago John Brown and his companions redeemed Kansas from slavery; Nebraska was then indicated on our own maps as a part of "the Great American Desert;" and Iowa had scarcely become a State. Their population may now be two million five hundred thousand. France has thirty-seven millions.

The great middle section of Eastern Tennessee, Northern Georgia, Western Carolina, and Southern Virginia, has been hemmed in by the curse of slavery, and is yet almost a *terra incognita*; but it is replete with wealth in minerals, in timber, and in fertile valleys of almost unequalled climate for health and vigor. This section is equal to the Austrian Empire in its area, and more than equal in resources. It has a sparse population of only one or two millions. The Austrian Empire has over thirty-two millions.

The healthy upland country of Georgia, Alabama, and the Carolinas, contains vast areas of fertile woodland, which can be bought by the hundred thousand acres at half a dollar, or 2s., an acre, on which sheep and cotton thrive equally well. These sections are being slowly occupied by white farmers, and wait for immigrants who can bring them to use. In a few short years, sheep, fed mainly upon the kernel of the cotton-seed and upon the grasses that follow the cotton, will send to market from the same fields, alternately occupied, as much wool as cotton.

This warm section is more than equal to Italy in area: it has perhaps two millions of people. Italy contains twenty-seven millions.

The fertile lands in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, and along the Potomac, in Maryland, more than equal Belgium. They may contain half a million of people. Belgium has more than five millions.

In the consideration of this problem of productive capacity, there are other factors of the greatest importance. What are the burdens to be borne by our people compared to others? What is the mortgage on this land that we possess?

It is but fourteen years since our national debt was over \$3,000,000,000. Its full amount never appeared by the books of the treasury, because, after the accounts that were due and unpaid at the end of the war could be audited and entered \$250,000,000 had been paid. Since then it has been reduced \$750,000,000 more, and we now owe but \$2,000,000,000.

Our army is but a border police of twenty-five thousand men. Before the end of the century our debt may be all paid; and, if justice is done to the Indian tribes, we shall have less need of an army than now.

Let us, however, return to the main purpose of this paper. It has been proved that cheap transportation has been accomplished to a degree that the wildest advocate of a state or national railway system never dreamed of. In 1869 the average charge on a ton of merchandise, all kinds included, from Chicago to the seaboard, was \$24. In 1870 it was a little less than \$8, and has been at times much lower. This is the average on all merchandise. Grain and meat are carried at much lower rates; at times as low as \$3.60 per ton to New York, and, I believe, \$2.50 per ton to Baltimore.

Within twenty years a revolution has been effected in construction of ocean steamers by the substitution of the screw for the paddle, and the adoption of the compound engine.

Yet we have but entered upon the age of steel: no one yet knows the exact economy of the steel rail. The present locomotive-engine is barbarous in its waste of fuel; not over three or four per cent of the power of the fuel is utilized by being converted into the actual motion of the train, while the dead weight of the clumsy wooden car averages three to one of the load carried. Not over one pound in a hundred of the fuel consumed is actually and absolutely applied to the movement of the load; the rest is absorbed by waste and friction.

The absolute cost of grain and meat in the West and South west cannot, as before stated, now be defined with positive accuracy. Suffice it that the present cost and the present rates of transportation have caused a social revolution in the East, and are causing a social revolution in Great Britain. But the future effect of the unknown factor cannot yet be conceived. The ultimate cost of moving grain

and meat must be less, and can never be more. There will be greater competition and greater economy. We are constructing thousands of miles of new railway, and hundreds of inventive brains are at work upon the problem of diminishing the cost of construction and operation.

If one per cent of the absolute power stored up in our coal-beds has sufficed to make the changes we are now witnessing, what will be the effect when we learn how to utilize two per cent and decrease the other elements of cost in the same proportion? What are the terms of the equation by which we shall convert distance into dollars or pounds sterling a few years hence? In that unknown quantity is not the margin for the rent of land in England to be sought, if any rent is to be paid? and upon the solution of this problem in social mathematics does not the duration of the present social order in Great Britain mainly depend?

In conclusion, the extent of our present railway service may be considered; and for this purpose I avail myself of the carefully prepared tables of Mr. Henry V. Poor, editor of *The Railway Manual of the United States*.

In the year 1879, 8750 miles were added to our total mileage, making 85,591 miles in operation January 1, 1880. It is estimated that 6000 miles will be constructed in 1880, if the rails can be obtained, making the prospective mileage of January 1, 1881, 91,591.

The construction of railways from 1869 to 1873, at the high cost imposed upon the country by the combination of an inflated paper currency and an excessive tariff, doubtless had more to do with the panic of 1873 than any other single factor; but it already appears that the panic, so far as it was caused by railway construction, arose from the bad and speculative methods in these undertakings more than from want of justification in the plans of many of them.

It will be observed, however, that while the railway system as a whole may not have exceeded 2 per cent in the dividends paid, the New York Central Railroad and its connections, comprising a system of about one thousand miles, remained very profitable during the whole period of depression, as did many other lines.

It will also be observed that, while thus profitable to its owners, the New York Central Railroad system, or consolidated line, does the largest amount of work at the least cost, probably carrying ten million tons in 1879, and that it is the controlling factor in the movement of meat and grain from West to East.

It follows that the great cheapness that has been attained is not temporary, but permanent; and that increase of traffic, within certain limits not yet found, is marked by decrease of cost.

From the statistics of 1879, just compiled, it appears that the average charge on all merchandise over the New York Central Railroad and its connections was only 0.81 cents per ton per mile.

There is much contention in this country in regard to the railroad corporation as a factor in our own politics, and much complaint is made in respect to alleged monopolies ; but it will be observed that the great lines against which this charge is made—to wit, the systems consolidated and designated as the New York Central, the Erie, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio—may also be named and designated as comprising the specific miles of railroad on which the largest service is done for the community at the least relative cost.

It would matter not if all these lines were consolidated, even under one man's guidance. The same rule would control him that now controls them all, and compels a constant abatement in the charge, constant improvement in method, and constant reduction in cost of operation. The rule is that it is not the competition of rail with rail that controls or limits the charge that may be made for their use, but the competition of product with product in the great markets of the country and of the world. No man, and no combination of men, can permanently prevent this competition working its just and beneficent results in the wider distribution of the elements of subsistence, in the abundant consumption of which material prosperity consists.

Prior to the discovery of gold in California and Australia, in 1849 and 1850, there was no mine of either gold or silver of any importance under the control of an English-speaking state, or within reach of a railroad.

In the first few years after these discoveries came the enormous supply of gold from placer-mining or washing under a rude system, and controlled by "Lynch law."

In 1866 the opening of the Pacific Railroads altered all the conditions of the cost of production. The gold and silver bearing States and Territories of the United States are now penetrated by more than five thousand miles of railways, reaching the very mouths of the mines. Their branches are being constantly extended ; and now Arizona and New Mexico, the regions from which the Spaniards derived the greatest supply of these metals, are being penetrated by the railroad in several directions. Hydraulic mining has been perfected, and is conducted in the most complete and scientific manner.

Within one or two years after each mining-camp is established, if the work is profitable, a town or city grows up, law is enforced, and science is applied under safe conditions.

On the flanks of the ridges in which the mines are opened lie the great plains stocked with cattle, and on which, by irrigation, the largest crops of wheat are now produced. Laborers are to be had at moderate wages, and all the conditions of low cost of production have been brought in force, such as never existed before in the his-

tery of the world in respect to precious metals. What the effect of these vast changes may yet be is a question of geology.

First came the surface-washings, next the immense yields of the Comstock lode, and now the wonders of Leadville; while the rumors from Arizona whisper of chances that may eclipse all these. Yet behind all these, attracting far less attention, hydraulic mining is working steadily and surely over areas not yet measured.

In this again the railroad has been the most potent factor. What is to be the result of this new force, applied to unknown quantities of gold and silver, is a problem that the future only can solve.

What is called the "silver question," now agitating many nations, is but one phase of the effect of this new force applied to silver-mining. The effect of the enormous production, especially of gold, since 1850, is yet a question at issue among economists.

It must be remarked here that since 1852 there has been a singular uniformity in the production of gold and silver combined, and this has been used as an argument for bi-metallism. In Cernuschi's last pamphlet a table is given of "Money issued by Mines, Mountains, and Rivers," from 1849 to 1878 inclusive. The great annual production was reached in 1852, £26,550,000 of gold, £8,120,000 of silver; total, £34,670,000. The variation since then has been £4,500,000 over in 1853, £3,000,000 less in 1862; the average of twenty-seven years having been £33,677,000. The total product of gold and silver for twenty-seven years, according to this statement, has been as follows:

Gold,	:	:	:	:	£26,550,000	\$2,990,660,300
Silver,	:	:	:	:	291,390,000	1,410,327,600
					£29,909,295,000	\$4,400,987,900

This is rather a large sum; but it may be remarked that the value of the American cotton crop of the last ten years has been \$2,500,000,000 to \$3,000,000,000 in gold. We need more cotton than we do gold or silver. But who can tell when the second Comstock lode may be discovered?

It may well be asked, "Has this railroad scaled down the national debts of the world?" If it is to become dangerous to lend money to nations for purposes of war, and *pay as you fight* becomes the rule, the monument about to be erected to the great men by whose efforts the Union Pacific Railroad was constructed may perhaps bear a tribute to them as among the peacemakers of the world. But this carries us into the region of visionary politics. The Pacific Railroad is but one line completed since the war.

Since April, 1865, we have added fifty thousand miles to our railway service, and the addition in 1880 will be six thousand more. In the same period an industrial revolution has occurred in the States that were made free by the war, such as has never before occurred.

On the surface there has appeared to be misgovernment, fraud, political disturbance, and want of stability—sometimes violence.

But, underlying this surface apparently so deeply agitated, great industrial forces have been quietly and surely working to the end indicated by the great crops of cotton; the last ten crops marketed exceeded the ten ante-war crops of slavery by nearly six and a half million bales, while the crop now being marketed will be far the largest ever grown.

It may well be remembered that the constitutions of the Southern States were remodelled after the war on the best methods, and that the great industrial forces now working must soon control their legislation. Violence and anarchy cannot have been the rule in a section that has produced greater crops for sale and has at the same time been more self-sustaining than ever before in its history. The political ebullition is but froth upon the surface; the whole region is provided with new opportunities born of liberty, and the leaders of the future are those who are now working out the industrial problems of the present. Liberty protected by the ballot has in less than a single generation effaced one half the wrongs of more than two centuries of slavery. Another decade may be needed to prove these assertions to those who only see the froth upon the surface, and cannot observe the deep, strong currents underneath.

In all these great achievements in human progress—in the production or *leading forth* of the wealth of the mines, the forests, and the soil—it has been the railroad that has made all other inventions worth applying; that has caused abundance to rule where famine might have been, and that is now moulding the institutions of centuries to its imperative law.

This article will not be considered by English readers complete without some reference to the tariff system of the United States. The writer's position in respect to the theory of protection is sufficiently well known not to require a restatement. His explanation of the apparent anomalies in our system may therefore be useful.

The present tariff was not passed as a protective measure, but as a war measure, and at a time when both tariff and excise taxes were considered almost wholly with a view to obtaining the utmost revenue. Crude and unscientific as they may appear, they yet served their purpose well; and in the years 1866 and 1867 they yielded a revenue of \$1,000,000,000.

After the war ended, an attempt was made to pass a yet higher tariff as a measure of greater protection, which was defeated; but a lesser special bill upon wool and woollens was passed.

An attempt was made to make the question of free trade a political issue; but this culminated in the fiasco at Cincinnati, in 1872 when Horace Greeley, the ablest and most honest advocate of protection who ever attained great influence in the country, was nomi-

nated for President by a convention that had been promoted by the advocates of free trade.

It has since become evident to many who took part in that discussion and convention, that the issue was prematurely raised. The panic of 1873 and the disturbed condition of the Southern States made it evident that there were questions at issue in the presence of which the tariff question sunk into relative insignificance—such as the questions of good and bad money, and of peace, order, and reconstruction—involving the rights of the lately enfranchised race, to whom the faith of the nation stood pledged. It will not be forgotten by English readers that we have no question connected with the tariff in any degree approaching the importance of the corn laws of Great Britain, and the events of the last six years of depression and difficulty must have proved to every one that there are factors in social science more potent than any tariff can be; at least in this country.

In the mean time it may be said that a great intellectual change has occurred. The advocates of national isolation have disappeared with the death of Horace Greeley and Henry C. Carey. The interdependence of nations is recognized as fully by the honest and able advocates of what is called "a tariff for revenue with incidental protection," as it is by the advocates of freer trade, who have in these later years been fighting with them for a sound currency and for the equal rights of all men before the law.

This intellectual change is so great, that to many advocates of freer trade it has seemed best to avoid the discussion of the theory, lest the contention should retard rather than promote reform. The increase of our exports of manufactures and machinery, although they are yet small in amount as compared to the exports of Great Britain, has yet been sufficient to prove to those who might else have doubted, that the argument for sustaining "infant manufactures" had ceased to apply. It has become apparent to a great many representatives of branches of industry that were formerly urgent for protection, that the extension of their own markets would be greatly promoted by the removal of restrictions upon commerce.

On the other hand, there is a dread of legislative changes; it is said that we are now prospering, and should not be subjected to the agitation of questions which are not urgent, and that, even if our system is not the best, it is better to realize the benefits that we are now enjoying from the restoration of specie payment, and not cause disturbance by tariff changes that would for the moment create uncertainty, even if ultimately beneficial.

But the restoration of the specie standard itself, and our renewed prosperity, have brought into permanent view some of the provisions of our tariff that are obnoxious to moderate protection.

ists, as well as to the advocates of freer trade ; and, on the whole, the modification of the present tariff may be considered as only a question of time. It is to be hoped that it may be taken up and treated as thoroughly as the tariff of Great Britain was in 1840 by the committee appointed at the instance of Joseph Hume, whose report has become a historic document, and which served as the basis of the great series of measures begun under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel, and concluded by Mr. Gladstone ; but it is to be hoped that our changes may not take so many years.

It may therefore be said that there is in this matter no question of political science pending or needing discussion, but the question of tariff reform is one of time and method. It may come in detail or by a general measure carefully prepared to meet the necessity of the country.

It may be hoped that the latter course will be pursued. One of the great evils of such an excessive tariff as that with which we are now burdened is, that it so alters the direction and the conditions of great branches of industry as to make any change difficult ; and no man who is not a mere doctrinaire, however devoted he may be to the principles of free trade, would hesitate to admit the claim on the part of those whose capital and labor had been directed into a given channel under the working of a war tariff, that all changes should be fairly considered and gradually made.

Great changes in the legislation of every country must be framed to meet its own condition ; and however sound the principles of free trade may be (and no one could be more convinced on that point than the writer), their adoption must depend in time and method upon the peculiar circumstances of each country and of each period if the opposite policy has long prevailed.

It should be remembered by those who are impatient, that the great reforms in Great Britain were not fairly begun until the disaster to which the protective system had brought all the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial interests, culminated in the period that preceded the first great reform measures of 1842. Even after that, it needed the Irish famine to force the repeal of the corn laws ; and the last of the series of changes begun in 1842 was not completed until 1856, when the registry duty on corn was, I believe, finally removed.

A very erroneous idea prevails to some extent in the United States as to the motive of these reforms ; and it is often asserted that they were begun when great prosperity had been achieved by the system of tariff taxation that preceded them. How utterly at variance with the facts this view is has been overlooked even by many in England. The true state of the case has been recorded in these words :

"It is impossible to convey, by mere statistics of our exports,

any adequate picture of the condition of the nation when Sir Robert Peel took office in 1841. Every interest in the country was alike depressed; in the manufacturing districts mills and workshops were closed, and property daily depreciated in value; in the sea-ports shipping was laid up useless in harbor; agricultural laborers were eking out a miserable existence upon starvation wages and parochial relief; the revenue was insufficient to meet the national expenditure; the country was brought to the verge of national and universal bankruptcy.

"The protective system, which was supported with the view of rendering the country independent of foreign sources of supply, and thus, it was hoped, fostering the growth of a home trade, had most effectually destroyed that trade by reducing the entire population to beggary, destitution, and want. The masses of the population were unable to procure food, and had consequently nothing to spend on British manufactures."—Noble's "Fiscal Legislation of Great Britain."

In conclusion, it may well be considered that the capital of the richest nation in the world never exceeds one, two, or at the utmost three years' production.

In respect to that portion of the active capital which exists in the form of food, the world is always within less than one year of starvation. Yet, on the other hand, there is always enough. Modern invention and modern appliances assure ample production. In quantity there may never be a failure; but where is it?

The only problem that now greatly affects the material welfare of humanity is the problem of distribution. Had one been asked only ten years since, "Can one hundred and fifty million bushels of grain be moved from the prairies of the West five thousand miles in a single season, to feed the suffering millions of Europe, and prevent almost a famine among the nations?" he who had answered, "Yes; it is only necessary to apply the inventions already made to accomplish that," would have been deemed a visionary.

It has been accomplished.

Had Sir Henry Bessemer refused the title which he now bears, upon the ground that he himself had done more than any living man to break down the social system of which his title marks one of the orders, who would have admitted that his reason was well grounded?

Has he not accomplished this?

When Mr. Vanderbilt planned the consolidation of the corporations that now constitute the New York Central Railroad system, and instituted the measures by which the cost of moving a barrel of flour from Chicago to New York has been reduced from one dollar and a half to half a dollar, and by such measures laid the founda-

tion of the largest fortune ever gained by rightful methods in a single lifetime, what would have been the estimation in which he would have been held, had he then said, "I am laying plans to save England from great distress, from riots and bloodshed, perhaps from violent revolution"? Have not he and others accomplished all this, and more?

In presenting this subject I have endeavored to give the various aspects. In this world we can make nothing. All we can do is to move something: we cannot create, but we can direct forces. Prosperity depends upon rapid distribution and ample consumption. Capital is worthless even to its owner unless it is worked to these ends; and in the widest distribution of the products of labor is to be found the highest material welfare, both for laborers and for capitalists.

Only when the legislation of a nation complies with this universal law can that nation reach its greatest prosperity; and no legislation can have any permanent existence that is not brought into harmony with it. The true test of modern statesmanship lies in the removal of all obstructive statutes, and the adjustment of legislation to this higher law.

Slavery constituted the widest and also the rudest divergence from the true law of production and distribution. Its passive war culminated in active war; with its removal the chief obstruction to material wealth and welfare that legislators could create has been removed from this nation.

More subtle but not more dangerous problems are still before both branches of the English-speaking people. In Great Britain the land and church questions, and the influence of "militarism," must be met. In the United States the currency, the tariff, and the right government of great cities, will give us little rest during the present century.

When the time shall come for the history of the last half of the nineteenth century to be written, it will be no true record if it omits from among the chief factors, more potent than almost all beside, the American railroad and the English steamship; and, from among the greatest names, the names of those who organized and developed them.

EDWARD ATKINSON, in the *Fortnightly Review*.

THE AUSTRIAN POWER.

IN some of the many speeches which went before the late general election, words like these were often heard: "Austrian nationality," "Austrian national feeling," "Austrian national interests," "Austrian national honor," "Austrian national independence."

The exact words do not greatly matter ; the point is that the word "Austria" and some of the derivatives of the word "nation" were coupled together in a way which implied that the ideas expressed by the word "Austria" and the word "nation" had something in common. That any one of decent information should speak in this way, especially that any one in the position of a statesman should speak in this way, suggests some curious subjects for thought. Such language might of course be used with the direct purpose of misleading those who heard it. It might be used out of simple ignorance of the plainest facts on the part of the speaker. But let us, as is becoming, put both these suppositions aside. There remains a remarkable instance of that process of confusion of thought which does quite as much as either sheer ignorance or direct deception to lead men into mistakes, both of reasoning and of practice. Forms of words with which we are familiar in cases to which they thoroughly apply are, not so much carelessly as in a certain way mechanically, transferred to other cases to which they do not apply. Men are thereby led to think, to speak, and to act as if they did apply to those cases ; and not only endless mistakes in thought and expression, but much practical evil follows. Of course every one who insists on accuracy of thought and expression must expect to be met with the charge of pedantry. But the charge of pedantry commonly means that he who brings it is angry with him against whom it is brought for knowing something which he is in his heart ashamed of himself for not knowing. Certain it is that a little more pedantry, that is, a little more care to make words answer to thoughts and thoughts answer to facts, would have saved not a little mischief during the last five years. Not a little practical evil has come of the mere use of misleading phrases like "Turkey," "Turkish government"—sometimes even "Turkish Christians"—and the like. Such phrases disguise the real facts of the case, and thereby help to hinder such practical action as the facts of the case call for. People come to think that the names "Turkey" and "the Turks" express things which answer to one another as "England" and "the English," "France" and "the French," answer to one another. They do not see that the Turks are to "Turkey" not what the English have been to England in any age, but rather what the English were to Ireland in the last age. They come to think "the government" of "Turkey" is something which answers to the government of England or France. They do not see that, while the government of England or France exists, as its main object, to secure the common rights of human beings to the inhabitants of England or France, the so-called "government" of "Turkey" exists for the exactly opposite object, that of hindering the mass of the inhabitants of "Turkey" from enjoying the common rights of human beings. Confusions of the

same kind, equally likely to lead to practical error, are sure to arise if men allow themselves to use such phrases as "Austrian nationality" and the like. In such phrases there is exactly the same transfer of words from cases to which they really apply to cases to which they do not apply. There are six great powers of Europe: England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Austria. There is, beyond all doubt, an English, a French, a German, an Italian, and a Russian nation. It is very tempting to infer that there must be an Austrian nation also. We may, with the strictest fitness, apply phrases like "nationality," "national feeling," "national independence," to England, France, Germany, Italy, or Russia. It is tempting to infer that phrases which are so thoroughly in their place when they are applied to five out of the six great powers, must be equally in their place when they are applied to the sixth also.

Now there doubtless are cases in which this way of talking is the result of sheer ignorance. We have lately heard the story of the Englishman who landed at a Dalmatian—that is, in one sense, an Austrian—port, and expected that the people of that port would speak the Austrian language. His argument was as good as any of the other arguments. As there is an English, a French, a German, an Italian, and a Russian language, as people in those several countries speak those languages, so there must be an Austrian language, and people in Austria must speak it. Most people, one would think, know better than this. Most people of any kind of education surely have knowledge enough to keep them from thinking that there is an "Austrian" language spoken throughout the whole of "Austria." And if they have knowledge enough for this, they really have knowledge enough to keep them right on the whole matter. But this is one of the endless cases in which people do not use their knowledge. They do, in a certain sense, know a thing; that is, if they were strictly examined they would give the right answer. But, unless so specially pressed, they think, speak, and act, exactly as if they did not know it. Crowds of people who, if they were examined, would show that they really know that all "Turkey" is not Turkish, that all "Austria" is not Austrian, must yet be set down as practically thinking that they are so, because they habitually speak as if they thought so. And not only is speaking, whoever may be the speaker, really acting—for every man's speech helps to make up the mass of public opinion, and so leads toward public action—but those whose more direct business it is to act are of all men the most liable to be influenced by these inaccuracies of thought and expression. The diplomatist, of whatever rank—he who ought to know, and who in a certain sense does know, more of foreign affairs than any private man can know—is of all men the most exposed to influences which

are likely to make him, in another sense, know less of foreign affairs than a well-informed and thoughtful private man. I remember some years ago reading an article, written by one who, I believe, was not strictly a diplomatist, but who had certainly passed his life in the thick of national business. He dealt with the political position of several of the European states, and among others of the Austrian power. He was in no danger at all of believing that there was a single Austrian language spoken throughout all "Austria." His facts could not be gainsaid; but his way of putting them was remarkable. He explained to his readers that there was a considerable Slavonic element in "Austria," "even in those provinces, like Bohemia, which border on Germany." Nothing can be more undoubtedly true; but the way of putting it showed the state of mind of a man who had never stopped to think of the real present relations among the lands of which he was speaking, still less of the past events which have caused those present relations. He would seem never to have looked at any map earlier than 1815, perhaps at none earlier than 1866. His whole notion was that there was a power called Austria, quite distinct from Germany, that one province of Austria was called Bohemia, that both in that province and in others there was a considerable Slavonic element. The amusing and instructive thing is that the writer was clearly a little amazed that there should be a Slavonic element in "Austria" at all, and he was specially puzzled that there should be such an element in a province so near to Germany as Bohemia. In short, he was surprised at finding that *Beamish* boys were Beamish boys.* He was in the same state as those who are surprised to find Welsh spoken in Wales, and French spoken in the Channel Islands.

The special danger of the diplomatist, that which causes his special knowledge to be balanced by a special kind of ignorance, is that his line of life leads him to deal with princes, ministers, courts, hardly ever with nations. He is tempted to forget that there are such things as nations, or at all events to assume that every nation is necessarily represented by its so-called "government." He is tempted to assume that the formal arrangements which are entered into between governments must necessarily take effect; as by a kind of physical law, and to forget that the arrangements of governments need, after all, the practical consent of the nations which are concerned in them. The climax of this kind of feeling was reached when an English statesman counselled the Christian subjects of the Turk not to listen to "foreign intriguers," but to lay their

* I do not know whether the author of "Alice in Wonderland," when he spoke of a "Beamish boy," knew that he was naming an ancient and honorable nation: Yet *Bene* was the name by which our forefathers knew the kingdom of Bohemia or *Böhmen*, and Beamish, which exists as a surname, like *French* and others of the kind, is its regularly formed gentile,

grievances before "their own government." He forgot that those whom he counselled looked on the so-called "foreign intriguers" as their own countrymen, engaged in a common cause. He forgot that what he called "their own government" was in their eyes nothing but a system of foreign brigandage, which hindered them from having any government of their own. He forgot that the existence of the "government" before which he counselled them to lay their grievances was itself the greatest grievance of all, the root of all other grievances. Yet, if that English statesman had been minutely examined, it would most likely have been found that he really knew the plain facts of the case. Only those facts were so utterly contrary to diplomatic formulæ and the assumptions. He knew the facts, yet he thought, spoke, and acted exactly as if he had not known them. Thus the very men who ought to go to the root of the matter are led by the habits of their craft to accept names for things, and thereby to act in a manner which is unreal, unpractical, sometimes even sentimental. The "Austrian Government," even the "Turkish Government," must, as long as they exist and artificial diplomacy exists, be addressed according to the conventional phrases of artificial diplomacy. But it will be a very unreal and unpractical kind of action if any English statesman is led by the habitual use of conventional forms to forget that those "governments" are not governments in the same sense as those of England, France, and Italy, as those of Germany and Russia, to forget that they are not, in the same way as those five, entitled to speak on behalf of a nation.

In thus saying, I hope I may not be thought by any one to be guilty of the injustice of placing the "Austrian Government" on the same level as the "Turkish Government" with regard to its general practical working. I hope also that I may not be thought to have overlooked the great differences which may be found in the several positions of the five governments with which I have contrasted them. This last distinction I shall presently have to draw. But from the point of view of the moment the "Austrian Government" and the "Turkish Government" may be looked on as forming one class, and the other five governments—along with the governments of those other European states which do not rank as great powers—as forming another class. Indeed of the two the "Turkish Government" comes nearer to the position of a national government than the "Austrian Government." To speak of the "Turkish," or more accurately "Ottoman" "nation" is often misleading; but the phrase may be justified in some lands and from some points of view. But there is no point of view from which we can look to any land in which an "Austrian nation" in any sense can be discovered.

There is really no better test than that which is implied in the

story of the man who expected to find the people of Ragusa speaking "Austrian." As there is an English, a French, a German, an Italian, and a Russian language, so there is also a Turkish language. But there is no Austrian language. That is to say, in the most marked outward sign of nationality the Turks themselves make a nearer approach to nationality than the so-called "Austrians." Looking at Europe only, we should say that the Turks—it is better in such discussions to say the Ottomans—have no right to be called a nation. In Asia they undoubtedly have such a right. In Europe, in large parts of Asia, they are simply foreign intruders in the lands of other nations; but in other large parts of Asia they are really the people of the land. I have said before now that, while we cannot put up with a Sultan at Constantinople, we should have no quarrel with a Sultan at Iconium. The actual rule of the ring at Constantinople is quite as oppressive, though not quite in the same way, to the settled national Turk as it is to the Christian; still to the one it is the oppression of a native sovereign; to the other it is the oppression of a foreign invader. We may fairly say that there is an Ottoman nation. What we complain of is, that a certain part of the Ottoman nation intrudes itself as a ruling order, caste, or gang, into the lands of other nations. Our traveller would, in any part of "Turkey," have found some people who spoke the Turkish language; in some parts of "Turkey" he would have found the Turkish language the only language spoken. But there is no part of "Austria" in which he would find any Austrian language spoken at all. And if, armed with greater accuracy of speech, instead of going to "Austria" to seek for the Austrian language, he had gone into "Austro-Hungary," to seek for the Austro-Hungarian language, one can only guess that his fate might be the same as if he had gone forth in any age of English history to seek for a live Semi-Saxon.

Now it may here be objected that, if Austria or Austro-Hungary is not a national power, so neither are some at least of the other five powers. If the test of language be taken, it may be said that, out of all the five, Italy alone can stand the test. Those parts of the Kingdom of Italy which do not speak Italian are certainly so small that, in a general view of Europe, or even of Italy, it needs a strong magnifier to see them. It may be said that everybody in England speaks English; but if, for the somewhat inaccurate, or at least inadequate, name of England, we substitute the United Kingdom, or even Great Britain, or even England and Wales, there are within any of these limits some people who do not speak English at all; there is a perfectly visible proportion to whom English is not their natural tongue. So in France there are perfectly visible corners which speak other tongues than French. In the German Empire there are not only visible corners which speak

other tongues than German; but visible corners which would be glad to be separated from the German Empire. And if all people in France do not speak French, if all people in Germany do not speak German, still less do all people in Russia speak Russian. It is quite certain that none of the powers, not even Italy, exactly answers to a nation as defined by language. But three, perhaps four, answer to nations as defined in other ways. The strongest Home Ruler in Ireland does not ask that Ireland shall be so separated from Great Britain as that Great Britain and Ireland shall cease to form one whole in the face of other powers. Up to the changes of 1860 and 1871, one might have said that no one in France wished to be separated from France, and that no one out of France wished to be joined to France. This can no longer be said with the same exclusive truth; but it is still perfectly true that those corners of France which speak some other tongue than French have not the faintest wish to be separated from France. The German Empire is far from containing all Germans, and it contains some who are not Germans; still it contains so great a majority of the German-speaking people everywhere, it contains so overwhelming a majority of German-speaking people within its own borders, that not only is it essentially a German state, but it is the representative state of the German people everywhere. In the Russian Empire, even in European Russia, the non-Russian elements are far greater and more important, and one element, perhaps more, would gladly part asunder from the others. Still the moving power of the Russian Empire is Russian, and though there is, as we shall presently see, a Russian population outside the Russian Empire, that population is not to be compared for a moment to the German population outside the German Empire. Thus, in all these cases, even in that where the political power is farthest from coinciding with a nation as defined by language, there is one race, one language, which is manifestly dominant, and which gives its national character to the power of which it is the head and centre. In "Austria" there is none such. In Hungary taken alone there is; but in "Austria" or "Austro-Hungary" there is none. There is no one dominant race, no one dominant language. Two races, two languages, are dominant in the sense of bearing rule over the others; a third race, a third language, is dominant in the sense of forming the great majority of the whole. In the Kingdom of Hungary the Magyars form a ruling race among a majority of non-Magyar races, Slavonic, Rouman, and German. In the whole Austro-Hungarian dominions, Magyars and Germans side by side form two dominant races among other races more numerous than either.

Now it is well to learn from an enemy, and there is one enemy who gives us his teaching day by day. This is the Vienna corre-

spondent of the *Times*, in whose letters we daily see what the official Austrian spirit has become under Jewish and Magyar ascendancy. Nowhere do we see a more bitter and remorseless hatred toward the struggling nations of South-Eastern Europe, whether under Austrian or under Turkish rule. But no one better understands the facts of the case. With him, if we ever find confusion of language, it does not mark confusion of thought, but is a sign of the fact that confusion of language is sometimes expedient. Something may in this way be learned almost every day from the Vienna correspondent's dispatches. But there was one dispatch which, though now more than a month old—it appeared in the course of May—is worth as long a life as we can give it. The correspondent is speaking of those who had ventured to hint that the Austrian power might possibly be thinking of an extension in the South-eastern lands beyond the limits of Bosnia and Herzegovina. For the benefit of such pestilent persons the correspondent, in his more than official, his almost imperial manner, kindly explained the ethnological condition of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy with a clearness which left nothing to wish for.

"Those who make this insinuation, if they are not actuated by ill-will, can have but an indifferent idea of the special character of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, which, unlike the other great empires of the Continent, with their compact nationalities, is formed of an union of a number of kingdoms and lands inhabited by various nationalities. This constitution alone seems a bar to extension, which would infallibly lead to a disturbance, if not to the overthrow of the existing organization. If, however, this spirit of aggression and extension seems to be altogether out of the question, the duty of self-preservation and self-defence does not allow the empire to look with indifference at the feeling of insurrection which is rising in the neighboring Turkish Empire. All along the southern and south-eastern frontier of Austria-Hungary dwells a kindred population, so that any changes which this process of fermentation may produce in the Balkan Peninsula must needs react on the Austro-Hungarian population on the frontier, a large portion of which consists of refugees who came over in the last century and have settled there. Austria has no wish or interest to prevent the free development of these neighboring populations, etc."

The difference between "Austria-Hungary" and other European states is here as clearly set forth as one could wish. But some questions arise. How is it that "this constitution" can be "a bar to extension," when the power so "constituted" has always extended itself whenever it has had a chance, down to the last filching of poor little Spizza? But let this pass. The instructive questions which arise out of this passage are these: What is the "empire" spoken of in one place, and the "Austria" spoken of

in another? The "empire" has "duties," duties of "self-preservation and self-defence;" it has feelings too; it "cannot look with indifference," and the like. "Austria" again has "wishes" and "interests;" at least she has "no wish or interest" in a particular way, which implies that she may have wishes and interests in another way. So, further on in the same dispatch, we read how "Austria-Hungary" "cannot claim," "cannot allow;" we read "of the policy of Austria-Hungary," of "Austrian interests," and so on, in a string of sentences in which personified "Austria" does, wishes, feels, hopes, fears, this and that. The question is, who does all this which is attributed to "the empire," to "Austria," to "Austria-Hungary"? If we read that "France" did all this, we need ask no questions. "France" would simply mean the French nation, and the French Government as acting on behalf of the French nation. There is a vast range of subjects, all matters of foreign policy among them, on which all France, from Brittany to Provence, has the same duties, interests, wishes, feelings, and so forth. We cannot conceive one part of the country having duties, interests, etc., different from any other part. We cannot conceive a French Government having interests, wishes, etc.—at all events it cannot have duties—different from the interests and wishes of the whole French nation. If it has any such interests and wishes, it at once forfeits its right to exist as a French government. But when the same kind of language is applied to "Austria" the meaning is less clear. What is "Austria"? It clearly does not mean simply the German archduchy to which that name properly belongs. It means something greater even than the German circle to which that name was afterward extended. It seems to take in the whole mass of the "kingdoms and lands inhabited by various nationalities" which have come together under the rule of the ruler of Austria. But can we say anything for certain about those various nationalities as a whole? Can we say that they have any common interests, common duties, common feelings, and the like? No one supposes that there is any difference in interests or wishes between Reunes and Marseilles, between Lille and Bayonne. But can we be sure that there is the same community of interest and feeling between Prag and Spizza, between Trent and Tzernovitz? Among the kingdoms and lands inhabited by various nationalities, can we be sure that all have the same ideas even on the subject of "self-preservation and self-defence"? It is just possible that a course which to the German or the Magyar might seem a course of self-preservation might seem a course of self-destruction to the Italian or the Serb. The truth comes out in the passage which follows the words about self-preservation and self-defence. It is not the self-preservation and self-defence of any of the nationalities within the so-called "empire"

which is at stake, but only the self-preservation and the self-defence of the so-called "empire" itself. That is to say, the interests, the policy, the wishes, and so forth, attributed to the personified being called "Austria" or "Austria-Hungary" mean the interests and policy, not of the nations concerned, but simply of their common master. The whole talk about interest, duty, policy, and what not, turns out to mean simply that the master of all the kingdoms and lands spoken of wishes to keep them together if he can. From his point of view, this is doubtless a matter of self-preservation and self-defence. Whether the kingdoms and lands themselves, with their various nationalities, look on the matter in the same light, is another question. While it is their ruler's interest and policy to keep them together, it is quite possible that it may be their interest and policy to part company. It certainly is not clear that the people of Bukovina or Transylvania lost anything when Milan and Venice were restored to Italy. It is not clear that they would lose anything if Trent and Aquileia were restored also. It is not clear that the people of Bohemia or Galicia gained anything by the flight of Cattaro or of Spizza. It is not clear that they would lose anything if Montenegro won back her own at Spizza and at Cattaro too. Our teacher unwittingly tells us a great deal. He teaches us that when the words "interest," "policy," "wishes," and the like, are coupled with the words "Austria" or "Austria-Hungary," they have no reference whatever to the interests and wishes of the kingdoms and lands which are meant to be included under those names, but that they mean simply the interests, wishes, policy, and so forth, of the prince and the dynasty under which those lands have been so strangely brought together. We mean something different from this when we speak of the interests or policy of England or France.

These unwitting revelations lead us at once to the great difference of all between "Austria" and the other five great powers, or rather between "Austria" and all the other European powers, great and small. It is the only one about which the question can be raised whether it ought to be a power at all. England, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, must exist, must be powers. Men, within or without their territories, may see much in the internal condition or in the outward position of any of those powers which they might wish to see otherwise; but no sane person wishes that any of those powers should cease to exist. Frenchmen differ widely as to the form of government which they wish to see prevail in France; but every Frenchman wishes that there should be some government of France, with a boundary at least not narrower than France has at this moment. External or internal enemies may wish that certain lands should be detached from Germany or Russia; no sane person wishes that Germany or Russia should be blotted out of the

map of Europe. But it is a perfectly intelligible doctrine, on behalf of which sober arguments might be brought, that it would be better for Europe and for the nations concerned, if "Austria" or "Austria-Hungary" were blotted from the map of Europe. Such a doctrine might imply "ill-will" toward the dynasty which rules those nations; it might be put forth in the purest good-will toward the nations themselves. Look at the case in this way. The worst that a reasonable enemy of Germany or Russia could ask would be that those powers should lose all their territory which is not German or Russian. Germany might undergo that loss without the slightest lessening of her real power and greatness. To Russia such a loss would be real and frightful; but it would still leave a Russian nation, a Russian power. But try the same process on "Austria." Cut off from "Austria" whatever is not Austrian. If the word "Austrian" is here used in the strict sense, something would be left, namely, a single German duchy. But in the conventional sense in which the word is commonly used, either everything would be left or else nothing; for in that conventional sense the words "Austrian" and "Austro-Hungarian" mean the whole extent of the possessions of the common ruler of Austria and Hungary. They do not mean one part more than another. In that sense there is no central "Austria" from which the non-Austrian parts can be cut off. "Austria," in that sense, might indeed be dissolved into its component elements. It could not, like the other powers, have its excrescences cut off from the centre, because there is no centre from which to cut the excrescences off.

Now all this does not of itself prove that it is for the good of Europe, that it is for the good of the "kingdoms and lands" with their "various nationalities," that the existing Austrian dominion should be thus broken up, thus dissolved into its component elements. It is a perfectly fair subject for argument whether such a change is to be wished for or not. There may be special reasons to show that it is right and expedient that a scrap of Germany, a scrap of Italy, a scrap of Poland, a scrap of Russia, a scrap of the Rouman and Servian lands, a few stray counties and lordships, here a suppressed commonwealth, here a stolen haven, should be joined with the kingdoms of Hungary, Bohemia, Croatia, and Dalmatia, to make up together an "Austro-Hungarian monarchy." On the other hand, there may be reasons to show that it is right and expedient that so strange a collection of atoms should again be parted asunder. The burden of proof may be made to lie either way. It may be held that whatever is should be held to be right until it is proved to be wrong. Or it may be held that a power so strange at first sight, so unlike all other powers, should be held to be wrong till it is proved to be right. This is not our present question. What is proved is that the Austrian power is something

wholly different in its nature from the other five powers. What is proved is that the kind of language which is applied with more or less of truth to all the other powers, becomes misleading when it is applied to Austria. Words like "interest," "policy," "wishes," and the like, when applied to Austria, do not mean what they mean when they are applied to England or France. They do not mean the interest, the policy, etc., of a nation, but simply the interest or policy of the common ruler of a crowd of nations or scraps of nations. And to speak of "national feelings," "national independence," "national honor," and the like, as applied to the Austrian power, is not merely misleading—it is simple nonsense. There cannot be "national feelings," and the like, where there is no common nationality, and there is no common Austrian or Austro-Hungarian nationality. It may be deemed in Vienna a point of national honor to keep possession of Trent. Trent itself may think otherwise. What the Magyar looks on as national independence, the Serb and the Rouman may look on as national bondage.

The formation of the Austrian power is one of the oddest phenomena of history. It has something in common with the formation of its neighbor and rival, Prussia. But it has points which are quite peculiar to itself, as the growth of Prussia has other points which are no less peculiar. In both cases a power has grown up, resting on no genuine national basis, but consisting of all the possessions which have by any means, fair or foul, peaceful or violent, come into the hands of a certain ruling house. Such powers have existed before, but they have seldom been so lasting. The Angevin dominion in the twelfth century, the Burgundian dominion in the fifteenth, were essentially of the same kind; but they lasted only for two or three reigns each. Prussia and Austria have been far more long-lived. The characteristic of powers of this kind is that they mark simply the advance of a dynasty, not that of either a nation or a city. But the difference between Prussia and Austria has been this, that Prussia has had a *quasi*-national character about it, while the career of Austria has been purely dynastic. The rulers of Prussia—I mean of course since the word Prussia began to take its present meaning—have held, and still hold, both German and non-German territory. But the German element has always been so predominant as to give its character to the whole, and to allow Prussia to grow in the end into the national head of Germany. Austria, on the other hand, starting from a more purely German origin than Prussia, has often tried to Germanize her non-German territories; but in by far the greater part of these she has never succeeded. Her last development has been the exact opposite to the German headship of Prussia. It has taken the form of the "dual" state of "Austria-Hungary," in which the two dominant races, German and Magyar, have agreed to sit side by side as

dominant races, among the various nationalities of the endless kingdoms, duchies, counties, and lordships, which are held by the common sovereign of Austria and Hungary.

The history of the mere name of *Austria* is remarkable. The German mark or frontier-land on the Danube, the bulwark of the German realm against the Magyar, took its name from its geographical position. It was the *Marca Orientalis*, the Eastern mark. It was the *Oesterreich*, a name which our forefathers cut short into *Ostrich*, but which we now call by the Latin form *Austria*, a form which might easily suggest a wrong point of the compass. This *Austria* was not the only land so named. There was more than one *Austria* in other parts of Europe; the word had a kind of technical use wherever a land was divided into an eastern and a western portion. The eastern part of Lombardy was *Austria*, a fact which may now be safely proclaimed: twenty years ago or less, dangerous arguments might have been founded on it. So the eastern part of the old Frankish realm was *Austria* or *Austrasia*, two forms of the same word. And in both these cases the rest of the land, that which was not *Austria*, was known by the negative name of *Neustria*. We get the same division in the *Ostro-* or *East-Goths*, though their western fellows did in this case gain a positive and not a negative name. Indeed one is sometimes tempted to wonder that there never was an *Austria* in our own island; the name might have been just as well applied to East-Anglia and Essex as it was to the lands which actually bore it. But it was only to the *Austria* on the Danube, the *Oesterreich* of the German realm, whose princes had the duty of keeping the German realm against the Magyar, that the same permanently clave. The *mark* became a duchy; it was raised to the unique rank of archduchy. And an archduchy the true *Austria*, Upper and Lower, still remains; among all his endless titles, the king, duke, count, and lord of so many lands and cities, the self-styled emperor, has never dropped his style as Archduke of *Austria*. The Duchy of *Austria* was united in the twelfth century with that of *Steiermark* or *Styria*. The two passed for a moment to the Bohemian King Ottocar; under him a power was formed which stretched from the Giant Mountains to the Hadriatic; but its head was at Prag, not at Vienna. But the history of *Austria* in the modern sense began with the grant of *Austria* and *Styria* to Albert of Habsburg in 1282. Since then the names "House of *Austria*" and "House of Habsburg" have had the same meaning. *Austria* was now united with the Swabian dominions of the Counts of Habsburg, and thus the dukes of *Austria* came to play a part in the affairs of the famous Confederation which arose on their borders in the West. From that time to our own the Austrian house has been ever extending its dominions by every kind of means, and sometimes

losing them by every kind of means. A crowd of German territories, greater and smaller, were added one by one, the county of Tyrol being the most worthy of notice. And to these German territories the Austrian name was in some sort extended. The Swabian and Alsatian possessions were known as *Fore-Austria*; the Austrian circle took in the whole German dominion of the Austrian House. The kingdom of Bohemia, a vassal state of the empire, the kingdom of Hungary, lying altogether beyond the bounds of the empire, so often chose Austrian princes for their kings that their crowns at last became hereditary in the Austrian house. Add to this the occasional possession of Italian kingdoms and duchies from the beginning of the last century to our own time—add the possession of the southern Netherlands from the beginning of the last century to the French Revolution—add the share of Poland won at the first partition, and the shorter possession of the share won at the third—add Dalmatia, won and lost and won again—add Ragusa and Cracow, basely seized in modern times, and Trieste, held for ages by the free commendation of its own citizens; allow for endless dismemberments and annexations during the French revolutionary wars and the negotiations which followed them—all this gives us the picture of a power whose outward frontier has shifted as much as a frontier can shift, but which has always kept a solid mass of dominion in and near its original seat. We behold a power holding a very marked position, partly German, partly non-German, and able to use at pleasure its German and its non-German elements to influence each other. We behold a power the farthest removed of all powers from a really national character, a power made up of scraps of endless peoples, nations, and languages, each of which may be played off against the others, but which have no common tie of origin or of interest, which have nothing to bind them together except that a series of historical accidents have placed them all under the rule of the same prince. The old phrase of “the House of Austria,” now almost forgotten, but which used to be used where we now say “Austria” or “Austria-Hungary,” exactly expressed the truth of the case. It marked the distinction between the land inhabited by a nation and the territory possessed by a dynasty. The territory under Austrian rule was, and is, neither the land inhabited by an Austrian nation nor the land conquered by an Austrian nation; it is neither a free confederation nor yet an assemblage of provinces dependent on a common centre; it is the dominion of the House of Austria and nothing else. It is made up of all those lands and cities which, having nothing else to bind them together, are bound together by the artificial and accidental tie that they all have, at sundry times and in divers manners, passed under the rule of the Austrian house.

A power thus formed by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms needed

above all others some kind of traditional majesty, some kind of imposing title, to make up for the lack of national being, and to give dignity to a dominion which might otherwise seem a grotesque collection of odds and ends. And that genius of happy accident which seems, from the thirteenth century onward, to have ever watched over all things Austrian, did not fail to supply exactly what was wanted in the way of title and tradition. The thing lacking was found in the long connection of the ducal and archducal House of Austria with the Roman Empire and the kingdom of Germany. The majesty of a long line of Cæsars was gradually spread over the Austrian dukes and their motley territories. The first Duke of Austria of the line of Habsburg was also the first ruler of Austria who added, not indeed the imperial crown of Rome, but the royal crown of Aachen, to the ducal coronet. In the person of the first Albert, a duke of Austria rose in 1298 to the rank, not indeed of Emperor, but of King of the Romans. No other Austrian duke was chosen to that rank till the second Albert (fifth of Austria) in 1488; but from the second Albert onward every king and emperor was either a member of the Austrian house, a claimant of its dominions, or a husband or son of their female sovereign. Thus the ideas of emperor and of Austria easily got confounded in many minds; it seemed impossible to conceive an emperor who should not be Duke of Austria, or a Duke of Austria who should not be emperor. It has been said in very respectable books that Duke Leopold at Morgarten commanded an imperial army. It was assumed that an Austrian army must have been an imperial army, and that men at war with Austria must have been at war with the empire. Yet the records of the time show that Lewis, King of the Romans and afterward Emperor, rejoiced with his loyal men of the Three Lands on their victory over his Austrian enemy. In later times a cloud of impenetrable darkness seems to hang over the position of Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, and Archduchess of Austria in her own right, Empress through the election of her husband to the imperial crown. We may well believe that Duke Francis of Lorraine would never have been chosen emperor if he had not been the husband of the queen and archduchess; still it is in his imperial election that we have the key to what seems to many people her mysterious title of Empress-Queen. It has been said in book after book that the succession to the empire was settled by that Pragmatic sanction by which Charles the Sixth secured his hereditary states to his daughter. Not a few writers seem puzzled when they find the daughter of one emperor, the wife of another, the mother of two more, spoken of, as she necessarily was from the death of her father to the election of her husband, simply as Queen of Hungary. Confusion of course reached its height when, in 1804, the Emperor Francis the Second

to the titles of Roman Emperor-elect and King of Germany added that of "Hereditary Emperor of Austria"—when in 1805 he was styled in the Treaty of Pressburg "Emperor of Germany and Austria"—when in 1806 he laid aside his Roman and German titles, and went on reigning by the style of Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, and all the rest.

We have now reached the days of the "Austrian Empire," the days of that title of "Emperor of Austria," which a moment's thought shows to be so strange and anomalous, but which the usage of seventy-six years has made so familiar, that in modern writings we not uncommonly find it carried back to ages in which it was never heard. Not only the emperors of the last century, but emperors of far earlier times—emperors who had nothing to do with the Austrian duchy except to receive its homage—are not uncommonly made to suffer under this title of yesterday. I believe I have seen Frederick Barbarossa himself spoken of as an "Emperor of Austria." This amazing confusion is the best comment on the way in which the special meaning which even in the last century attached to the title of emperor has been wholly forgotten in our own day. Till 1804 the imperial title still carried with it a claim to represent, in some way or other, by descent or by analogy, the power of Rome, Eastern or Western. We may even say that it was in that sense that the title was taken by the elder Bonaparte. By calling himself emperor, he meant to challenge a position beyond that of the local kings of France, the position, in short, of Charles the Great. What Francis the Second, already Roman Emperor-elect, meant by calling himself Hereditary Emperor of Austria, is less easy to explain. One is tempted to think that he had forgotten who he was. But the new form was plainly designed to announce that the House of Austria, as the House of Austria, apart from any elective Roman or German crowns, was at least the equal of the House of Ajaccio.

One thing is certain, that, with whatever motive it was that the last heir of the Cæsars called himself *Erbkaiser von Oesterreich*, the thing has paid. It enabled him to keep on his imperial style and imperial pretensions after he had cast aside his character as heir of the Cæsars. He was emperor before; he went on being emperor still; he seemed simply to resign a position external to his own states, but to lose nothing of power or dignity within them. Whether names and titles ought to influence men's thoughts and actions or not, as a matter of fact they do influence them, pedantic as it may be to acknowledge the fact that they do. It is quite certain that the "Emperor of Austria" has held a position in Europe which could not have been held by a simple King of Hungary and Archduke of Austria. The imperial title has dazzled men's minds; it has led them to see a connection, which has neither historical

nor practical existence, between the odd collection of territories in or out of Germany which have come together in Austrian hands, and the ancient majesty of Germany and of Rome. It has thrown a false air of antiquity and legitimacy over a very modern creation, made up largely of very modern pilferings. Many people, whenever they see a two-headed eagle, cry out "Austria," forgetful that the bird of Cæsar is the lawful bearing of Cæsar and of none other, and that when Francis of Austria laid aside his Roman empire and German kingdom, he should, according to all the laws of heraldry, have been content with the lion of his archduchy. For an archduke of Austria to use the imperial arms because he is the descendant of an elective emperor, is really as absurd as it would be for a private Englishman to use the arms of an English see because he is the descendant of one of its former bishops. But all these seeming trifles pay; they produce an effect of continuity, of antiquity, where there is no continuity, no antiquity. The emperor with his eagle can hold himself much higher than the archduke could hold himself with his lion. A power, essentially modern, upstart, revolutionary, which exists only by treading down every historic right and every national memory, has, by shifting from one character to another, by playing off one character against another, come to be looked on as the venerable embodiment of legitimacy and conservatism. The legitimacy is a little doubtful: about the conservatism there is no question. The one Austrian rule—a rule, to be sure, not peculiar to Austria—has ever been to get all that can be got, and when it is got, to keep it.

Still the phrase "Empire of Austria" suggests a geographical question. Where is it? What are its boundaries? The "Hereditary Emperor of Austria" did not lay aside his style of archduke. What were the relations between the "Empire" and the archduchy? Did the "Empire" take in all the possessions of the Austrian House, German, Hungarian, Italian, Polish, or any other? Since 1867 the question has been a little easier to answer. Since the establishment of the dual system, the empire of Austria and the kingdom of Hungary have been two states with a common sovereign. This seems to give us a means of making at least a negative definition of the empire of Austria. It is that part of the dominions of the common ruler of Austria, Hungary, and several other states, which is not the kingdom of Hungary. Shall we say that the land which was once the *Austria*, the eastern mark, of Germany has become the *Neustria*, the western mark, of Hungary? Shall we go a step farther? According to ancient precedent, what was not *Austria* was *Neustria*. One is tempted to turn the analogy about. The sovereign of Hungary is also sovereign of some other lands which can be defined only as not being Hungary. Their most descriptive name would seem to be *Nungaria* or *Nungarn*.

There is really no tie but this negative one to unite the archduchy of Austria and the duchies immediately connected with it, with Bohemia, Moravia, Austrian Silesia, Tyrol, Trent, Trieste, Aquileia, Istria, Dalmatia, Cattaro, Spizza, Galicia and Lodomeria, Bukovina, and any other land where Francis Joseph may reign in any character other than that of King of Hungary. These lands make up *Nungaria*; nothing more can be said of them. The odd thing is that several of these lands can be claimed by their present master in no other character than that of King of Hungary. The feeble claim to Galicia put forth at the first partition of Poland was that it had, at two remote periods, been held by Hungarian kings. It had never been held by any Austrian duke. The equally feeble claim to Dalmatia was that several kings of Hungary had also been kings of Dalmatia; no Austrian duke ever had been so. Yet Galicia and Dalmatia count, not to Hungary but to *Nungary*. It is practically better that they should so count; but the historical confusion is remarkable. Yet again, the King of Hungary could put forth at least as good a title to the old kingdom of Bosnia or Rama as he could put forth to Galicia and Dalmatia. Yet he is content to "administer" one of the kingdoms of his predecessors, not as duke, not as king, not as emperor, but as the vassal of the Turk. Yet again, how many people remember that part of the territory which Austria wrung from Poland had been in earlier times wrung by Poland from Russia? As a matter of fact, Alexander is not "Emperor of all the Russias," while Francis Joseph holds the old Red Russia, the so-called Galicia and Lodomeria.

The Austrian power is a fact; while it exists as a power, it is entitled to be treated in formal matters like any other power. But it is not wise to forget its real nature. While each of the other powers answers to a nation, or at least has a nation as its kernel, the Austrian power has no national basis whatever. A Hungarian power would have a national basis in the Magyar nation; an Austro-Hungarian power has none. It is a mere accidental gathering of odds and ends, which must fall to pieces the moment the several nations concerned feel at once the wish and the power to part asunder. When the German is drawn to his fellow-Germans, the Italian to his fellow-Italians, the Slave to his fellow-Slaves, the Rouman to his fellow-Roumans, what will be left of the "great constitutional power" of Lord Salisbury's admiration? The Magyar and nothing else. Some years back, before the events of 1875-1878, some observers of South-Eastern affairs—I must confess to having been myself one of them—cherished the hope that the Hungarian kingdom, as the most settled state of South-Eastern Europe, might, when freed from its artificial connection with German and Italian yoke-fellows, have become, whether under the shape of a

confederation or any other, the centre of the other nations of South-Eastern Europe. Such a "solution," to use the cant phrase of diplomacy, was possible so lately as five years ago; it has become, for the present at least, impossible by the position taken up both by the Magyars as a people and by the Austro-Hungarian power as a power. The hope which I have just spoken of was kindled in many minds by the state of things which was to be seen in the lands east of the Adriatic at the time when the war first began in Herzegovina in 1875. That war began very significantly immediately after the visit of Francis Joseph to his Dalmatian kingdom, a visit which was universally understood to be a visit of reconciliation to his Slavonic subjects. It was at that moment perfectly open to him to have put himself at the head of the Slavonic movement, and to have done all, and more than all, that Russia did afterward, without awakening anything like the same jealousy which was awakened by the action of Russia. Such a policy, boldly carried out, might have changed the prince who still calls himself King of Croatia, Dalmatia, and Slavonia—to say nothing of Bohemia, Galicia, and Lodomeria—into the head of a Slavonic empire, like that which was striven for by the Servian Stephen, and in earlier times by the Bulgarian Simeon and Samuel. That is to say, the Hungarian kingdom might have grown into a great Slavonic power. Such a change must, sooner or later, have led to a separation between the Austrian and Hungarian realms, and to the restoration of Austria in some shape or other to its natural connection with Germany. And toward the end of 1875 things really looked as if the beginning of such a chain of events had actually taken place. Austria was helping the people of Herzegovina in their struggle with the Turk in every way short of actually making war on the Turk. Presently all these hopes faded away, and Austria, from the friend, became the enemy of the struggling nations. The change was not wonderful. The policy which would have enabled Francis Joseph to carry out the dreams of Charles VI. was in itself a very bold one; it was contrary to all Magyar interests; it was contrary to Austrian interests in the narrower sense. But since that change in Austrian policy—of which the kidnapping of Ljubibratic on foreign ground may be taken as the most marked outward sign—everything has to be looked at in another way. From that time every advance of Austria in the South-Eastern lands has meant, not the possible growth of a great Slavonic power, but the further sacrifice of the Slavonic nations to the narrowest dynastic interests. The power which might have entered Bosnia and Herzegovina as a deliverer at last entered those lands as a conqueror. They are at this moment held as a conquered land. Under Austrian "administration," the old grievances have not been redressed, and some new grievances have been created. Christians

and Mussulmans are beginning to forget their old quarrels in common loathing of the foreign yoke. The dealings of Austria with Montenegro at the Berlin Treaty were all in the same spirit. The principality was forbidden to annex the kindred lands which were eager to be annexed, but was allowed to annex alien lands which had no wish to be annexed, but whose annexation was necessary for Montenegro to win her way to the sea. All this shows that the Austrian power is the most immediate and most dangerous enemy of South-Eastern freedom. Nowhere did the accession to power of the English friends of South-Eastern freedom awaken a stronger feeling of fear and loathing than it awakened in Austria, if by "Austria" we understand the official circles of Vienna and Pesth; nowhere was it welcomed with more enthusiastic delight than in Austria, if by that word we understand the vast majority of the nations which are still under the rule of Vienna and Pesth. To the Slavonic and Rouman subjects of the Austrian and Hungarian crowns—the people who of all the people of Europe have the feeblest means of making their voice heard in other lands—no less than to all the nations which are still under the Turk, Mr. Gladstone's triumph was indeed glad tidings of great joy. His accession to power was at once followed by a formal denial on the part of the representative of Austria in England of schemes which, as every one knew, were the most cherished schemes of Austrian policy. The real meaning of what passed between Mr. Gladstone and Count Karolyi was understood at once in Austrian official circles; after a certain amount of puzzledom at some expressions which might well have been otherwise worded, it was soon understood by the nations whom it specially concerned. To know what is really going on in those parts we must go a little deeper than the dispatches which fly daily from one great capital to another. Vienna and Constantinople may tell London the mind of Vienna and Constantinople, or of some classes in Vienna and Constantinople. But better light may be had from more obscure "provincial" sources, say from Manchester and Philippopolis. How the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina feel under Austrian "administration" may be seen, not uncommonly, in the letters which pass from Ragusa to the *Manchester Guardian*. How such "administration" looks in the eyes of a people who have gained what turns out to be the better boon of "administrative autonomy," may be seen in the press of Southern Bulgaria. The *Martea* of Philippopolis, which has always a page or two of French, has lately been very instructive reading. It was plain-spoken enough while the Russians were in the land. Then the nominal restoration of Southern Bulgaria to Turkish rule brought with it a singular fit of respectful language toward his Majesty the Sultan. Now that experience has shown that Turkish rule in Southern Bulgaria is purely

nominal, above all, now that England is no longer to be reckoned among the enemies of Bulgarian freedom, the South-Bulgarian print has taken heart again. Turkish oppression in Macedonia, Austrian oppression in Bosnia and Herzegovina, are freely spoken of and are bracketed together. When an Austrian minister speaks of "regenerating Turkey"—whatever that may mean—the *Merita* hopes that the regeneration will at least not be done after the Austrian pattern. These are certainly signs of the times. It does not become any of us to foretell what may happen; but in carefully looking at things as they do happen, it will make them clearer if we bear in mind that "Austrian interests," and the like, as those words are understood in official language, mean something wholly different from the interests of the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and further, that they mean something wholly different from the interests of the avowed Slavonic and Rouman subjects of the Austrian and Hungarian crowns.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

CIMABUE AND COAL-SCUTTLES.

SOME months since I ventured to lay before the readers of the *Cornhill Magazine* certain reflections upon the Philosophy of Drawing-rooms, wherein I endeavored, so far as my humble lights permitted me, to accommodate the transcendental Platonic archetype of a rational-drawing-room to the practical necessities of a modern eight-roomed cottage. Thereupon I was immediately attacked and put to utter rout by a lively writer in one of our weekly journals. Into the main facts of our controversy ("si rixa et ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum") I cannot enter here. Doubtless, as in all controversies, there was a great deal to be said on both sides. But there was one little side issue which set me thinking seriously. My opponent urged, among other objections, that a room such as that which I described would cost a few thousand pounds to furnish and decorate, instead of the modest hundred which had formed my original estimate. Now, as it happened that my figures were founded on personal experience, I felt naturally anxious to discover the origin of this slight difference of opinion between us. It soon appeared that my critic's difficulty really consisted in the fact that his rôle was that of an artist and collector, while mine was the humbler one of a decorative upholsterer. When I spoke of Venetian glass, he did not suppose I could mean Dr. Salvati's or the San Murano Company's, but firmly though politely took his stand in the Venice of the Doges—the only Venice whose artistic existence he could bring himself in

any way to recognize. The pretty hawthorn pattern porcelain he only knew in its priceless old Oriental form, and he refused even to acknowledge the solid reality, far less the beauty in shape and color, of the lovely and daintily figured jar which now meets my eyes when I raise them from the sheet of foolscap on which I am at this moment writing the present paper. Yet I somehow cannot shake off my primitive belief that the jar in question actually does exist, and is just as exquisite in form and hue as if it could show a most undoubted pedigree from the venerable days of the Ming dynasty itself. As to Vallauris vases, those audacious attempts to debase the beautiful by offering it to the ignoble vulgar at a moderate charge of one shilling, my censor frankly confessed that he knew nothing at all about them. *Æsthetic* pleasure, he remarked quite clearly between his lines (if I read him aright), is and ought always to remain the special and peculiar prerogative of the class which can afford to buy Italian great masters and antique bric-à-brac at unreasonable prices.

I will candidly admit that I am not careful to answer him in this matter. It seems to me an obvious truism that the beautiful is equally beautiful however much or however little it may cost, and that the lilies of the field, though every village child may pluck them, are yet arrayed in purer loveliness than King Solomon in all his glory. I was anxious to show how people of slender means might make their homes bright and pretty at a small expense, not to show how they might pick up old china at fabulously cheap prices. But the criticism raised some reflections in my mind, chiefly connected with Cimabue and coal-scuttles, which I thought might prove not wholly unprofitable to the readers of this magazine. The scope and the domain of art are at the present moment undergoing a revolutionary widening under our very eyes, and it is worth while to trace the previous history which has made this revolution possible or even inevitable. To put it briefly, we live in an age when the æsthetic interest is deserting Cimabue and fixing itself upon coal-scuttles.

Walking down an unlovely English street, in a manufacturing town, with its crumbling, flat-fronted, dirty brick cottages, its ragged unkempt children playing in the dusty, grimy gutter, its slatternly hard-faced women, its hulking, ill-clad men, its thick atmosphere of smoke and fog—one turns away in spirit to a village of Central African or Malayan savages, such as one sees it in the illustrations to Dr. Schweinfurth's or Mr. Wallace's books, with its neat, octagonal wattled huts, its large-leaved tropical plants, its breadth of air and roominess, its people fantastically decked out with bright blossoms, red ochre, quaintly tattooed decorations, and necklets of teeth or shells, all of which, however little they may happen to accord with our own notions of taste.

show at least a decided love of æsthetic ornament on the part of their creators. When we contrast these two opposite poles of human life, we cannot help asking ourselves, Why has the progress of our European civilization, such as it is, killed out in the mass of our population that native taste for the beautiful which is so conspicuous in the merest savages? How is it that in a country which spends hundreds of thousands upon Fra Angelicos and Botticellis, upon Corots and Millets, upon Gainsboroughs and Burne Joneses, upon Assyrian bulls and Egyptian Pashts, upon South Kensington Museums and Albert Memorial monstrosities, nine tenths of the people should still live perpetually in a state of æsthetic darkness and degradation far below that of the lowest existing savages, or even of the wild black-skinned hunters who chipped flints and carved mammoth ivory a hundred years ago among the pre-glacial forests of the Somme and the Thames? Is it not extraordinary that side by side with our *Salons* and our Royal Academies, our Louvres and our Schools of Design, there should exist a vast squalid mass of humanity, leading unlovely lives in the midst of ugly and shapeless accessories which would arouse the contempt of a naked Naga or Bushman, and more careless of cleanliness or personal adornment than the fierce-jawed pre-historic savages of the palæolithic period?

I know most readers will imagine at the first blush that I am rhetorically exaggerating the contrast between the æsthetic barbarian and our own utilitarian poor. But a little definite comparison will soon show that this language, strong as it is, does no more than represent the truth. Look, for example, at the most primary element in the love for beauty—I mean personal adornment. The women and children of the Seven Dials have uncombed and tangled hair, twisted perhaps into a rude knot at the back of the head with a few rusty hairpins. But the Fijians decorate themselves with the most elaborate and careful *coiffures*, in a variety of styles, from the plain but well-combed frizzy poll of the men to the infinite tiny plaits and curls of the native belles. About the beauty to European eyes of these head-dresses we need say nothing. Some will find them becoming, while others will merely think them bizarre; but in any case they show at least the pains which the Fijians take to satisfy their own standard of fashion and of æsthetic taste. Some of the *coiffures* require several days for their arrangement; and when they have been successfully completed, the proud possessor sleeps with his neck on a sort of notched wooden pillow, his head being quite unsupported, so as to avoid disarranging the lofty artistic structure. In Tahiti and in the Hawaiian Islands, again, flowers in the hair, in wreaths, in garlands to hang about the body, and in every other conceivable shape, form the common ornament of men, women, and children. Every one who has read the

delightful accounts of life in the archipelagos of the Pacific given by Miss Bird, Mrs. Brassery, or Lord Pembroke, must have noticed the air of refinement and æsthetic culture thrown over the whole atmosphere of life among these half-reclaimed savages by the constant presence of crimson hibiscus, and scarlet poinsettia, and purple bougainvillea as inseparable adjuncts of even the most prosaic acts. But our own grown-up cottagers think an attention to wild flowers worthy only of children. Tattooing, once more, is not a practice in complete harmony with our old-world notions, and "society" in England was convulsed with a nine days' horror when a flying rumor reached it some months since that two young royal personages had been decorated with a broad arrow across their faces after the primitive fashion of the South Seas; but very few people at home have ever noticed how exquisitely beautiful, when viewed by themselves, are most of the curved or symmetrical patterns used by the Maories for decorating their cheeks. Mr. Herbert Spencer has shown most conclusively that tattooing was originally adopted, not as an ornament, but as a mutilation or disfigurement, marking subjection to a conquering race; and the way in which it has been gradually modified, so as to become at last purely æsthetic in purpose, is in itself a striking proof of high artistic feeling among the people who employ it. If we want further proof of such artistic feeling we have only to look at the exactly similar curves and patterns with which the Maories so exquisitely carve their war canoes and their paddles, their coconut drinking-cups, and their graceful clubs or *bâtons*, the Polynesian counterparts of the Homeric sceptres.

We might even go a step farther back, perhaps, and draw a natural inference from the respective personal appearance of the South Sea Islanders and the East End Londoners themselves. Mr. Darwin believes that the general beauty of the English upper class, and especially of the titled aristocracy—a beauty which even a hardened Radical like the present writer must frankly admit that they possess in an unusual degree—is probably due to their constant selection of the most beautiful women of all classes (peeresses, actresses, or wealthy bourgeoisie) as wives through an immense number of generations. The regular features and fine complexions of the mothers are naturally handed down by heredity to their descendants. Similarly it would seem that we must account for the high average of personal beauty among the ancient Greeks and the modern Italians by the high average of general taste, the strong love for the beautiful, diffused among all classes in both these races. The prettier women and the handsomer men would thus stand a better chance of marrying, other things equal, and of handing down their own refined type of face and figure to their children. If this be so—and evolutionists at least can hardly doubt

it—then we should expect everywhere to find the general level of personal beauty highest where there was the widest diffusion of æsthetic taste. Now our own squalid poor are noticeable, as a rule, for their absolute and repulsive ugliness, even when compared with those of other European countries. “*La laideur*,” says M. Taine with truth, in his “*Notes sur l’Angleterre*,” “*est plus laide que chez nous*.” Gaunt, hard-faced women, low-browed, bull-dog-looking men, sickly, shapeless children people the back slums of our manufacturing towns. Their painful ugliness cannot *all* be due to their physical circumstances alone; for the lazzaroni who hang about the streets of Naples must lead lives of about equal hardship and discomfort; yet many of them, both men and women, are beautiful enough to sit as models for a Lionardo. On the other hand, every traveller speaks in high admiration of the beauty and gracefulness displayed by young and old among the æsthetic Polynesi-ans; while in many like cases I note that Europeans who have once become accustomed to the local type find decidedly pretty faces extremely common in several savage races whose primitive works of art show them in other ways to possess considerable æsthetic taste. In India, where artistic feeling is universal, almost every man or woman is handsome. On the whole, it seems to me fairly proved that the average personal beauty everywhere roughly corresponds to the average general love for beauty in the abstract.

Be this as it may, it is at least certain that most (if not all) existing or pre-historic savages take and have taken far more pains with their personal decoration than the vast mass of our own poor. The people of Bethnal Green, of the Black Country, and of the Glasgow or Liverpool hovels wear clothes or rags for warmth alone, and apparently without any care for their appearance, even on Sundays. But all savages paint themselves red with ochre, and blue with indigo or woad; they tattoo themselves with intricate patterns, which it takes days to trace out; they cover themselves with flowers and fern leaves; they gather ostrich plumes or other feathers for their head-dresses; they weave girdles, belts, and necklaces of feathers, cowries, wampum, or seeds; they manufacture cloth with bright dyes and pretty patterns; and they trade with European or Arab merchants for Turkey-red cotton, brilliant Venetian beads, and scarfs or sashes of pure and delicate colors. I have waded through whole reams of literature on this subject, in print or manuscript, and I find missionaries and travellers almost universally, from Mr. Gifford Palgrave in the Philippine Islands to Mr. Whitmee in Samoa (in opposition to the general European idea), speak highly of savage taste in matters of dress. And when we go back even to the earliest wild men of the Stone Age, we learn from Professor Boyd Dawkins that they painted themselves red with oxide of iron, that they made themselves necklets of shells,

bones, and fossils, and that they stitched together mantles of fur or feathers with a rude thread made from the sinews of deer.

If we compare the savage hut and its contents with the modern workman's cottage, the contrast becomes even more striking. Here our judgment is not disturbed by those wide fluctuations of fashion which make it difficult for us to appreciate the æsthetic intent of a tattooed New Zealand nose or a parti-colored Ojibway forehead. The more a man studies savage art, the more is he struck by the almost universal good taste which it displays. Every chair, stool, or bench is prettily shaped and neatly carved. Every club, paddle, or staff is covered with intricate tracery which puts to shame our European handicraft. Every calabash or gourd is richly wrought with geometrical patterns or conventionalized floral and animal designs. The most primitive pottery is graceful in form and irreproachable in its simple ornament of string-courses or bead-work. Central African bowls and drinking-cups almost rival Etruscan or Hellenic shapes. Prehistoric vases from the barrows or lake-dwellings are not less lovely than the Trojan or Mycenaean models which are now teaching our modern potters a long-forgotten secret of taste. Even the stone hatchets and arrow-heads of the very earliest age show a decided striving after æsthetic effect. And when we remember that these exquisite carvings and these polished jade implements are produced with miserably inefficient tools and appliances—when we recollect the instances quoted by Sir John Lubbock where whole years are spent in the perfecting of a single art-product, in grinding smooth a jasper hatchet or polishing a crystal ear-drop—we cannot fail to wonder at the æsthetic fervor of these unsophisticated artists. There is positively no object, however insignificant, in the ordinary savage hut, on which immense pains have not been expended for purely ornamental purposes.

Look, by way of contrast, at our English laborer's cottage. A few painted deal chairs, a square white table, an iron bedstead, half a dozen plain Delft cups and saucers, a little coarse table linen, and a pile of bedclothes—these constitute almost the whole furniture of nine out of ten English households. We must not be led away by thinking of a stray cottage or so in the country, or a few model workmen's houses in the outskirts of our towns, where gay flowers and bits of ornamental pottery add a touch of grace to the little home. Such homes are really quite exceptional, and by far the larger number of our people seem wholly destitute of æsthetic surroundings in any shape. We must never forget that the vast majority of Englishmen live and die either in the stifling dens of our great towns or in the cheerless little stone-floored cottages of our country, whose thatched eaves look so picturesque without, and whose bare walls chill the eye with their cold recep-

tion within. Why is it that civilization has done so little to raise, or rather so much to lower, their æsthetic sensibilities?

Two reasons must be given in answer to this question. The first and most obvious one has doubtless already occurred to every thinking person. Civilized life so heightens the struggle for existence that the mass of men are compelled ceaselessly to devote their whole labor to the bare task of earning their daily bread. In spite of occasional hardship and periodical starvation, the savage generally finds his life admit of considerable leisure, which he can employ in æsthetic occupations. During the intervals of hunting, fishing, nutting, planting maize, and gathering yam or breadfruit, he can find time not only for grinding stone weapons or weaving baskets, but also for building artistic head-dresses, tattooing his chest and arms, drilling shells or fossils to string as wampum, and staining his roughly-woven fibres with green, yellow, blue, and scarlet dyes. He can lie on his back in the sun to carve his calabash or polish his cocoanut cup. The modern Eskimos, like the cave-men of the Dordogne, have leisure in their snow huts for sketching spirited representations of their hunting parties, scratched on the mammoth tusks which they take from the frozen carcasses imbedded in the ice of the glacial period. But our English laborers and artisans must toil the live-long day to procure bare food and drink, with such minimum of clothing and furniture as the habits of the race imperatively demand. What political economy, with its customary grim facetiousness, calls the "standard of comfort" among our lower classes does not embrace more than the scantiest necessities of warmth and sustenance. It leaves no margin for decoration, either in personal dress or household furniture; far less for distinctive works of art such as those which so commonly adorn even the poorest savage huts.

But the second reason, to which, as it seems to me, sufficient importance has hardly ever been attributed, is this. The rapid growth of civilization has itself entailed so great an advance in art-workmanship that the highest art-products have utterly outgrown the means of all but the wealthiest classes; and the lower branches have thus been left to lag behind and fall out of the artistic category altogether. We have paid so much attention to our Cimabues that we have till quite lately utterly neglected our coal-scuttles. It is not so among unsophisticated savages. With them, whatever is worth making is worth making well. Moreover, the difference between their highest and their lowest handicraft is so slight that almost every article is equally well made. But with us it would long have been thought absurd to ask Mr. Millais or Sir Frederick Leighton to turn from portraying their Jersey Lilies or their Nausicaas to design our soup-plates and our Turkey carpets. Painting, sculpture, and architecture have thus outrun all our

lesser arts, and have finally brought about a condition of things in which till yesterday they alone were thought worthy the serious attention of artists.

The growth of this divorce between art and common life is easy enough to trace. In all ages, art has specially devoted itself to royalty or religion—to the political or the ecclesiastical government. Temples and palaces are its chief homes. Whether we look at Egypt, with its endless colonnades of Karnak and its granite images of Memnon and Sesostris; or at Assyria, with its winged bulls and its regal bas-reliefs; or at Hellas, with its Parthenons and its Theseiums; or at Rome, with its Colosseum and its Capitol; or at modern Europe, with its Louvre and its Escorial, its St. Peter's and its Lincoln Minster, its Vatican and its Winter Palace, we see everywhere that kings and deities gather round their dwelling-places all the grandest works of the highest national art. We may turn again to India, and there we find the same tale in the mosques and mausoleums of Agra and Delhi, in the exquisite temples of Benares, in the rock-hewn caves of Elephanta, in the gorgeous courtyards of modern Lucknow. Turn once more to Mexico, to Peru, to China, and the same fact everywhere forces itself upon our attention. Among ourselves, we find painting, sculpture, architecture, the thousand minor arts of wood-carving, mosaic, jewelry, intaglio, fresco, ivory-work, metallurgy, and upholstery, all pressed into the special service of royalty: Our cathedrals give us the same arts in addition to music, glass-staining, embroidery, and fifty other decorative devices. From east to west, from China to Peru, we see every kind of æsthetic handicraft lavished with about equal hand upon the country's king and the country's gods.

Naturally, as the savage chief developed into the barbaric or civilized monarch, and as the arts grew up side by side with this slow evolution of the governmental agency, the highest artistic products were specially prepared for royal use. In the great Oriental despotisms, where hardly any ranks existed between the king and the slavish subject, the king himself absorbed almost all the spare labor of the community, and the gods absorbed the rest. Thus, even in the barbaric stage, the gap between the higher art which ministered to the great, and the lower arts which ministered to the people, must have been very great. But with the rapid advance made in mediæval and modern times, that gap has become immensely widened. All through the Middle Ages, especially in Italy, the higher art was developing with extraordinary rapidity. From the Renaissance, however, we must date the beginning of the modern and complete separation between the two types of art, the industrial and the æsthetic. The separation was consummated by the successors of Michael Angelo, and it remained unchallenged

till a couple of dozen years ago. The difference between a Ghirlandajo or a Luca della Robbia, and an ordinary Florentine goldsmith, was a mere question of material and purpose; the difference between a Sir Joshua and a contemporary London jeweller was total and absolute. In the first case both were artists of slightly varying merits; in the second case the one was an artist and the other a respectable tradesman. It is only within the last two or three decades that the gulf has once more begun to be bridged over in northern Europe.

Even if other causes had not interfered, the mere spontaneous development of the highest art must necessarily have produced some such separation. Painting, for example, had become so highly evolved, that it required a long special training in drawing and coloring, in perspective and chiaroscuro, in anatomy, and in a dozen other connected sciences. The painter must spend much time beforehand in acquiring his art, and he must also spend much time over each particular canvas in conception and composition, in copying the features of his models and working out the details of his drapery, in rendering a single finger or a refractory foot so as to satisfy the highly critical connoisseurs who had developed side by side with the developing technique of the artists. The special public which can fully appreciate fine paintings is only to be found, as a rule, among the wealthy classes who can afford to buy them. Thus the front rank of art naturally gets far ahead of all the lesser ranks, and produces a race of artists whose work is ridiculously advanced in comparison with the average appreciation of the masses.

But this inevitable tendency was much strengthened and accelerated at the Renaissance by two special causes. In the first place, the spirit of the classical revival (especially in its later days) tended toward the unduly exclusive cultivation of the three main visual arts, painting, sculpture, and architecture. It tended, also, toward their cultivation in a very cold and isolated form. The remains of ancient art which have come down to us are mere fragments, and they are fragments whose real relation to their surroundings was much misunderstood by the Florentine revivalists, and ridiculously caricatured during the eighteenth century, when the word "classical" became almost synonymous with cold, colorless, and insipid. The chief relics of Hellenic and Roman art are pieces of sculpture. Now Mr. Pater has lately pointed out in two of his exquisite and subtly-woven essays that Greek sculpture ought never to be divorced from the many-colored background of minor arts which formed its native atmosphere. We should always see in fancy the chryselephantine Zeus or the tinted marble Aphrodite projected upon a mental field of mosaic, of metal-work, of fresco, of stained ivory carving, of a thousand butterfly hues

which have all disappeared from the disenhumed Hellas of our museums. But it was this latter pale and faded Hellas alone that the eye of Michael Angelo saw in the freshly-recovered torsos of the Vatican. The gold and ivory were gone, the general background of varied arts had disappeared, the gilding and tinting on the marble itself had been worn away by time or exposure, and only the cold and weather-stained stone remained as an isolated relic of that warm and many-hued Hellenic world, whose picture is preserved for us in the minute descriptions of Pausanias. Accordingly the "classical" school of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the false heirs of the Renaissance, began to restore the Greek ideal as they found it in its few surviving fragments. They had not even the wall paintings of Pompeii by which to correct the erroneous conception derived from the torsos. Thus they reduced all art in the end to something so chilly and lifeless, that the world hailed with delight the so-called Gothic revival about the middle of the present century as a grateful restoration of warmth and color to the dry bones of a mummified art.

The second and still more potent cause for the separation between artistic and industrial work was the rapid growth of the manufacturing system in northern Europe. During the Middle Ages, the painter, the sculptor, and the wood-carver were all higher handicraftsmen, whose handicraft merged insensibly into that of the decorator, the joiner, the jeweller, and the potter. These lower trades still gave an opportunity for the display of individual taste, of artistic fancy, of that capricious quaintness which forms, perhaps, the greatest charm of mediæval workmanship. But with the employment of machinery the separation became broad and pronounced. Steam-woven patterns and calico prints have superseded the hand-made embroidery and rich brocades of earlier times. Cheap moulded crockery and stamp designs have taken the place of jars turned upon the wheel and painted decorations. Wall papers hang where tapestry hung before, and chintzes cover the chairs that were once covered by delicate needlework. Electroplate teapots, machine-made jewelry, and ungainly porcelain vases replace the handicraft of humbler Cellinis, unknown Ghibertis, or inglorious Palissy's. Under the influence of this cause industrialism became frankly cheap and ugly, while æstheticism retreated into the lofty upper region of the three recognized fine arts.

In proportion as the industrial system was more or less developed in each European country did the divorce become absolute. In Italy and the South, where the manufacturing spirit never gained a firm footing, individual workmanship survived and still survives. Florentine mosaics, Roman cameos, Genoese filigree work, Venetian glass, are all of them relics of the old artistic handicraft which has

lived on unmoved among the quiet Italian towns. In France, more manufacturing than Italy, but less so (at least during the eighteenth century) than England, we find a sort of intermediate stage in Sèvres porcelain and Gobelins tapestry, in Louis Quinze arquetry and Dieppe ivory carving. But in England the gap was truly a great gulf. Between the Royal Academy and the Birmingham or Manchester workshops there was no common term. Most of our manufactures were simply and unpretentiously utilitarian. They had no affectation of beauty in any way. Whatever art-furniture existed in the country—mosaic tables or buhl cabinets in a few noble houses—was brought from those southern lands where industrialism had not yet killed out the native art-faculties of the people. A piece or two of Chinese porcelain, a stray bit of Indian carving, an Oriental rug, or embroidered cushion here and there carried the mind away to Eastern countries where steam and factories were yet wholly unknown. But at home the stereotyped uniformity of manufacturing ugliness bore undivided sway, and if a solitary Wedgwood at rare intervals had originality enough to set up some attempt at artistic industrial work, his aspirations naturally cast themselves in the prevailing classical mould.

From these tendencies two evil results inevitably flowed. In the first place, art came to be looked upon by the mass, even of the middle classes, as something wholly apart from everyday life. The æsthetic faculty was a sense to be gratified by an annual visit to the Academy, an occasional perambulation of the National Gallery, and perhaps a single pilgrimage during a lifetime to Rome and Florence. For the lower classes art ceased to exist at all. Their few sticks of furniture, their bits of glass and crockery, were all turned out on the strictly manufacturing pattern, with the least possible expenditure of time and money. Only the extreme upper class, the landed aristocracy and very wealthy merchants, could afford to live in an atmosphere of pictures and statues, of Italian art-furniture and Oriental porcelain.

The second evil hangs on to the first. As the only beautiful objects with which the rich were acquainted (save in the three great arts) were antique or foreign productions, the notion of rarity got inextricably and fatally mixed up with that of beauty, or even began to supersede it. The age of *virtuosi* set in. "That is a very pretty plate," you may say to a confirmed china maniac, as you look over his collection; and he will answer you unconcernedly. "Ah, yes, it is pretty, to be sure," as if that were quite an accidental and secondary consideration about it. He is surprised that you should admire the pretty plate, rather than this hideously ugly but very rare pipkin, which is one of the costliest and most vulgar specimens of old Worcester now extant. This spirit in a less exaggerated form is widely prevalent among all connoisseurs and

collectors. They want a particular "sang de bœuf" or old turquoise blue Chinese vase not merely because it is beautiful, but also because it is old and rare. The self-same turquoise blue turned out by a modern Japanese or European workman they will not look at. Hence there has arisen, or arose till very lately, a certain profound hopelessness in industrial Europe—a general belief that the age of art-production was past, and that we were fatally bound down to make ugly things to all eternity. "We can never rival the past," was the unspoken thought of almost every Western manufacturer.

These considerations bring us back at last to Cimabue. I do not wish in any way to underrate the importance of the mediæval great masters; but it does seem to me that under the influence partly of the collecting spirit and partly of the æsthetic revival, their real value and interest have been overlooked, while false and exaggerated claims have been made on their behalf. The true importance of Cimabue, for example, is historical and evolutionary, rather than strictly artistic. He, like every other early great painter, like the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Etruscan sculptors, forms a moment in the development of art. As illustrating that moment, as carrying on the unbroken succession between the comparative woodenness of his predecessors and the comparative freedom of Giotto, he possesses the deepest interest for the student of artistic evolution. He is, in fact, a critical point in the development; he attracts our attention just as the ascidian or the lepidosiren attracts the attention of the genealogical biologist. Cimabue painted eyes to look like eyes, while his Byzantine masters painted them to look like glass beads; he created stiff human beings in the place of still stiffer model saints; he made his drapery hang something like real clothes instead of hanging like starched buckram. Giotto discovered that the sky was blue and not gilded, that human limbs were made of flesh and bone not of wood, and that men and women lived their lives instead of acting perpetual *tableaux vivants* in unnatural attitudes. Masaccio further found out that you could move your body freely on its joints, and need not always hold it in the most angular of abstract positions. The great Renaissance painters finally introduced accurate anatomical knowledge, power of drawing, and free individuality of conception and composition. It is interesting to follow the development, just as it is interesting to watch Egyptian art touching on Assyrian, and Assyrian again merging into Phœnician, Syrian, Ionian, and Athenian. We like to observe Cimabue as the transitional term between Byzantine and early Italian painting, just as we like to know what Professor Sayce tells us of the Hittites as the missing link between Oriental and Hellenic art. But too many modern enthusiasts are accustomed accordingly to speak of mediæval artists

in terms which would be extravagant if applied to the most developed æsthetic works. They weary us with over-appreciation of Lippi and Perugino; they annoy us by dragging doubtful Memmis out of the dark recesses of Italian churches, and finding in them a thousand admirable qualities which are wholly invisible to the cold and matter-of-fact eye of the historical critic. Yet, curiously enough, it is these very people who are generally least ready to admit that there can be any merit or interest in the still more infantile art of Memphis and Nineveh. Let us praise Giotto by all means for his admirable coloring, for his emancipated grouping, for his comparatively natural figures; but do not let us pretend that all his tints are as fine as Titian's, that all his legs and arms are absolutely perfect, or that all his attitudes are really those which human beings actually adopt in their every-day existence.

Now the general position brought about in England by all these combined causes was something like this. The poorer people had no art at all. The richer imagined art to be mainly confined to painting, and perhaps sculpture, while they confused a love of beauty with a taste for making collections. The middle class could not afford the only kind of art which it knew, and therefore contented itself with bad imitations in the shape of cheap family portraits in oils and similar monstrosities. Look into the Balbi Palace at Genoa, the big white house nearly opposite the Annunziata Church, and you have a good specimen of the Italian style fully carried out in all its details. Wide marble staircases lead you into the great reception rooms. Vandycks, Guidos, and Titians hang upon the walls. The ceilings are painted in fresco; the floors inlaid with parti-colored marble. Every table, cabinet, or chimney-piece is a triumph of decorative art. This is what the rich man's house can be made, after its fashion, and a fine and stately fashion it is. But all these things are impossible for the man of moderate means in our industrial England; and having no model of his own on which to adorn his house, he takes the most unattainable of all the rich man's luxuries, the great painting, as his aim, and gets himself copied in oils, with a heavy gilt frame included, for ten guineas. All the rest of his house is on the manufacturing pattern. He covers his wall with a tasteless paper, and his floor with a tasteless carpet; but he hangs the picture and frame over his dining-room sideboard, and thinks complacently to himself that he has performed the whole duty of man as a munificent patron of art.

For a great many years the British middle classes contentedly slumbered on in this Philistine repose. The Exhibition of 1851 suddenly woke them up with an unexpected start. They had set on foot that Exhibition with a decided idea that they were about to astonish the world by displaying their cheap calicoes, their excellent

steel blades, and their patent revolving corkscrews, to the admiration of all outsiders. Well, in these things they undoubtedly and deservedly carried away the palm from all competitors, even from their own industrial kinsmen across the Atlantic. But when they put their own goods side by side with goods from France and Italy, from Bohemia and Spain, from India and Japan, it began to strike the Birmingham and Manchester manufacturers that their native productions were perhaps just a trifle ugly. Long before the "classical" school had given way to the "Gothic" revival, and the minds of the architects and ecclesiastical decorators had been carried back (partly through the High Church reaction) to mediæval models. But the great Exhibition was the first hint received by the mass of our manufacturing classes of their own shortcomings. Everybody knows the history of the æsthetic movement which set in from that critical date. England recognized its new need. Schools of art and design began to inundate London and the provinces. South Kensington Museums, needlework exhibitions, artistic potteries, and decorative upholsteries sprang up on every side. Æstheticism became first a fashion, and at last almost a craze. In its earlier phases the new movement affected only the upper classes. Art-workmanship was introduced into the luxuries of the rich—the silver caskets, the ornamental plaques, the carved oaken furniture of wealthy halls. But side by side with the practice of the great manufacturers went the preaching of men like Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Morris. The attention of truly artistic minds was being turned aside, in part at least, from Cimabue and 'Lionardo to coal-scuttles and arm-chairs. During the last five years the movement has spread rapidly downward through society. It has passed beyond the aristocracy and the upper middle class, and now it has reached the stratum of the small shopkeepers and clerks. In the course of time it may perhaps reach the laboring man, and brighten up his cheerless, unlovely home with a few fairer gleams of artistic beauty. Already it has æstheticized our wall-papers and our carpets, our vases and our tea-trays, our curtains and our chimney-pieces; perhaps it may before long do something to æstheticize the poor man's chairs and tables, cups and saucers, clothing and surroundings. Those who have lived in homes, first of the old and then of the new type, know with what an unwonted grace their whole life has been suddenly invested by a few simple changes in its artistic environment. They seem to live and move in a purer atmosphere; all existence seems sweetly set to a higher key.

Naturally, when first the manufacturing interest awoke to its own exceeding ugliness, it began to look about for some model upon which it should improve its personal appearance. A great many causes led it in the beginning toward mediævalism. The

close connection between the High Church and the Gothic revivals, the strong share borne by ecclesiastical art in the new movement, coupled with the complete gap in that art between the Reformation and our own time, inevitably brought about such a tendency. Already, even in the higher arts, a change of taste in the same direction was visible. People had given up admiring Guido and the Caracci in favor of Francia and Filippino Lippi. It was the age of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and the church restoration mania. Pure mediævalism, well or ill understood, was all the rage. Metal-work and wood-carving, in what was called Gothic styles, inundated our houses. Sir Charles Eastlake became the oracle of domestic taste. A tendency to pointed arches, in season and out of season, ran through all our struggling decorative art. The cathedrals were the great existing monuments of mediæval workmanship, and, owing in part to this fact, the whole mediæval revival took a certain undefined ecclesiastical and architectural turn. The architects and the clergy, indeed, had been its prime authors, and they impressed upon it too distinctly their own habits of thought. We sat down to dinner on a sort of carved-oak bishop's throne, and we hung up our hats on a domestic variety of pin-naled sedilia. Even the coal-scuttles assumed the air of church furniture. It was a little ridiculous, perhaps, but it was a step toward decorative improvement. Like Cimabue himself, it formed a passing moment in our æsthetic evolution. The bad in it has mostly passed away, but the good has remained and will doubtless remain forever.

After the mediæval stage came the Renaissance, which did not supersede the other, but, so to speak, was superposed upon it. We began to admire Henri Deux ware and to read Mr. Pater's admirable essays. Moreover, people felt gradually more or less conscious that the mediæval school had gone a little too far. The knobs on the Gothic chairs hurt their backs, and the absurdity of carved wooden arches supporting nothing hurt their rational sensibilities. So we had next, in due historical order, the Queen Anne school, of which the Miss Garrets, with their pleasant dogmatic style of "Thou shalt do this," and "Thou shalt not buy that," were the chief prophetesses. Chippendale furniture replaced the pointed arches of the previous decade. The Queen Anne school was a great and solid improvement, and its work will abide among us for many a long day. It introduced us to many good things, and above all it set to work devising decorations which would accord with the ordinary style of brick house common among the well-to-do middle classes of England. It gave us pretty wall-papers, designed on good decorative principles; and gentle colors, and nice patterns in chintz or tapestry, and sensible chairs, and comfortable fireplaces, and cosey sofas. Under a thin disguise of archaism it really recog-

nized the needs of modern comfort. Moreover, it penetrated the serried phalanx of British Philistinism, and induced it to discover its own hideousness. All this is good and commendable. No doubt, like all other schools, the Queen Anne school has too much mannerism; but we shall learn in time to reject the mannerism and cleave to the spirit. The new red brick houses are apt to be a little tedious and monotonous in their interior decorations when one sees a dozen or so of them at a time; the hand of the master is everywhere too conspicuous; but, after all, how infinitely preferable they are to the old-fashioned Philistine houses with no decoration at all!

Concurrently with the Queen Anne revival came the Japanese invasion. It was natural that when we began to look out for decorative art in cheap forms we should turn our eyes to those Oriental countries where such art has formed a part of the popular life for all ages. In Japan, painting and sculpture never rose high enough to kill off the lower arts; machinery never destroyed the native taste and ingenuity of the people. The Japanese products had exquisite color, curious quaintness, and a certain national flavor which gave them some ethnographical interest. We were glad to welcome their paper fans and umbrellas, their lacquered fire-screens, their papier-mâché trays, their bamboo whatnots, their daintily-colored porcelain and coarser pottery ware. At the same time with Japan we welcomed China and India as well. "In Tiberim Syrus defluxit Orontes"—the Ganges and the Hoang-Ho overflowed the banks of the Thames. Benares metal-work and Lucknow jars, Indian durries and Chinese bronzes, jostled one another in half the windows in Regent Street. Everything Oriental became equally fashionable. Persian tiles, Turkey carpets, and Cashmere rugs found their way into every family. Most of these new introductions, again, are also good, each after its kind. Above all, they are for the most part cheap as well as beautiful, and they enable the comparatively poor to obtain really pretty decorations for prices far lower than those of almost any similar European manufactures.

The general conclusion which we may draw from these varying freaks of fashion is a comfortable one. The mass of the well-to-do classes are in search of an æsthetic style which will suit their purses. A little while ago we heard Mr. Poynter asserting that Mr. Ruskin had "no feeling for the beautiful in art." That is the sort of language which is common among the higher art-critics. But those who believe that every savage and every child has a feeling for the beautiful in art, do not trouble themselves about these high questions. They look for a simpler and more comprehensive kind of beauty. We are still groping about, but we are on the right path. Cast upon our own resources, we were

compelled at first to take the best we could get. Now we are striking out new lines for ourselves. Day by day the love for beauty in small surroundings, for art at home, is spreading downward into successively lower strata of our people. What we need is that the feeling for beauty as beauty should be encouraged. We must not let ourselves be led away by the apostles of higher æstheticism or the mere bric-à-brac collectors. A pretty thing is pretty whatever it may cost, and, other things equal, is all the better for being cheap. From the old curiosity-shop point of view, a piece of Venetian glass is valuable only because it is old; from the decorative point of view it is valuable because it is beautiful and effective, and it will be quite as beautiful and effective if it was made yesterday as if it was made for Dandolo himself. Just at present there is a good deal of extravagance, a good deal of archaeological puritanism, a good deal of dogmatic assertion. But all these are common accompaniments of every revolution. In the end, no doubt, we shall invent more original types for ourselves. There will be less of mediævalism, less of Queen Anne, less of the Japanesque, less even of eclecticism, and more individuality. Already one can find dozens of homes, even among comparative laymen, where the prevailing style is neither Mr. Morris's, nor Dr. Dresser's, nor any other authority's, but the owner's own. There are thousands of people who feel that they cannot criticise, perhaps cannot even appreciate, Corot and Millet with the intense fervor and subtle penetration of Mr. Comyns Carr, but who can nevertheless enjoy the beauty of a daintily-shaped and delicately-colored earthenware vase, or a simple and decorative textile fabric. They firmly believe in their own right to admire Doultou ware, even though they may be profoundly ignorant of majolica or Chiel-sea. It is worth while to aim at supplying this large class of people with artistic products which they can understand, and in the midst of which they can pass their lives. England is now essentially a limited democracy, and its art must become more democratic every day. Painting and sculpture can minister mainly to the few alone; decorative art must minister to the many. Nor is this any degradation to its office, but rather the contrary. "Art," says a great critic, "is never more supreme than when it fashions from the commonest materials objects of the greatest beauty."

Professor Huxley once expressed a wish that a race of palæontologists might some day come into existence who knew nothing of geology. So one might also wish that a race of decorative artists might come into existence who knew nothing of museums and connoisseurs. They would then set to work to invent beautiful and effective decorations on rational principles, not according to pre-established models. Those two turquoise-blue vases on the mantelpiece are modern Chinese, and no one but a collector could

tell them from the ancient specimens. They do the work they are intended to do—that is to say, they decorate the room. But the collector would despise them because they have not got the proper mark. That piece of Worcester in the cabinet behind me, on the other hand, is genuine and valuable; but it is so frightfully ugly that it retains its place only out of consideration for the feelings of the friend who added it to the scratch collection of odds and ends in the little cabinet. A museum is one thing, and a dwelling-house another. It has been too much the fashion among our most artistic classes to confuse the two. Let us religiously preserve curiosities by all means, just as we preserve Cimabues, or tumuli, or Egyptian mummies; but don't let us imagine that because they are curious or ancient they are necessarily decorative. Above all, don't let us assent to the converse proposition, that because pretty things are cheap and modern they are necessarily unworthy of artistic consideration.

G. A., in *Cornhill*.

THE BOOK OF JOB.

A LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY.

It has been remarked by a Jewish writer that Semitic modes of thought and expression still remain much more remote from western comprehension than those of Aryan races. The reason which he gives for this is one not altogether creditable to students of the Bible. No doubt the study of classical antiquity accounts partly for our sympathy with the Aryan type of culture; but considering the large space still occupied by the Bible in our thoughts and in our system of education, it seems not unreasonable to demand that almost equal sympathy should be accorded to the Semitic. It is not so, however, and we are only awaking to the truth that the Old Testament at least is worth studying as a literature, and that the Christian interpretation of it is only admissible as a superstructure reared upon (though by no means a mere derivative of) the literary and philological. Hence in order to bring the Book of Job nearer to the modern western mind, it is necessary to compare it, on the literary side, with the loftiest modern western poems of a moral and religious import; only then shall we discover the points in which it is distinctively ancient, Oriental, and Semitic. Our great Puritan poet, himself attracted at one time chiefly to classical and Renaissance art and literature, seems to have had a special fondness among the Biblical writings for the Book of Job, which he calls "a brief model" of "that epic form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse (model)," and in the judgment of S. T.

Coleridge, the poetic dialogue of Job was Milton's pattern for the general scheme of his "Paradise Regained." "Paradise Lost," however, has in virtue of its subject a greater affinity to the Book of Job than "Paradise Regained." Like "Job," it is a theodicy, though of a more complex character, and aims

" (to) assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man."

And the author of "Paradise Lost," though not to be equalled with the founders of Biblical religion, is still distinguished from all modern poets (except Dante and Bunyan) by his singularly intense faith in the operations of the Divine Spirit. That prayer of his, beginning "And chiefly Thou, O Spirit," and a well-known parallel passage in his "Reason of Church Government," prove conclusively that he held no contracted views as to the limits of inspiration. This, in addition to his natural gifts, explains the overpowering impression of reality produced by the visions of Milton, and in a still greater degree by those of our Puritan prose poet, John Bunyan. A similar faith in the Divine Spirit, but more original and less affected by logical theories, was one great characteristic of the author of "Job." He felt, like all the religious "wise men" (of whom more presently), that true wisdom was beyond mortal ken, and could only be obtained by an influence from above. In the strength of this confidence he ventured, like Milton, on untrodden paths, and presumed to chronicle, in symbolic form, transactions of the spiritual world. Have we not—that is, religious people in general—reason to humble ourselves for our low thoughts of the mighty gift of the Spirit, when we see what a "tried money-changer" this ancient Israelite was with the comparatively small talent committed to him? Without going so far as the author of "Ecce Christianus," who asserts that "the Church of Christ for the last eighteen centuries has held a false notion as to the power and range of faith in Christ" (p. 86), we may and ought to admit that the bracing intellectual effects of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit are not generally felt as they ought to be, simply because they are not looked for. "According unto your faith, be it unto you"—this law of the spiritual world is enforced alike by the prophets and poets of the Old Testament, by the Apostles of the New, and by the two Puritan poets of our own land.

"Faust" has in some respects a better right to be compared with "Job" than "Paradise Lost." Not so much, however, in the prologue, where the superficial resemblance is the strongest; for Mephistopheles, the personification of critical irony, has none of the characteristic features of his professed ancestor. But in the body of the poem there is this marked similarity to the Book of Job—that the problem treated of is a purely moral and spiritual

one; the hero first loses and then recovers his peace of mind; it is the counterpart in pantheistic humanism of what St. Paul terms "working out one's own salvation." But there are great and most instructive divergences between the two writers. Observe, first, the complete want of sympathy with positive religion—with the religion from which Faust wanders—on the part of the modern poet. Next, a striking difference in the characteristics of Job and Faust respectively. Faust succumbs to his boundless love of knowledge, alternating with an unbridled sensual lust; Job is on the verge of spiritual ruin through his demand for such an absolute correspondence of circumstances to character as can only be realized in another world. The greatness of Faust lies in his intellect; that of Job (who in Chap. 28 directly discourages speculation) in his virtue. Hence, finally, Faust requires (even from a pantheistic point of view) to be pardoned, while Job stands so high in the Divine favor that others are pardoned on his account.

A third great poem which deserves to be compared with "Job" is the *Divina Commedia*. Dante has the same purpose of edification as the author of "Job" and even of "Faust," though he has not been able to fuse the didactic and narrative elements with such complete success as Goethe. Nor is he so intensely autobiographical as either Goethe or the author of "Job;" his own story is almost inextricably interlaced with the fictions which he frames as the representative of the human race. He allows us to see that he has had doubts (*Parad.* iv. 129), and that they have yielded to the convincing power of Christianity (*Purgat.* iii. 34-39), but it was not a part of his plan to disclose, like the author of "Job," the vicissitudes of his mental history. In two points, however—the width of his religious sympathies and the morning freshness of his descriptions of nature—he comes nearer to the author of "Job" than Goethe or even Milton, while in the absoluteness and fervor of his faith his only modern rival is Milton.

So much for the general literary affinities of the Book of Job. It is analogous to the three great moral and religious efforts of the western imagination, from which it differs mainly in the greater simplicity of the moral problem discussed, in the greater originality of the poet, and above all in his fuller consciousness of inspiration. For the literary form of "Job" it is more difficult to find a western parallel. Bishop Lowth, and after him Delitzsch, maintain that it is a drama, not indeed in the European style (for the Israelites had no theatre), but in its vivid presentation of several distinct characters in a tragic situation. The view that it is an epic has been rarely held, but found favor, as we have seen, with one no less than John Milton. Something is to be said for this opinion, if Milton's two great works are specimens of epic poetry. But considering the preponderance of dialogue over narrative in

the former we shall do best to consider it a germinal dramatic poem, a stage or two behind the passion-plays of Persia, Tyrol, and Spain; though indeed a closer parallel will be found in the singular *Makdmas* or "Sessions" of Hariri, translated by Mr. Cheney, late Lord Almoner's Professor at Oxford.

The next important point to be determined is the circle from which the Book of Job proceeded. The author evidently belonged to the so-called "wise men," or moral teachers, to whom so important a part was allotted by Providence in the religious education of their people, and who were as distinctively Jewish as the philosophers were characteristically Greek. It was the custom of the "wise men" to sit in the gate or "broad place," and there to give advice to the men and women who consulted them on points of moral practice—to individuals, be it observed, and not, like the prophets, to a whole assembly. There appears to have been two classes of "wise men," just as there were two classes of prophets; and as Jeremiah calls his opponents (and could not but call them, if his own spiritual experiences were well-founded) "prophets that prophesy lies" (Jer. 23:26), so there was a class of "wise men" who received the opprobrious title of the "mockers," which not improbably includes the notion of free-thinking. It is easy to understand how this came to pass. One characteristic of Hebrew "wisdom" is its tendency to attach but little weight to religious forms in comparison with moral practice. To a really religious man this tendency might be harmless, and even positively beneficial; we see how even the prophets were compelled to accuse their countrymen of empty formalism. But to a worldly-minded man it might be extremely dangerous; who has not seen how the omission of special forms of worship speedily revenges itself on the average moral character? Even now we are told that an Arab who pretends to philosophy (or what the Hebrews would call "wisdom") is generally three parts a free-thinker. Islam is of as little importance to him as Mosaism was to these "mockers" in the age of the Book of Proverbs. Both classes of Israelitish "wise men" agreed, however, in this, that they planted their moral teaching on the firm basis of experience; but, whereas the "scuffers" either ignored or denied the Jehovah of the true prophets, the true "wise men" (if the phrase may be used) were always respectful, and sometimes warm and hearty adherents of true religion. A great part of the Book of Proverbs may with justice be described as simply respectful to religion, but that glorious little treatise (Prov. 1-9), which now introduces the work, is colored by a religious emotion which the great prophets would not have disowned. The author of Prov. 1-9 adopts a more free and flowing style than was customary among the "wise men," who indeed were not, generally speaking, literati. He addresses by

preference the wealthier class, to which he seems himself to have belonged; and his favorite images are drawn from the life of the merchant. Evidently he lived in a prosperous age, when it was not difficult to receive the doctrine that outward prosperity attends the righteous. The exhortations to follow after wisdom are entirely based upon the assumption that the wise (and pious) man must also be prosperous. And yet there is evidence even in Prov. 1-9 of the ingress of scepticism, caused probably by some recent events in Israelitish history. In words which remind us of Psalms 37 and 73 the writer exclaims—

"Envy thou not the man of violence,
And have thou pleasure in none of his ways . . .
The curse of Jehovah is in the house of the ungodly,
But the habitation of the righteous He blesseth" (8 : 31-33);

and looking back from his haven of rest on the storms which had taken the Jewish state—

"Truly, whom Jehovah loveth, He correcteth
And as a father the son in whom He delighteth" (8 : 12).

There are such manifest resemblances of thought, of general style, and of phraseology between the "Book of Job" and the introduction to Proverbs, that we can hardly be wrong in supposing that they proceeded from the same circle. A comparison of the two works seems to me to warrant the conjecture that the latter is the older. The writer of "Job" has read and admired the Introduction to Proverbs, and this noble work is the channel through which the inspiring impulse reached his own mind. He heartily accepts the proverb-writer's doctrine of the Divine origin of true wisdom (see chap. 28); but God has revealed to him a deeper view of the problem of evil. The earlier writer had said that trouble is to be accepted thankfully as a paternal discipline. Sad experience, under a higher guidance, has taught the author of "Job" that this is not to be taken as unconditionally correct—that it is, in fact, but a fragment of the truth; and hence he puts the statement of Prov. 3 : 11, 12 into the mouth of one of Job's friends (Eliphaz), who, though pious and intense, was certainly narrow-minded in a degree, perhaps, proportionate to his admirable intensity. A doctrine which at one time had done good service as an expression of religious moral philosophy had now become an obstacle to faith, and needed widening. This widening was committed, in God's educative providence, to the author of "Job." His talent was not that of a prophet, but partly that of a moralist or "wise man," and partly that of a poet. Hence he makes the problem of the unmerited suffering of the righteous the subject of a reflective poem, with a slight dramatic tinge. He exchanges the vague treatment of the consulting moral physician for an imagina-

tive reproduction of concrete facts. There seems to have been an ancient tradition alluded to by Ezekiel (14 : 14, 20), of a righteous and much-tried man, whose name, like that of Priam among the Greeks, had become the symbol of immeasurable woe. This our poet adopted as the framework of a comprehensive discussion of his problem, at the same time imbuing it with a new and higher significance. And be it remarked in passing, that the treatment of this ancient tradition by the author of "Job" is a sufficient warrant for the illustrative use which Christian preachers make of the Old Testament narratives, infusing into them an even higher meaning than was possible to the author of "Job." The question which arose before the mind of the latter was this : How could it be that an innocent man like Job was overtaken by such an awful calamity ; and more than this, how can there be so large a class of innocent unfortunate ones consistently with the Divine righteousness ? For Job, like Dante in his pilgrimage, and like Goethe's Faust, has a twofold character, individual and typical. As an individual, he is one of the most striking figures of the Old Testament. He is not merely a patriarch in the already remote youth of the world, but the idealized portrait of the author himself. In the rhythmic swell of Job's passionate complaints, there is an echo of the heart-beats of a great poet and a great sufferer. The cry, "Perish the day in which I was born" (3 : 3), is a true expression of the first effects of some unrecorded sorrow. In the life-like description beginning "Oh that I were as in months of old" (29 : 2), the writer is thinking probably of his own happier days, before misfortune overtook him. Like Job (29 : 7, 21-25), he had sat in the "broad place" by the gate, and solved the doubts of perplexed clients. Like Job, he had maintained his position triumphantly against other wise men. He had a fellow-feeling with Job in the distressful passage through doubt to faith. Like Job (21 : 16), he had resisted the suggestion of practical atheism, and with the confession of his error (42 : 2-6), had recovered spiritual peace. But there is yet another aspect to the personality of the author of "Job"—his open eye and ear for the sights and lessons of external nature. He might have said with a better right than Goethe, "What I have not gained by learning I have by travel." He is such a one as Sirach describes (Ecclus. 39 : 4), "He will travel through strange countries, for he hath tried the good and the evil among men." From a wide observation of nature he derived the magnificent scenery—scenery, however, which is much more than scenery, for it furnishes important elements of his sacred philosophy. Not that the imagination is allowed to be inactive ; indeed, one may ask, Where in the Bible is the imagination allowed to be dormant, and would the Bible have conquered its place in the world's respect had it been otherwise ? No ; our

poet devoted his imagination, as his next precious offering, in the service of religion. For the full and free consideration of his subject, he felt that he required an absolutely clear medium, disengaged from the associations even of the true, the revealed religion. And is he not in this point also a warrant for the "apologetic" treatment to which we, like the author of "Job," though in other forms, are obliged to subject our religion? With a poet's tact, and with a true sympathy for doubters, he created an ideal medium in which hardly anything Israelitish is visible. The elements which he fused together came from the three countries with which he seems to have been best acquainted—Arabia, Judah, Egypt. From Arabia he takes the position which he assigns to Job, of a great agriculturist-chieftain. The stars of the Arabian sky must have deepened his unmistakable interest in astronomy (9 : 9; 38 : 31-33). Personal knowledge of caravan-life seems to have suggested that most touching figure which our own Cowper has so finely, though so inaccurately paraphrased (6 : 15-20). And the same desert regions doubtless inspired those splendid descriptions of the wild goat, the wild ass, and the horse (chap. 39), which extorted a tribute of admiration from the traveller Humboldt. But neither agricultural life alone nor the phenomena of the desert have furnished him with sufficient poetical material. He who would rise "to the height of this great argument" must have gained his experience of life on a more extensive and changeful theatre. From Judah, then, the poet borrows his picture of city-life, which presupposes a complex social organism, with kings, priests, judges, physicians, authors, and wise men. This description of the sessions of Job in the gate (chap. 29) is distinctly Judæan in character. It was the Nile valley, however, which supplied the most vivid colors to his palette. He is acquainted with the Nile and its papyrus-boats (9 : 26), with the plants which grow on its banks (8 : 11; 40 : 21), and with the habits of the two wonderful animals ("Behemoth," or the hippopotamus, and "the Leviathan," or the crocodile *), which frequent its banks (40 : 15; 41 : 34). He is no less familiar with mining operations (28 : 1-11), such as were practised since the earliest times by the Egyptians. But the author of "Job" is no mere observer of details. Phenomena are in his eyes but manifestations of the perfect and all-ruling but incomprehensible wisdom of God (chaps. 28, 38-41). "From us," a great preacher has said, "the wonder of these things [in too many of our moods] is gone. . . . We have entered the

* Such at least is the prevalent view of these animals. To M. Chabas, the Egyptologist, however, the descriptions seem to have a fabulous tinge, which contrasts with the accurate pictures of the desert animals. He also remarks that the Egyptians often represented animals which can never have existed out of wonderland. (*Études sur l'antiquité historique*, prem. éd., pp. 391-3.)

'way where light dwelleth,' and can name the incandescent chemicals from which it comes. The 'wild ass,' and the 'unicorn'—are they not stuffed in our museums? and in the nearest Zoological Gardens may you not see Behemoth in his reeds, 'moving his tail like a cedar'? But the author of 'Job' looked at the unicorn with an eye quickened by the thought of God: Orion and the Pleiades above, the forests and the torrents below, . . . the necks of the war-horses, the scales of Leviathan, are marvels in his eyes—the speaking fragments of an almighty life behind. From us the wonder of these things is gone." But the more we live ourselves into the Bible, and not least into the inspired and inspiring poem of "Job," the more the wonder comes back to us. "My father made them all." It is still the calming thought of a higher than human strength and wisdom—especially wisdom—in which the racked brains of both the ancient and the modern thinker can alone find repose. Certainly an intellectual solution of the problem of Providence was withheld as much from the Hebrew poet as from any of his successors.

But the author of "Job" tends constantly to rise above the sphere of individual life. He has an eye for political changes, which occur in the East with such startling rapidity:

CHAP. 12.
 5-19. "He leadeth counsellors away stripped,
 And maketh judges foolish;
 He looseth the belt of kings,
 And bindeth a cord upon their loins;
 He leadeth priests away stripped,
 And bringeth the firmly rooted to a fall" (12 : 15-19).

A still deeper impression has been made upon him by the hard lot of the poor, and the prosperity of the wicked rich:

CHAP. 13.
 1-12. "A land is given into the hand of a wicked man;
 The face of its judges he covereth;
 If not (He), who then is it?" (13 : 24).

And again he passionately asks,

CHAP. 21.
 7-17. "Why do the wicked live on,
 Become old, yea, mighty in power?" (21 : 7).

It must be clear to all that in such passages the hero has become a type of the righteous man suffering undeservedly. And this is confirmed by the numerous passages which are quite unsuitable for an individual, even when a sufferer like Job. His complaints are often really hyperbolic, and lower one's estimate both of himself and of his poet, unless we recognize the fact that he is a type of a class (hence those strange lapses, by which Job is made to use expressions suggestive of a plurality of persons, 17 : 1 ; 18 : 2, 3 ; 19 : 11 ; 27 : 11, 12), and—inasmuch as every righteous sufferer is a type of the ideal sufferer, and Job is a "representative man"—a

foreshadowing of the life and sufferings of the world's Saviour. Who can fail to have been struck by the repeated resemblances between the complaints of Job and those put into the mouth of pious sufferers by the Psalmist's? I have sought to show elsewhere that even a literary exegesis is not satisfied by the theory that these vehement complaints in the Psalms are the issue of personal troubles; and I may now state my conviction that the only way to rescue the credit of Job (his only *Ehrenrettung*, as our German friends would say) is to regard him as an unconscious prophet of Christ.

The truth is that the author was moved by a twofold impulse—a didactic one as well as a poetic. It may please him to assume the personality of Job, but he is supremely disregarding of what western critics call the unities of time and place. It is no mere Arabian emir who addresses us, nor are we expected to throw ourselves back in imagination into an age of intellectual simplicity. Relatively to us, indeed, the problem of "Job" may be a simple one: but relatively to the patriarchal age, it is highly subtle and complicated. From a purely literary point of view, the author of this wonderful work stands foremost among "psychological poets." He has drawn an unrivalled picture of a great character tested and refined by a vast calamity. He has also not indeed solved, nor even tried theoretically to solve, the problem of human suffering; but at least concentrated into a focus the data for its discussion, so far as they could be derived from the experience of his day. And since he has done this for the first time, and has thrown his thoughts into a peculiar and striking artistic form, his work is not only material for the literary historian, but a classic for all times.

T. K. CHEYNE, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

WODAN, THE WILD HUNTSMAN, AND THE WANDERING JEW

I.

If the science of comparative mythology had no other use, it would still be valuable as a means of overthrowing prejudice and dispersing the dark clouds of an antiquated bigotry. In this sense it may, even in our so-called enlightened age, not be out of place to show how the tale of the "Wandering Jew," with whose image so many ideas of religious odiousness are connected, has, after all, mainly arisen from the gradual transfiguration of a heathen divine form, not lacking in grandeur of conception, which originally and properly belongs to the creed of our own Germanic forefathers.

Of similar curious transfigurations for the worse, more than one can be proved. I need only refer to the popular custom, still prevailing in several parts of Germany and the Scandinavian North, of the so-called "Burning of Judas" about Easter-time. It is instructive to trace out the upgrowth of this much-relished ceremony, which seems to have naturally originated from Christianity, while in truth it can be clearly fathered back to a perversion of an early heathen idea, in which undoubtedly some crude philosophical views of cosmogony had once been embodied. A few indications will render this apparent.

Among the pagan Teutonic tribes, as among most ancient nations, the universe was thought to have been slowly and gradually evolved from an aboriginal state of chaos, out of which there came first a race of giants, called *Jötun* in the Germanic North; and then only a race of gods. The gods had to wage war against the giants, and finally vanquished them. In all likelihood the Titans represented torpid, barren nature; the gods, the powers of life which struggle into shapely form. It is an idea of evolution, only in anthropomorphic symbolism, such as mankind everywhere has been fond of in its attempts at guessing the great riddle of the world.

Now a custom once existed, without doubt, in accordance with the semi-dramatic bent of all early religions, of celebrating this divine victory over the uncouth *Jötun* by a festival, when a giant doll was carried round in Guy Fawkes manner, to be finally burned. To this day there are traces of this heathen rite, but unfortunately mixed up now with a great deal of religious acrimony, owing to that misunderstanding of obsolete words which plays so large a part in the metamorphosis of myths. The rite is still performed, as it unquestionably was of yore, in Spring—about Easter, which is named after the German goddess of Spring, Eostre, or Ostara—that is to say, at a time of the year when torpid nature awakes into shapely forms. The doll is still burned; only, it is called "Judas." These "*Judas-fires*" evidently have their origin in the *Jötun*-or giant-burning. The transition from one word to the other was an easy one. In some places the people, misled by a further transmutation of ideas and words, run about, wildly shouting: "Burn the old Jew! Burn the old Jew!"

The *Jötun*, in fact, has been converted into a Judas, and then into a Jew. And so a pagan superstition serves, in what is called a Christian age of the religion of love, for the maintenance of an unjust prejudice against an inoffensive class of fellow-citizens.

Similar pranks of religious animosity have been played with the name of a Germanic elf-spirit, who seems to be a diminished dwarf form of Wodan, or Odin, the Great God with the Broad Hat. His broad hat symbolizes the canopy of heaven. The elf-spirit is

therefore naturally called by a diminutive expression, *Hütchen*, Little Hat, or Hattikin. At the same time a general name for evitable elfin spirits is in Germany *Gütchen*, Goody-ones, ~~and~~ *Minne* which originally may also have arisen from that of Wodan; who in a Longobardic form is called Gwodan; in a Frankish form Godan; whence the Godesberg, near Bonn.

The *Gütchen*, or *Gütel*, are supposed in the folk-tales to be fond of playing with children. For this reason playthings are left about the house for the elfin visitors, so that they may amuse themselves and be less constantly about the children; the parents not quite liking a constant intercourse. This seems all very harmless so far as it goes, though not in accordance with common-sense. But, unfortunately, when mothers or nurses found that children's sleep was often disturbed, they began to bear a grudge to the spirits; and then a slight change in the name of the elfin took place. From *Hütchen*, *Gütchen*, or *Gütel*, they were converted into *Jüden* and *Jüdel*—little Jews! Then stories arose of the "little Jews" vexing the helpless children, of inflicting red pustules upon their rosy faces, even of burning them. Frolicsome house-gnomes of the heathen Teutonic religion suddenly became demoniacal spirits of an "accursed race," and the flame of fanaticism was lustily fed.

We all know, alas! what deeds such fanaticism is capable of doing. The history of the Middle Ages bears fearful witness to the inhuman character of this religious animosity. A single quotation may suffice. It is taken from Matthæus Parisiensis, a writer, who also records for the first time the story of the "Wandering Jew."

Many people in England—the author in question writes in his "Historia Major"—who were about (in the reign of Richard I., in 1190) to make the voyage to Jerusalem, resolved first to rise against the Jews. All Jews that were found in their houses at Norwich were massacred by the Crusaders. So, also, those at Stamford and at St. Edmunds. At York, five hundred Jews, not counting the little children and the women, locked themselves up in the Tower with the consent of the governor and the castellan, from fear of an intended rising of the populace. On the Jews offering a sum of money as a ransom for safety, the people rejected the proposition. Then one of the Israelites, learned in the law, advised his co-religionists that it would be better to die for their law than to fall into the hands of the enemy. Upon this, each Jew in the Tower provided himself with a sharp knife to cut the neck of his wife, of his sons and daughters: then, throwing down the blood-dripping heads upon the Christians, the survivors set fire to the citadel, burning themselves and the remnant of the corpses together with the King's Palace. On their part, the inhabitants and the soldiers

burned down all the houses of the Jews, dividing their treasure among themselves.

So Matthæus Parisiensis, who also mentions the tale of the Wandering Jew—a tale illustrated in our time by Gustave Doré in a manner calculated to leave no doubt upon the beholder that Ahasverus expiates the cruelty he is said to have shown to Jesus when the latter was bearing his cross to Golgotha. Yet, like the Judas-fires and the *Jidel* tale, the story of the restless Ahasverus is also moulded upon a figure of the heathen Germanic creed.

II.

This point has been made out by eminent authorities in Teutonic mythology. In the following pages I intend supplementing and grouping together the scattered evidence, adding here and there some fresh points and suggestions.

By way of comparison, it will be useful first to bring to recollection that legends about men living on forever are to be found among various nations of the East. Biblical personages, like Enoch and Elias, have thus been used in Oriental folk-lore for the purpose of a myth symbolizing eternal existence. Similar ideas are personified in fabulous accounts founded on the epic "*Schah-nameh*" of the Persian poet Firdusi, as well as in legends of Mohammedan Arabs.

It is not to be denied that these Oriental fictions may, in some cases, have served to influence European folk-tales. The Crusades, indeed, brought about a great intermixture of thought between the East and the West. At the same time, we find on western soil such strongly marked typical figures of Teutonic fancy—bearing so thoroughly, in their characteristics and their attributes, a likeness to the forms of the decayed creed of the Germanic heathens—that we cannot but believe them to be entirely of native growth, and to have served even as moulds in which some legends of apparently Christian origin were cast.

Thus, in Germany, there is the tale of the "Eternal Huntsman," in some parts of the country called Haketbernd, or Haketberg—evidently a mythic creation dating from the time of the Asa religion of our forefathers. There is the tale of the "Eternal Waggoner," Hotemann, chiefly to be met with among the descendants of the Nether Saxons, who, among all the tribes of Germany proper, held out longest in their Wodan worship against the conquering and Christianizing policy of the Frankish Emperor Karl the Great. There is, further, the curious tale of a "Flying Seafarer," which Richard Wagner, who has treated so many subjects of national mythology, has used for a well-known operatic text. To the same cycle of myths is attributed the tale of the *Boige Jude*, or "Eternal Jew."

The thesis is, that the Wandering Jew has been evolved, as regards the main component parts of his individuality in Germany, from the figure of the Wild Huntsman, who himself is probably a later mask of the chief Teutonic deity Wodan, or Odin, after the latter had been deposed from his high status through the spread of Christianity. In proof of this thesis it can certainly be shown—

1. That there are German tales of the Wild Huntsman, accounting for his forced peregrinations, *in which no Jew whatever is mentioned*, though an alleged insult offered to Christ forms a part of the myth.

2. That these same tales repose on an essentially heathen basis; so much so, that the Wild Huntsman, who restlessly wanders about as an expiation for some insult committed against Christ, is actually *identified with a horseflesh-eating race*, as the ancient Germans and Scandinavians are known to have been.

3. That in various German tales the "Eternal Huntsman" and the "Eternal Jew" are said *to be the same person*.

4. That several chief attributes of the Wild Huntsman and the Wandering Jew are the same, and that, to all appearance, there has been even a similar word-transmutation, as in the case of *Jörun* into Judas, and of *Güchen* into *Jüdchen*.

III.

Before approaching the German myth of the Wandering Jew, it will be well to cast a glance at the character of the god upon whom his figure is now assumed to have been modelled.

Odin or Wodan, the Spirit of the Universe, was conceived by our forefathers as a great wanderer. His very name describes him as the All-pervading. *Watan* in Old High German, *wadan* in Old Saxon, and *vadha*, in Old Norse, are of the same root as the Latin *vadere* and (with the introduction of a nasal sound) the German *wandern*—to go, to permeate, to wander about. Wodan is the Breath of the World; his voice is in the rushing wind. Restlessly he travels through all lands. The Sanskrit *vdāta*, which etymologically belongs to the same root, signifies the wind; and the wind, in that early Aryan tongue, is also called "the Ever Travelling."

Hence several of the many names under which Odin was known represent him as being forever on the move. In the poetic Edda he is called Gangradr; Gangleri (still preserved in the Scottish "gangrel"—that is, a stroller); and Wegtam—all meaning the Wayfarer. In one of the Eddic songs, in which he appears incarnated as Grímnir, he wears a blue mantle—a symbolic representation of the sky, of which he is the lord, and along which he incessantly travels. In the prose Edda, where his image is reflected, in the "Incantation of Gylfi," under the guise of a man who makes

inquiries about all things in the Heavenly Hall of Asgard, he assumes a name meaning "The Wayfarer." He there says that he "comes from a pathless distance," and asks "for a night's lodging"—exactly as, in later times, we find the Wandering Jew saying, and asking for, the same.

In the Icelandic *Heimskringla* (the "World Circle") the semi-historical, semi-mythical Odin, whose realm lay near the Black Sea, and who ruled in company with twelve temple-priests, called *Djar* (that is, gods, or divines), again appears as a great migratory warrior. He was "often away for years, wandering through many lands." The story of this powerful captain in war, who led the Germanic hosts from Asia or Asa-land, through Gardariki (Russia) and Saxon-land (Germany) to the Scandinavian North, is inextricably mixed up with the story of the Odin of mythology. But it is noteworthy that a restless, peregrinatory spirit—that spirit which, later on, made the Teutonic tribes overrun all Europe, and even the North of Africa—is also the characteristic of the warlike leader of the Icelandic hero-chronicle.

Saxo calls Odin the *viator indefessus*—the Indefatigable Wanderer. The Northern Sagas are full of the records of his many journeys. In the Ragnar Lodbrog Saga, however, we see Odin already changed into a gray-headed pilgrim, with long beard, broad hat, and nail-clad shoes, pointing out the paths to Rome. The broad hat, everywhere characterizes the great god in Teutonic lands. It signifies the cloud region—the head-dress, as it were, of the earth. In many Germanic tales, the once powerful ruler of the world wears a motley mantle of many colors pieced together. This seemingly undignified garment is but another symbolic rendering of the spotted sky.

Now the motley, many-colored mantle, as well as the enormous broad hat and the heavy shoes of the Wandering Wodan, recur, on the one hand, in the curious shirt of St. Christophorus, and, on the other, in two of the chief attributes of the Wandering Jew. The coincidence is so striking, that Gotthard Heidegger already declared, at a time when the science of mythology was little developed yet, that "the great Christophorus and the Wandering Jew go together." At present, little doubt is entertained that, so far as the Church legend is concerned in Germanic countries, Christophorus carrying the Saviour over the water has replaced the older heathen tale of the giant Wate carrying Wieland over the water. Curiously enough, this tale has its prototype in a Krishna legend in India. Wate, as even his name shows, was only a Titanic counterpart of Wodan, who himself appears in the Aryan religion also under the form of a water-god, or Neptune.

But before going into a comparison between the symbolical attributes of the errant Ahasverus and those of Germanic deities, the

tale of the Wild Huntsman has to be looked at, for he is the link between Wodan and the Wandering Jew.

IV.

This tale of the Wild Huntsman is found all over Germany, and in neighboring countries where the German race has penetrated during the migrations, in an endless variety of forms. Wodan-Odin was the Psychopompos, the leader of the departed into Val-halla. The Wild Huntsman, who has taken his place, careers along the sky with his ghostly retinue. In the same way Freia, who in heathen times received a number of the dead in her heavenly abode, is converted into a Wild Huntress, who hurries round at night with the unfortunate souls.

The names given in Germany to these spectral leaders of a nocturnal devilry bear a mark which cannot be mistaken. In German-Austria the Wild Huntsman is called Wotn, Wut, or Wode; in Holstein, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania, Wod. The name corresponds to that of the Wild Huntsman in Sweden, where it is Oden. In the same way a female leader of the Wild Chase meets us as Frau Wode, Gode, or Gauden; again, as Frick, Berchta, Holla, Hera, Herka, or, biblically changed, Herodias; all the former names, with the apparent exception of the latter, being but appellatives of the same heathen goddess. To the seemingly biblical name of Herodias, in some places a male Herodis corresponds. But I hold that a Hera, Odin's wife, could without difficulty be formed into a Herodias. And an Oden, who was a *Heer-Vater* (Father of the Armed Hosts), and who afterward became a leader of the *Wilde Heer*, was as easily disguised into a Herodis.

In some Westphalian tales, the Great Wanderer, World-Runner, and Wild Huntsman appears as "Rodes." Undoubtedly, this is a corruption from Rodso, or Hruodso—the Glorious—one of the appellatives of the great god who still goes about, in German Christmas mummeries, as Knecht Ruprecht—that is, Hruodperaht, or Resplendent-in-Glory. From "Rodes" the name is, in other Westphalian tales, also changed into Herodes.

Beda relates that March, among the Anglo-Saxons, was called Rhedmonath, because they sacrificed in that month to their goddess Rheda. In a rhymed chronicle of Appenzell, in Switzerland—where the old German names of the calendar months have tenaciously kept their ground—March still appears as "Redimonat." So also we find "Retmonat" in Chorion's *Ehrenkranz der deutschen Sprach*, published at Strassburg in 1644. Rheda, in Old High German, would be Hruoda; and a female name of that kind is indeed preserved in old documents. It fully corresponds to Wodan's appellative Hruodso. Now from Hruoda, too, the transition to Herodias was easy. As to Oden having been in Germany—even as in

the Scandinavian North—a current form of the god's name, besides that of Wodan, there cannot be any doubt. It is testified to by the name of the Oden-Wald, or Oden's Forest, in Southern Germany. And there, again, we meet with the Wild Huntsman as the "Rodensteiner," reminding us of the North German "Rodea." The chain of mythological evidence is thus complete.

Hakelbernd is a further name of the Wild Huntsman in North-western Germany. Grimm identifies it as Hakol-berand—that is, the bearer or wearer of the *hökull*, the mantle or armor; in other words, Wodan with the Mantle. From "Hakelbernd" the name has, here and there, been changed into a Squire Hackelberg. In the neighborhood of Hildesheim, this spectral leader of a wild chase is said to make his great world-journey "every seven years." Seven is a sacred number in Teutonic mythology, as in that of many other nations. The Edda is full of allusions to the mystic number; so are the German *Märchen*. When Hackelberg chases, he can be heard for many miles "rattling with his shoes." This same wandering spook has an oak forest and a mountain that are named after him—a remarkable coincidence with the South German tale of the forest-hunting and hill-enchanted Wandering Jew, of whom I shall have to say more by and by. The shoes also play a considerable part in the myth of Ahasverus.

V.

At winter solstice time, the chief Teutonic deities were supposed to go or ride about in stately procession. Hence the Wild Huntsman chases in the woods chiefly in the nights during Advent time. In Southern Germany, besides the names mentioned, he also bears the appellation of the Giant Huntsman—the great god having become a Titan; of the Hunter Ruprecht—i.e., of Wodan-Hruodperant; of the Hunter Hans—probably not from the German form of Johannes, but from *Ans* or *As*—that is, God; and of the Fiery Huntsman. The latter designation is quite in consonance with the original character of the Asa Creed—a Fire Religion, as distinguished from the Vana or Water Cult. Yet, in other Swabian localities the Wild Huntsman, very curiously, is called the "Neck." By this name we are openly led back, in my opinion, to that remarkable Vana religion which was once essentially the creed of the Swabian or Suevian race, at the time when it dwelt near the shores of the Baltic and of the German Ocean. Neck is a water-spirit. It is, in many Teutonic languages, but another form of Nix; and Odin, as Nikor or Nikudr, was a father of the Nixes or Nikses, and a Ruler of the Sea, like Poseidon, the Zeus of the Sea.

A further Swabian name of the Wild Huntsman is the Little

World Hunter—or *Wells-Jägerle*, the Swabians being extremely fond of caressing diminutives. By soft mispronunciation this name is sometimes changed into *Weltsch-Jägerle*, when, by dropping the "t," the idea arises that the spectre is a Welsh (or foreign) hunter! It is noteworthy that, in most of these tales, he rides on a gray or white horse. It is the white or gray horse of Odin—again the symbol of the sky.

Strangely enough, a Swabian tale says that the horse of the Wild Huntsman, or Neck, "has been fetched from the sea"—an extraordinary idea among an inland-dwelling people, whose largest sheet of water is the Lake of Constance. Evidently the sea-born stallion is a recollection from the time long gone by, when the Swabian tribe dwelt near the sea-shore. In the same South German tale it is said, by way of explaining the color of the steed of the Wild Hunter, that "a gray horse is a noble animal, because it has the color of heaven; in hell, therefore, there are only black steeds." So the Wild Huntsman, after all, is not of hellish extraction! In truth, he is but a travestied god.

Primitive races have often looked upon the sky as a cloud-sea or heavenly ocean. Hence the apparent contradiction between the maritime origin and the celestial characteristics of the horse of the Wild Hunter is no contradiction at all. In the Swabian tale he rides with his steed "through the air, over the earth, and through the water"—a conception quite Eddic in tone. He is therefore sometimes called the Rider, or the Roarer—a good designation for a storm-god. And he has a broad-brimmed hat, like Wodan, which, when left on the ground, nobody can raise, for it then becomes like a stone. The lowering cloud cannot be raised by the hand of man.

Again, we hear the Wild Huntsman spoken of in Southern Germany as the *Schimmel-Reiter*, the Rider on the White Horse. It is the well-known color of Wodan-Odin's steed. Now and then the Wild Hunter, however, stalks about on foot, with a hammer hanging at his side by a leather strap. With this hammer he knocks in the forest. The God of Thunder, whose symbol the hammer was, seems here to be mixed up with the figure of Wodan. As to the Wild Chase being Wodan's Host of the Departed Spirits, this fact comes out also in the name of *Wute's Heer*—Wodan's Army. The *Wute's Heer*—sometimes pronounced *Muotes Heer*—is occasionally abbreviated into "'s Wuotas;" softer, "'s Muotas." Or it is made into a *Wüthendes Heer*, a Raging Host—another easy transition, even etymologically speaking; for *Wuth* (that is, all-pervading spirit and passion, or rage) comes from the same root as the name of Wodan.

The Wild Chase is said to career along the Milky Way. It is Wodan's and Freia's well-known path. Germanic warriors, who

boasted of Divine descent—as, for instance, Orry, the conqueror of the Isle of Man—therefore asserted that they had come from the Milky Way. A large fish is said to fly in front of the Wild Chase. It seems to me to point to Odin's character as a chief water-deity, or to that early Vana-cult which, after a struggle mentioned in the Edda, was merged in the Asa Religion—when the Water, Sun and Love-Goddess Freyja, together with her nearest relations, was taken over into Asgard as a hostage. The Germanic race, too, has its wave-born Aphrodite.

Saxo describes Odin as riding on a white horse, covered with a white shield. In German tales of the sixteenth century, Berchtoald—the male form of Berchta, that is, of Freia, the consort of Wodan—appears at the head of the Wild Chase, dressed in white, on a white horse, the pack of dogs being even of white color. It is still the typification of the sky with which the celestial rulers are originally identical, as has been proved from Vedic, Greek, and Norse names of gods.

This white or gray horse (*Schimmel*, or *Grau-Schimmel*) again occurs in a Saxon tale of the Meissen district, which describes Hans Jagenteufel—the *Ans*, *As*, or god who has been “devilled” into a ghostly huntsman—as careering through the forest in a long gray coat, on a gray horse. Thus he roves and raves about until the crack of doom. The New Faith, in fact, could not do without this degraded form of the Old Faith. It positively wanted it as a foil and counterfoil—as something to be kept in the background; to be continually abjured; and yet to be believed in with a shudder, lest the seal of the faithful should grow weak, if all danger of the return of the “old devilry” were removed. At the same time, however, the Wild Huntsman and his retinue were often represented as being decapitated forms, carrying their heads under the arm. The new religion struck at the head of the old creed, exhibiting it only as a horrid example.

VI.

But it is time to return to that restless son of Israel who is also used as such a horrid example.

Perhaps one of the clearest proofs of the phantom figure of the Wandering Jew having been grafted upon that of the great Wanderer and World-Hunter, Wodan, is to be found in a tale of the Harz Mountains. There it is said the Wild Huntsman careers “over the seven mountain-towns every seven years.” The reason given for his ceaseless wanderings is, that “he would not allow Our Lord Jesus Christ to quench his thirst at a river, nor at a water-trough for cattle, from both of which he drove him away, telling him that he ought to drink from a horse-pond.” For this reason the Wild Huntsman must wander about forever, and feed upon

horse-flesh. And whoever calls out after him when his ghastly chase comes by will see the Wild Huntsman turn round, and be compelled by him to eat horse-flesh too.

No allusion whatever is made, in this tale, to a Jew, though the name of Christ is pressed into it in a way very like the Aheverns legend. We seem to get here a mythic rendering of the struggle between the old Germanic faith and the Christian religion. The "horse-pond" and the "horse-flesh" are, to all appearance, typical references to our horse-whipping,* horse-sacrificing, horse-flesh-eating forefathers, who came to Britain under the leadership of Hengist and Horsa. To call out wantonly after the Eternal Huntsman entails the danger of being forced by him to eat horse-flesh—that is, to return to the old creed. The holy supper of the Teutonic tribes consisted of horse-flesh and mead. When Christianity came in, the eating of horse-flesh was abolished as a heathen custom. But at German witches' banquets—in other words, at secret festive ceremonies in which the pagan traditions were still kept up—there continued for a long time a custom of drinking from horse-shells. In order to fully understand this custom, it ought to be remembered that both Odin and the horse which he gave as a gift to Sigurd were called Grani, which certainly means "him with the mane." (The Goths called their long locks *grans*. In the Nether German "Reynard the Fox," the bristles over the mouths of animals are designated by the same word. The beard of corn-ears is still called *Grannen* in German.)

I have no doubt that Germanic deities were at one time adored in the shape of animals, even as among nations so advanced in culture as the Hindoo and the Egyptians. Well may Odin-Wodan therefore have once been worshipped as a long-maned horse, or Grani; and this would all the more explain the high veneration in which the presages by the horse were held.

Thus the Harz tale of the horse-flesh-eating Wild Hunter and his septennial wanderings is a manifest link between the heathen

* Tacitus' *Germania*, x.: "They are also in the habit of interrogating the voice and the flight of birds; and it is their peculiar custom to take counsel by means of presages and monitions from horses. In their woods and groves, white horses, not to be put to any work for mortal man, are kept at public cost. Attached to the sacred car they are accompanied, on foot, by the priest and the king, or by some other head of the community, who observe their neighing and snorting. No other kind of augury enjoys greater confidence, not only among the people, but also among the chieftains and the priests. These, indeed, look upon themselves as ministers of the gods, but upon the horses as beings initiated into the divine will."

In the second lay of Gudrun, in the *Edda*, a consultation of the horse is also mentioned. It refers to the death of Sigurd:

Weeping I went	to talk to Grani;
With wetted cheek	I prayed the steed to tell.
Then Grani his head	bowed down in the grass;
Well knew the steed	that his master was dead.

mythology and the Christianized Ahasverus legend. A further link is to be found in a folk-tale of Southern Germany.

At Röttenberg, and other places in Swabia, as well as in the Black Forest, in Baden, people say that the "Everlasting Hunter" (*der ewige Jäger*) is the same person as the "Everlasting Jew" (*der ewige Jude*). Both expressions are actually used there as identical. Of the Everlasting Jew it is fabled that he possesses a groat in his pocket, which never fails him, howsoever often he may spend it. This peculiarity strongly reminds us of similar "wishing things," or exhaustless treasures of the great Germanic god, one of whose names was Oski, or Wunsch—that is, Wish.

Again, there goes a tale at Bretten, in Baden, that a forest in that neighborhood is haunted by the Wandering Jew. It is a curious abode for a migrating son of Israel. The representative of a race which is nowhere held to have any romantic attachment to the woods, such as the Teutonic nations are known to feel, is thus localized in a manner perfectly fitting the wraith of the Storm-god, who has been transmuted into a Leader of the Wild Chase.

Besides Wodan, lingering recollections of another heathen deity seem to have contributed to the formation of the figure of the Wandering Jew. The heavy shoes of the latter are said, in some tales, to be "made up of a hundred pieces—the very masterpiece of a cobbler's painstaking cleverness." This strongly brings to recollection the colossal shoe of a Germanic god who represents the eternal Imperishableness of Nature—namely, of the Eddic Vidar. It was considered a religious duty for all men in the North to collect, during their lifetime, for sacrificial purposes, as it were, the leather stripes which they cut off from the parts of the shoe where the heels and toes are.* In this manner an immense shoe was to be gradually formed for Vidar, so that, when at the End of All Things he has to battle with the wolf Fenrir, he should be well protected in trying with his foot to open the jaws of that monstrous beast.

Vidar is the symbol of an everlasting force. After the great overthrow of gods and men, when the world is renewed, he still lives. Vidar's name means the Renewer—him who makes the world again; from Gothic, *vittra*; German, *wieder*. Ahasverus, the Everlasting, with his many-pieced heavy shoes, is, at all events, a curious counterpart of Vidar.

Why the name of "Ahasverus," which is that of Persian and Median kings, should have been chosen for the Wandering Jew, who, significantly enough, is said to have been a shoemaker, has baffled the interpreters of the myth. The name may have arisen

* In ancient times, Germanic shoes appear, sandal-like, to have been open at the heel and toe; which, from a sanitary point of view, was certainly the better arrangement.

from a learned whim; indeed, among the common German people, it does not occur. In our folk-tales the mythical figure is only known as the *Hoige Jude*, and, as before shown, is often looked upon as identical with the *Hoige Jäger*. Of Vidar with the Shoe no trace has apparently been preserved in Germany. This, however, is no proof that a corresponding deity may not once have been believed in among us. A great deal of German mythology has been lost by the disfavor of time. Yet, unexpected finds—as, for instance, in the case of the Merseburg Spell-song, or of the discovery of the name “Friga-Holda” in a Latin document of the Gothic epoch of Spain—have repeatedly shown how much identity there was between the creed of a Scandinavian and the German Teutons.

If an “As-Vidar” (God Vidar) has once been believed in in Germany, it would not require too great an effort of the imagination to assume that by a lengthening of the word “As,”* and by a contraction of “Vidar,” the name might have been changed into *Ahasver*. *Wieder*, in some German dialects, is contracted into *wier* or *wer*. An *As-Wer*, or *Ahasver*, could thus be easily formed. I throw out this hint as the merest indication of a possibility. The thesis of a gradual engrafting of the image of the Wandering Jew upon the form of a German deity does not want that support. It fully stands by itself.

VII.

There is another name of the Wandering Jew which is held to have possibly an affinity with the Teutonic circle of gods. In a Latinized form it occurs, in Boulanger's *Historia sui Temporis*, as “Büttadens.”

“Butta” is, by some writers on Germanic mythology, assumed to point to Wodan—to be only another pronunciation of the name name by the law of letter-change. And indeed we find, in Germanic tales, the wife of the great god Perchta or Bertha—which is one of the cognomens of Freia-Holda—called *Pudel-Mutter*; and various ghost-like apparitions in German villages designated as *Dorf-Pudel*. Originally, this has, no doubt, nothing to do with the spectral dog in *Parist*. Remembering the present meaning of *Pudel* (poodle) in German, the word *Pudel-Mutter* looks like a tremendous and a most laughable descent from a divine status. But the fall is not greater—to give but one instance out of a thousand—than that from *Cour du Roi* to Cowderoy, when the cow takes the precedence of the king.

We have seen Odin changed, in a northern saga, into a pilgrim

* The Oening mountain, Osnabrück, the “Oanswald” figure formed by Bavarian reapers from the last sheaf, and many names like Oswald, Osbrecht, etc., testify to the Asa name having been also that of German gods.

pointing out the paths to Rome. No wonder we should meet with a mythic figure, in Swiss tales, called "The Pilgrim from Rome," who is dressed in corresponding garments, and who has the broad hat, the large mantle, and the heavy iron-sheeted shoes common to the Germanic deities mentioned, as well as to the "Wandering Jew" *without, however, bearing that latter name.*

Yet close by the locality where this tale is current in Switzerland, we find the same figure again called the *Ewige Jude*—namely, in parishes where there are Jewish communities, as well as in the Frick valley, which is mainly inhabited by Roman Catholics. To all evidence, religious antipathy has colored the myth in these latter localities. The Wanderer, or gray-headed, broad-hatted pilgrim, was converted into a Jew, for the sake of pointing a moral and adorning a tale of bigotry.

The gradual transition from the heathen Germanic circle of ideas to the Christian legend is provable in many other ways. On Swiss and German soil, in places of close proximity, the same phantom form is alternately called the Eternal Hunter and the Eternal Jew, as well as the Pilgrim from Rome, or the Wandering Pilate. In the last-mentioned form, he is assigned a local habitation in the Pilatus Mountain of Switzerland. It is a well-known process of Germanic mythology to "enmountain," if I may say so, the deposed heathen gods, to charm them away into hills and underground caves, where they are converted into kings and emperors, often with a retinue of twelve men, corresponding to the duodecimal number of the deities.

A forest-haunting or hill-enchanted Jew has clearly no meaning. But if the *Jude* was originally a Wodan, Godan, or Gudan—and, indeed, there is a Frankish form of the god's appellation, from which the Godesberg, near Bonn, has its name—then the mystery is at once dissolved. Godan may, by softer pronunciation, have been changed into a *Jude* or Jew—even as the "*Gütchen*," the German spirit forms, were converted into *Jüdchen*, or little Jews.

Where the Wanderer is known, in the Aargau, as the *Ewige Jude*, it is related that in the inn where he asks for a night's lodging he does not go to bed, but walks about, without rest, in his room during the whole night, and then leaves in the morning. He once stated that, when for the first time he came to that Rhenish corner where Basel stands at present, there was nothing but a dark forest of black fir. On his second journey he found there a large copse of thorn-bushes; on his third, a town, rent by an earthquake. If—he added—he comes the same way a third time, one would have to go for miles and miles, in order to find even as much as little twigs for making a besom.

The immense age and everlastingness of the Wanderer are fully indicated in this description.

At Bern, he is said to have, on one occasion, left his staff and his shoes. In a "History of the Jews in Switzerland" (Basle, 1768), the Zurich clergyman, Ulrich, reports that in the Government Library at Berne a precious relic is preserved—namely, the aforesaid staff and a pair of shoes of the "Eternal, Immortal Jew;" the shoes being "uncommonly large and made of a hundred snips—a shoemaker's masterpiece, because patched together with the utmost labor, diligence, and cleverness out of so many shreds of leather." Evidently some impostor—who, however, kept up to the floating ideas of the old Germanic myth, which had grown into a Christian legend—had thought fit, in order to maintain his assumed character, to present the town of Bern, as it were, with a diminished fac-simile of Vidar's shoe.

At Ulm, also, the Wandering Jew is said to have left a pair of his shoes. This persistent connection of a decayed divine figure with shoes and the cobbler's craft comes out in a number of tales about the Wild Huntsman. In Northern Germany, one of the many forms of the *Ewig-Jäger* is called Schlorf-Hanker—a ghastly figure in rattling shoes or slippers that jumps pick-a-back upon men's shoulders. In Glarus, the departed spirits of the Wild Chase are actually called "Shoemakers," as if they had been contributors to Vidar's shoe. A full explanation of this symbolism—for it can be nothing else—is still wanting. But the importance of the shoe, both in the Germanic creed and in the Ahasverus legend, is undeniable, and it clearly forms a thread of connection between the two circles of mythology.

VIII.

When the real meaning of a myth is lost, popular fancy always tries to construct some new explanation. Even at a seat of English learning, the old Germanic Yule-tide custom of the Boar's Head Dinner—originally a holy supper of the heathen Teutons—is interpreted now as a festive commemoration of the miraculous escape of an Oxford student from the tasks of a bristly quadruped. Nothing can be made out more clearly than that the banquet in question is the remnant of a sacrificial ceremony once held in honor of Fro, or Freyr, the God of Light, whose symbol and sacred animal was the sun-boar, and who was pre-eminently worshipped at winter solstice. But how few there are, even among the most learned, who know this simple fact, or who have ever been startled by the palpable impossibility of the modernizing explanation of the Boar's Head Dinner!

We cannot wonder, therefore, that the restless chasing of the Wild Huntsman—though he still bears here and there the name of Wotn, or Wodan, and though he be replaced in other districts

by a Wild Huntress, who is called after one of the names of Wodan's consort—should be explained now as the expiation of the crime of hunting on a Sunday, committed by some nobleman or squire in defiance of the orders of the Church. The details of this Christianizing explanation vary in every locality. Men are always ready to explain, off-hand, that which they do not understand in the least. Yet the great heathen Germanic traits of the Wild Chase are preserved without change in places lying far asunder. In the same way there has been a Boar's Head Dinner, until a comparatively recent time, in more places than one in England; and at Court there is still, at Christmas, a diminished survival of the custom. But only at Oxford the impossible story of the student is told.

So, also, there are different tales accounting for the peregrinations of that mythic figure which is variously known as the horse-flesh-eating Eternal Hunter who insulted Christ, as the Pilgrim from Rome, as Pilatus the Wanderer, as the Hill-enchanted and Forest-haunting Jew, as Ahasver, Buttadeus, and so forth. But again, the chief characteristics of the Restless Wanderer remain everywhere the same; and in not a few districts this form is inextricably mixed up with that of the Wild Huntsman, who also dwells in a hill and haunts a forest, and whose Wodan or Godan name may in Germany have facilitated the transition to a *Jude*.

When we keep these things in mind, we shall see how useful it is to study the creed of our forefathers as a means of dispelling the dark shadows of present bigotry. Such fuller knowledge of a collapsed circle of ideas which often show so remarkable a contact with the Vedic religion, enables us to enjoy, as a weird poetical conception, that which otherwise would only strike us as the superstition of a contemptible religious fanaticism. For all times to come, a Great Breath, a *Mahan Atma*, will rustle through the leaves, rage across hill and dale, and stir river and sea with mighty motion. In so far, there will never be a lack of an Eternal Wanderer. If we understand the myth in this natural sense, a curse will be removed; a feeling of relief will be created in bosoms yet heavily burdened with prejudices; and evidence will have been furnished that a grain of sense, however laid with absurdities, is often to be found in cruel fancies in which the human mind seems to have gone most wildly astray.

KARL BLIND, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE DECLINE OF THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY SYSTEM.

Among the questions most canvassed by those who are connected with university education in its various forms in this country, that of the relative merits of the English and German systems holds a prominent position. On few questions are bolder assertions made than on this, and that by those who have either no acquaintance at all, or at most a merely superficial one, with the working of the Continental system in its own home. The experience gained by a prolonged residence as a student at one of the most celebrated of the smaller German universities—as yet little frequented by Englishmen or Americans, and exhibiting the old system in its purest form—combined with that intercourse with the teachers which the standing afforded by a regular position in an English university renders possible, emboldens the writer to think that some of the impressions collected during such period of residence may prove not uninteresting to the general reader.

It will doubtless astonish many of those who look with dismay on the present state of transition at Oxford and Cambridge to be told that the German universities are passing through a similar period of change. Yet this is certainly true. Just at present, by virtue of recent legislation, they are being brought much more under the complete control of the central government than has hitherto been the case. The general impression in England seems to be that their position has always been that of immediate subordination to the state. This is simply not true, except in so far as they have been so regulated from without as to constitute a mere basis for one stage of the system of graduated education which is carried to perfection throughout Germany. Within many of the smaller universities, until last year, there existed a kind of academic jurisdiction not altogether dissimilar to that of the University of Oxford. A sort of proctorial power was exercised by the bedells, and as a rule students were amenable only to the university courts for offences committed within the town. University prisons existed, and in some cases a tribunal similar to that known as the Vice-Chancellor's Court at Oxford regulated the question of debts incurred by students. Moreover a few universities still hold their own lands.

By an ordinance which came into force in October last, these privileges were in most cases withdrawn, and the academical statutes revised by government authority. The change may or may not be considered a disadvantage by political theorists, but of one thing there is no doubt—its effect on the students. In Germany, where the facilities of migration from one university to another are very great, a slight cause for dissatisfaction in the regulation

of a particular one will produce a startling diminution in its numbers. This has certainly come about in some universities affected by the change of last year, and in one instance the result was the immediate diminution by one fifth of the total number of students. This was no doubt partly owing to other causes—some hereafter to be mentioned—but certainly many migrations took place to places still possessed by privileges. Singularly enough, Berlin still falls under the latter head. The university jurisdiction has there been retained, probably more as facilitating police regulation than for any other reason. Foreigners, for example, on matriculating there, are required to surrender their passports, in return for which they obtain the matriculation card: this must always be carried on the person like the passport, for which it must be again exchanged on ex-matriculation.

The centralizing tendencies of the empire, coupled with the consolidations which preceded and have ensued on its establishment, have naturally commended themselves to the present generation, which is reaping the advantages of the old spirit persisting under the new law. The rivalry of petty states, though disastrous enough in its consequences in some directions, yet made amends to some extent for the early extinction of that independent spirit of corporation to which we owe so much in England. The sense of a loss in this respect is shown by the attempts at present in progress to re-establish in the German towns the trade-guilds of the middle ages. The government is everywhere employing artificial means to breathe life into the dry bones which still remain to testify to the former glories of the corporations. The attempt must fail, because it is made from without, and is not a development from within. It is an anachronism, but it is the result of a correct appreciation of the advantages which have been lost, and of the means by which those advantages were gained. What will be the result when centralization has swept away the last traces of the old system is a question which other nations besides Germany may take to heart.

Even as the petty states of Greece, through that same pettiness, produced politicians and heroes numberless, and even as the ancient genius died away under a more regular but a more levelling rule; so, in the last agonies of the central government, when the dislocation of the Holy Roman Empire was complete, did the little German principalities bring forth their galaxy of literary glory; and even so is the spirit which produced this glory dying away under the overpowering influence of imperial bureaucracy. Among the more thoughtful of those who once rejoiced in the perfect order of the new state, there are not wanting some who are beginning to perceive that they cannot serve two masters; they cannot bring back the times when every *Landesuniversität* was the pride and the

special care of the few little states which supplied its students, and when professors still clung to their own university, happy to confer upon it the glory of their name, even at the expense of their own interests. Such a system is plainly incompatible with that which has Berlin for its corner-stone, and which apparently makes the collection there of literary ability from all parts of the empire its main end and aim. Already, says a recent German writer, the sciences have discovered that they must betake themselves to new homes, other than their state-appointed seats, if they would enjoy that liberty which is their very life. Nor have they been slow in making the change.

Another result of centralization, closely connected with that last mentioned, is the destruction of the old idealism which in the past made German student-life so lively and energetic a thing.

O alte Burschenherrlichkeit, wohin bist du verschwunden ?

are the first words of a song which resounds throughout Germany, in the last week of each *semester*, at the solemn *Commers* and leave-takings of the *Burschenschaften*. It is impossible to hear the song in such an assembly, sung, as it still is, with great energy and vigor, and then to look round on the surroundings, without feeling that much of the old enthusiasm has vanished forever. It was no doubt to a great extent rebellious and foolish in its tendencies, but it preserved, or at least managed for a time to take the place of the feeling of attachment to a particular university, which is now so utterly lacking in the ever-changing ranks of the students.

The nature and the basis of the system of *Corps* and *Burschenschaften*, as they exist at the present day, is so little known in this country, where they are generally classed together as societies for the propagation of duelling, that some slight account of them may not be out of place here. Whoever will take the trouble to turn over the pages of the *Calendar for German Universities*, which is published at the beginning of every *semester*, will find, before the names of the professors, who represent what is comparatively an ephemeral and transitory branch of the university, the names of several *Corps*—usually denoting the part of the country from which their members are supposed to be drawn—then those of one or two *Burschenschaften*—national names like Germania, Teutonia, or Arminia—and lastly a list of academic societies of more or less importance. Students who belong to none of these are known as “camels” or “savages.”

Of all these the *Corps* are far the oldest in origin, dating from the sixteenth century. Originally known as “orders,” and afterward as *Landsmannschaften*, they bear witness by their names to the former local and representative character of each university.

They are and always have been aristocratic in character, and devoted to duelling, which is carried on among them with more ferocity and less precaution than among the *Burschenschaften*, which are usually classed with them. The confusion of these societies in the minds of our countrymen has been materially aided by the careless observations of casual visitors to the German universities. Yet a very small amount of investigation, of intercourse with the present, or, still better, with the past members, would suffice to convince the most superficial observer that a really deep historic interest attaches to some of these associations—an interest relating to a period of Continental history remarkable for its political lessons, but far too recent to be yet appreciated.

The German *Burschenschaft*, one and undivided, had its origin in the excited feelings of the men who, hot from the field of battle, streamed back to the universities after the termination of the wars of liberation, with the enthusiasm roused by these wars still fresh in their breasts. They had, they thought, accomplished a great task; they hoped to inaugurate a still greater—the freeing of all Europe from the despotisms which they considered to have been re-established at the Congress of Vienna. More than suspected by their rulers of holding the most anarchical opinions, regarded indeed much in the same light as the social democrats of the present day, the members of the *Burschenschaft* cherished the idea of making the universities nurseries of political and intellectual liberty. The means they adopted were questionable. The great demonstration at the *Wartburgfest* of 1817 produced no very favorable results, and three years later the murder of Kotzebue by Sand—the mere act of an isolated fanatic—seemed conclusively to prove the pernicious character of the principles of the society. From that time forward a struggle against government began, which lasted for some forty years. The result soon showed itself in the separation of the one *Burschenschaft* into two main divisions, the more moderate “*Arminia*” and the fiercely revolutionary “*Germania*.” The members of the latter quickly put themselves in communication with the kindred spirits in France, and with their assistance the *Burschenschaften* played a conspicuous part in all the commotions in Germany from 1820 to 1848. The suppressive measures taken by the governments were most stringent. The societies were suppressed at all Prussian universities, but as a natural consequence increased in numbers at those belonging to smaller states. After the wretched attempts at revolution in 1830, thirty-nine students were condemned to death by Prussian tribunals. Yet persecution merely seemed to increase the vigor of the association, and in the revolution of 1848 a principal part was taken by the *Burschenschaften*. In Vienna in particular, headed by their tipsy teachers, they held sway for weeks, and here and there gray-

headed professors may still be found who made their reputation as orators in the Frankfort Parliament. Even so late as 1856, as the writer was assured by an old Arminian, it was usual for members of that society on crossing the frontier of the tiny duchy in which their university was situated, to draw a black silk covering over their uniform cap of black, red, and gold, the only means of avoiding immediate arrest. Nay, even last autumn a branch of the same *Burschenschaft*, which had allowed its members to frequent political meetings, was officially suppressed by the Austro-Hungarian government.

With the cessation of these stringent measures the political meaning of the *Burschenschaften* in Germany has died out. It survives in their songs, mostly composed many years ago; and undoubtedly, in case of new commotions such as those which arose at the beginning of this century, it might still be revived; but the possibility of this is growing less every year. One main advantage of its continuance was the attention it secured for those necessary bodily exercises which are at present so neglected in Germany. To many it will no doubt seem absurd to be told that the duelling system arose out of the desire to furnish gymnastic exercise in a profitable form, and indeed we know that the practice in its more deadly shape is at least many scores of years old. Yet it is certain that the *Burschenschaften* adopted it—in the words of one of their original statutes—as a means of training the body for the service of the Fatherland. No doubt it also commended itself as a means of defence against the bitterly hostile *corps*, who were so to speak under the particular protection of government, on account of their aristocratic composition and proclivities. In accordance with this origin of *schläger*-fighting—originally, it may be remarked, rapier-play—is the fact that until within the last twenty years no member of the *Burschenschaften* was really expected or compelled to fight, except under provocation, and that the mere match-duelling common among the *corps* is little favored by the rival societies, which in all such cases at least provide efficient protection against deadly wounds. Another statute of the Arminia contains stringent rules against immoral conduct on the part of its members. The hard drinking so often spoken of did and does no doubt go on, but it is rarely, if ever, compulsory.

Taking all these circumstances into consideration, there is no doubt that in many respects the loss of influence of the *Burschenschaften* is to be regretted. That the constant sacrifices of time required by them from their members are prejudicial to hard work is probably truer of their present constitution than of their former state, when the living energy within them needed no continual outward demonstrations to preserve its vigor. Certainly among the men of scientific and literary fame whom Germany can boast,

many have been members of *Burschenschaften*, or even of *corps*, which are universally regarded as still more destructive to industry. To take what presents itself at once as a rough-and-ready means of estimation; about one fifth of the students at smaller universities belong to *corps* and *Burschenschaften*, together—at Göttingen a much larger fraction—and about the same proportion of those who attend the more frequented lectures, with exception of theological ones, consists of members of those societies. Still it is pretty evident that the whole system is rapidly dying out; *corps* and *Burschenschaften* alike are dwindling, and in Berlin especially there exists merely a wreck of the old glories—the once celebrated *corps* of the “Markers” for example is completely extinct. In place of the old societies, it is true, have arisen a variety of unions. Singing societies, theological, philological, and historical unions, all more or less lay claim to a share in the preservation of a kind of *esprit de corps*, but these are but feeble pretensions. And certainly in one respect, that of athletic training, can no longer pretend to competition with their predecessors. The singing unions, the original aim of which is supposed to be athletic exercises, produce no very striking results. On the other hand, the peculiar character of *schläger*-fighting, entirely different from the small-sword play with which we in this country are best acquainted, demands as a *sine quâ non* a considerable amount of physical strength. Hence the stalwart figure and manly appearance of the *corps*-student as compared with their fellows, which all visitors to German universities have noticed.

Much of the decay of this antiquated system is due to the substitution of a new form of excitement by German militarism. As a rule, one entire year of the student's period of residence at the university is claimed by the so-called “volunteer” arrangement. During this year, which may be gone through at any time between the ages of twenty and twenty-four, and which is reckoned in the university course, the student lives at his own expense, in his own lodgings—in which he is nevertheless subject to the same rules as to hours and the like as if actually in barracks—pays for his own uniform, and as a rule is completely unable to attend lectures or to accomplish any serious amount of work—the hours of service occupying the very parts of the day which can be best devoted to those ends. Thus the university course is at least reduced from four years to three, while in some cases a man may be called up at the beginning of the year, kept on service for some days, dismissed for a year as incapable, subjected again at the end of that period to the same trial with the same result, and finally, as in a case which came within the writer's knowledge, accepted as manageable material on the third occasion. The ruinous results of this to regular study are apparent. Yet so advantageous is it

found to reckon the time of service in the university course, that the astonishing diminution of numbers last year at Heidelberg is said to have been due mainly to the fact that no regiment was stationed there, and that therefore the students could not easily serve during their years of study. In no other German university has this particular been neglected by the government. It may be mentioned by the way that another possible cause of the decay of Heidelberg is the introduction of an extravagant credit system not dissimilar to that of our English university towns. In point of fact, a general exodus has taken place of those who either felt themselves or were considered by their parents unable to live in a style suitable to the Angle-American society of the place. The tales told by some of these unfortunates would excite the surprise and horror of those enthusiasts among us who believe in the ideal German student of thirty years ago as an existing institution.

Yet in some places he certainly does exist. The wonder is that, considering the disadvantages mentioned, and those still to be noticed, such good men are ever set forth in these days by the German universities. Cut short in their time of study by the system of army service, with all *esprit de corps* crushed out by the paternal government of the empire, with the least possible encouragement from or intercourse with their teachers, they yet display in their studies an amount of steady perseverance which we can scarcely ever hope to rival in this country. The food on which many live is certainly not of a character to supply much stamina for hard workers; the students' ordinaries at many small universities—even at Berlin—provide dinners at 74d., and, though cheap in itself, the food is necessarily of inferior quality. Yet, with all these disadvantages, the fact of the power of close application remains.

The intercourse of students and professors is, as we have already hinted, of the slightest description. The mystery seems to be how any advantage is gained by the hearers from the ordinary professorial lectures. Indeed it may be safely stated that without very large private reading, on which they form a kind of running commentary, the lectures would utterly fail. The students are expected to be in the class-room punctually at the hour of lecture—which in summer is occasionally as early as 6 A.M.—but work is not supposed to begin till a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes later. At the expiration of that time the lecturer hurries into the room, walks straight to the reading-desk, spreads out his papers, and begins—“*Meine Herren*.” Impressive the lectures certainly are, as far as gesticulation and elevation of the voice can make them so; but, especially in the case of young professors, the whole proceeding conveys an impression of perfunctoriness which is probably not ill-based. An exception must be made in favor of the

privatissima, or lectures without ceremony, which are extremely few in number; and also of the so-called "seminaries," which are much less attended than they deserve to be, and in which an attempt is made to do the kind of work performed by college tutors in English universities. Personal intercourse there is, and can be, virtually none. Professors who would entertain are usually too poor—indeed their social qualities are often, from causes to be now mentioned, the reason of their poverty; while those who are rich enough are generally too much wrapped up in their pursuits to go outside their own circle and take their not very polished pupils by the hand. The writer had the rare good fortune to attend—as sole hearer, be it observed—the lectures of a professor who showed real enthusiasm for his particular subject. He was one of the oldest of the teaching staff, and thoroughly attached to the university, in which he had spent some half-century or more. He went so far as to increase his lecture hours from four to seven a week, and even worked during a part of the Christmas vacation; but such an instance never, to the writer's knowledge, occurred elsewhere in the university, and other professors seemed horrified to hear of such irregularities. It may be mentioned for the benefit of those who believe that the well-paid Berlin professorate is fairly representative of the status of teachers everywhere, that this man, whose reputation in one somewhat minute branch of study is European, was living, with his family, on something under 1200 a year. His whole career had been a failure, because his one great book had been made up of a mass of erudition brought forward to support a false theory; and, disheartened by this, he had committed the most heinous crime which can be charged on a German professor—he had written no more. "*Hat nichts geschrieben*" is the remark which more surely than any other proclaims a man's inferiority; be his intellectual powers and his capacity for teaching never so great.

And herein may be said to lie one great cause of the perfunctoriness of tuition just spoken of. Since the consolidation of the empire the tendency to draw the best men from the smaller universities to Berlin has been ever growing stronger. To obtain the glory and the high pay of a professorship at the latter place, or, failing this, at Bonn or Leipzig, is the aim of every young professor and *privat-docent* throughout Germany, and the means to this end all know to be literary activity. Hence posts in provincial universities have come to be regarded as a mere institution for furnishing subsidies during the period which must elapse before the translation to a higher sphere—burdened, it is true, with certain lecturing duties, which are to be got over as soon as possible, or at least absolutely postponed to the imperative duty of writing. It used to be asserted in this country that the success of a continental pro-

lessor was estimated by the number of his pupils. This, at the present day, is simply not the case. It is estimated by the quantity and quality of his literary productions. Hence a young teacher who has just taken his degree will start at once writing as many as two or three short works in the course of a *semester*—often of a kind which in England would be classed as magazine articles, frequently mere criticisms of the writings of others. The amount of theory, more or less supported by facts, which is thus produced, is almost incredible; and when we consider the immense encouragement afforded to unripe speculation by the requirement of a dissertation containing an original theory, for every doctor's diploma conferred in Germany it is yet difficult to understand how such wild ideas as that lately put forward by Treitschke in Berlin can arise. In no country of Europe, probably, save Germany, could a public teacher be found to maintain, in the face of masses of historical evidence to the contrary, that non-performance of the duties of citizenship could be justly charged against the Jewish populations scattered over Europe. In no other country would such a piece of pandering to a popular prejudice of the day have been thought worthy of the elaborate reply vouchsafed to it. The mere fact that eighty German professors are of Jewish birth might have deterred the assailant from such an attack. "When we first had a Parliament," said a well-known German physician to the writer, "about half the members we elected were professors. They talked excellently, and we all thought they were the proper men to represent us; but an attention to facts was required which the *Herren Professoren* thought beneath them, and there are not so many professors in Parliament now."

Write, then, the professors must, or they cannot live. Hence arises their abstinence from ordinary social enjoyments, save at Berlin, and in isolated cases at the smaller universities. Popularity in society may indeed almost be said to be a ruinous quality; for a man who is detained by it in a subordinate post at a provincial university is really often unable to live on his stipend. An instance within the scope of the writer's knowledge is that of a professor of fine art and archaeology, curator of a university museum, a man who has lectured ably for some score of years, and is at the present moment in receipt of about 45% a year from all academic sources. He is not even a member of the university senate, younger men having been from time to time raised over his head into the ranks of the ordinary professors, who are alone entitled to a seat in the governing body—and all because *er hat nichts geschrieben*. He can hope for no advancement and no recognition of his services until he complies with that grinding decree. Let us take another case—that of a professor well known in this country, and a prolific author, who assured the writer that he in-

tended to marry on the salary he was then receiving—about 130*l.* a year; this, however, he should increase by writing. "And what," it was asked, "will the whole amount to?" "Possibly 160*l.*," was the reply. Yet for this miserable sum, insufficient even in the cheapest university town of Germany, he was then working in a way which must permanently injure his health. But even his position was more honorable than that of many of his colleagues, who are forced by absolute need into these marriages for money which are so common in Germany. The learned man occupies in the eyes of the ladies of Germany a position equal, if not superior, to that of the all-fascinating officer, and examples of marriages such as those just alluded to, instructive perhaps, but scarcely edifying, are only too frequent. How the *privat-docenten*, or private teachers authorized by the university, manage to live is a mystery. Many of them of course have private resources, and the answer to the question, why such and such a person is not a professor, frequently is, "He is not rich enough!"

At Berlin or at Leipzig, on the other hand, the professor finds himself comfortably salaried, and at liberty to pay more attention to his lectures. Hence students and teachers alike are drawn more and more to the central universities—the former because they can there hear better lectures, the latter because they there obtain better pay and more opportunities of delivering those lectures, increasing their own incomes yet more by this means. Into the sphere of this attraction the younger professors are being rapidly drawn, and a superficial style of work is consequently produced which is merely intended for momentary success. This cannot fail to strike any one who will take the trouble to compare the standard German works of the present day on any well-worn classical or historical subject with those written some forty years ago. Some half-dozen instances might be quoted in which the new works represent mere *rechauffés* of the older ones, interlarded with matter of the most irrelevant kind.

Yet there are some men—in some cases men of great reputation—who cling to their own universities. Many of them, born in the territory to which the university did or does belong, have enjoyed there a kind of scholarship in virtue of this accident of birth, and are firmly attached to the place in which they have grown up. It will astonish many to know that something as nearly akin to our own old system of close scholarship as the difference of conditions will allow, still exists at several German universities. These scholarships, usually consisting in payment for the mid-day meal and other small privileges, are conferred—absolutely without examination—on natives of the restricted territory which the university theoretically represents. But perhaps a still stronger motive for professors to remain at their posts than this peculiar connection

with their university, is the knowledge that, their reputation once achieved, they will be more conspicuous as heads of a school which may possibly shed lustre over their own little academy, than when lost in the blaze of glory surrounding the Berlin professorate.

The decay of the system then in its old form is the necessary consequence of the extinction of the conditions under which it grew up. As the empire becomes more and more consolidated, the local spirit which once animated the smaller universities—and which is not altogether dissimilar to the rivalry existing, especially at Cambridge, between our own colleges—must die rapidly out, hastened to its end no doubt by that easiness of communication between separate and distant provinces the want of which had so much to do in former days with keeping men at home. The necessity for local universities is fast disappearing, and when that necessity is completely extinct, the universities must either vanish or continue to exist in a widely different form from the present. It may seem strange to English ears to hear the destruction of universities spoken of thus coolly, but such speculations receive ample justification from the historical fact of the total extinction of some five-and-twenty such foundations—some of them among the oldest in Germany, and including the world-famed academy of Wittenberg—during the commotions of the beginning of this century. In 1788 there existed not less than five-and-forty universities; in 1815 the number was reduced to something under twenty. It may be urged that Strassburg offers a proof of the vitality of the system. But the re-foundation in that place took place under peculiar circumstances; the full effect of the attraction to Berlin had scarcely been felt nine years ago, and the establishment was accompanied with an amount of enthusiasm which rendered the success of the place, temporarily at least, a certainty. It was regarded as a kind of trophy of the assertion of rights against French occupation, and as stamping the German dominion on the recovered territory for evermore. Recent foundations or re-foundations in Austro-Hungary, where local spirit is still very strong and communication not so easy, are a much surer proof of the vitality of the system, at least in that country. But in Germany it is a recognized fact that the universities no longer possess the monopoly of intellect they were once supposed to possess, and the tendency to create external centres will no doubt increase, as it has done in England.

A few words may be said in conclusion as to the general effect of the German system on society at large. One of the chief boasts of that system is the so-called *Lernfreiheit* which it allows—the absolute liberty, that is, granted to the student of choosing his university and the teachers whose lectures he will attend at it. Yet with all this, the average German student is lacking to a most remarkable degree in that self-reliance and independence which are some-

how acquired by the junior members of our own universities, kept under tutelage as they are supposed to be. Never throughout his course of study does the German lad obtain an opportunity of fairly measuring himself with his contemporaries. These remarks are not intended to exalt any exaggerated system of competitive examinations, but simply to indicate what the result of the utter want of them is. Take, for example, the career of a German student of law at the Gymnasium, raised from class to class as his work reaches a certain standard of efficiency, but with only a chance once a year of proving that efficiency. He is transferred to the university by a pass examination; may enjoy a scholarship of the kind already described, equally without competition; and at the end of four years, absolutely without intermediate examination, completes his course and becomes, by a series of pass examinations, a Referendar, and candidate for that government employment which is seldom long in coming. From beginning to end of his career he has hardly once had to think for himself. It is the result of some such nursing as this which has reduced the business capabilities of Germans generally to so low an ebb. This they themselves freely acknowledge; indeed, it would be hard to deny it, in face of the proof of the recent usury laws of the extent to which the lower middle classes are capable of being victimized. Those laws, directed against the Jews, will probably meet with the usual success accorded to such measures; but the evil which they were devised to meet had become so glaring that the interference of government in some form or other was necessary, were it only to satisfy public opinion by a show of activity.

Of the effects produced in the ordinary intercourse of society by the peculiar one-sided culture of educated Germany, disseminated as it is through all classes, others have spoken, and this is not the place to speak. The object of these remarks has been to show the destructive change at present going on in a system which has long been held up to us as arrived at a perfection of development which rendered it a safe model for the educational organizations of all countries. A. T. S. GOODRICK, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

POSTAL NOTES, MONEY ORDERS, AND BANK CHECKS.

THERE can be little doubt as to the need felt by the public for more convenient means of remitting small sums of money by post. The increase of correspondence between different parts of the country is constantly multiplying the number of small debts—debts which cannot be paid by passing coin from hand to hand. The practice is rapidly growing up of buying supplies of draperies, teas, books, and numberless other commodities from well-known

firms, situated in a few of the larger towns. Only a well-arranged system of parcel posts, as pointed out in a previous article in this *Review* (January, 1879, vol. xxxiv., p. 209), is needed to develop this mode of traffic immensely. But even with the present vexatious charges on small goods traffic, the number of parcels distributed must be very large, and each parcel, as a general rule, necessitates a postal payment. The facility of railway travelling, again, leads people to reside farther from their friends than in former days, and multitudes of domestic servants, workmen away from home in search of work, commercial travellers and tourists, require either to receive or remit small sums of money.

The Postal Money Order System is older than is generally supposed, having existed in one form or other since 1792. In its present form, however, the system dates only from the year 1859, and extensions and improvements are frequently announced. In safety and eventual certainty of acquittance, money orders leave little to be desired. The payer has only to walk to the nearest money-order office; wait five or ten minutes while other customers are being served; fill up a small application form; decide, after mature deliberation with the postmaster, and reference to a private official list, upon the money-order office most convenient to the payee; then wait until the order is duly filled up, counterfoiled, stamped, etc.; and finally hand over his money, and his work is done, with the exception of inclosing the order in the properly-addressed letter. The payee, too, may be sure of getting his money, if all goes well. He need only walk to the money-order office named, sign the order, give the name of the remitter, and then the postmaster, if satisfied that all is right, and if furnished with the indispensable advice note from the remitting office, will presently hand over the cash. But sometimes the advice note has not arrived, and the applicant must call again; not uncommonly the payer, with the kindest intentions, has made the order payable at a distant office, imagining, for instance, that Hampstead Road Post Office must be very convenient to a resident of Hampstead. The payee must then make a tour in search of the required office—unless, indeed, he or his friend happens to have a banking account, when all goes smoothly in a moment, and the banker instantly relieves him of further labor in obtaining the seven shillings and sixpence or other small sum which the Postmaster-General holds for his benefit. But seriously speaking, time is too valuable to allow us to deal with many money orders. Business men must long ago have demanded a complete reform of the system, were it not that the bankers came to the rescue of the Department by agreeing to collect the orders, and the post-office people soon discovered that the banker was the safest and easiest medium of collection.

Within the last six or seven years, however, an interesting attempt has been made to replace money orders by bankers' checks. There used to be a tradition that it was illegal to draw a check for less than twenty shillings, and many people still have an uneasy feeling about drawing a check on Lombard Street for half a guinea. But the Check Bank established by the late Mr. James Hertz has helped to change all this. Not only do people now draw very small checks in their own check-books, but, if they happen not to possess that luxury, they walk into a neighboring stationer's or draper's shop, and ask for a Check Bank check, which is simply filled up and handed over in exchange for the money without more ado. This check may be posted to almost any part of the habitable world, and will be worth its inscribed value, for which most bankers, hotel-keepers, and other business people will cash it, irrespective of advice notes and localities. About six years ago, when preparing my book on "Money" for the International Scientific Series, I inquired minutely into the working of Mr. Hertz's scheme, which seemed to form the downward completion of the banking system, and after six years of subsequent experience, I see no reason to alter the opinions I then expressed about the new kind of bank. The Check Bank has met with but one real check, and that is the penny-stamp duty, in respect of which the bank must already have earned a large revenue for the government, while the money-order system has occasionally been losing revenue.

The post-office authorities, not unnaturally moved by this state of things, have now produced a scheme for the issue of postal notes, which, if successful, are no doubt intended to supersede money orders and Check Bank checks as well. The bill now in Parliament for establishing this scheme bears the names of the present Postmaster-General, Professor Fawcett, and of Lord Frederick Cavendish. The rather startling draft regulations which accompany the bill purport to be the orders of the Right Honorable Henry Fawcett. But it must surely be understood that this eminent economist is not responsible for the details of the scheme, except in a purely official capacity. The bill, though altered in details, is not now put forward for the first time; and it is due either to the late Postmaster-General, Lord John Manners, or else to that vague entity, "The Department." But whatever be its origin, this bill is an interesting document, and its clauses imperatively demand consideration.

The idea of the system is to issue orders for fixed integral sums, rising by steps from one shilling as a minimum to half-a-crown, five shillings, seven shillings and sixpence, ten shillings, twelve shillings and sixpence, seventeen shillings and sixpence, to a maximum of one pound. A person wanting to remit, say nine-

teen shillings, must therefore apply for the next lower note, namely, seventeen shillings and sixpence, together with a shilling note, and then add six penny stamps, and inclose the whole to the payee. These notes will be issued, apparently, with a blank space for the name of the payee, and another for the name of the office where they are to be paid. In this condition the order may be handed about like a piece of paper money, and will have, so far as I can understand the bill and regulations, absolute currency. Like a coin, it will be *prima facie* the property of its holder, and its *bond fide* owner will be unaffected by the previous history of the note. Any holder, however, may fill up one or both blanks, and it then becomes payable only to a particular person and (or) at the particular office named. It would appear, however, that if the payee thus named in the order signs the receipt at the back, the note again becomes practically payable to bearer, like an indorsed check to order. Clause 8 of the regulations provides that if the note bears a signature purporting to be the signature of the payee, "it shall not be necessary to prove that the receipt was signed by or under the authority of the payee." There are elaborate provisions for the crossing of these post-office checks, both generally and specially, and it would seem that even though the name of a distant money-order office be inserted in the blank, a banker may, under clause 10, safely cash a note. The regulations point distinctly to a desire of the department to withdraw their notes from circulation, as much as possible, through the banking system of the kingdom.

The currency of these notes is somewhat restricted by clause 11 of the regulations, which provides that when more than three months old, notes will only be paid after deduction of a new commission equal to the original poundage, and a like further commission for every subsequent period of three months, or part of such period. Payment may, under the next clause, be refused in case a note bears signs of tampering or fraud. Then follows the important provision—that "A postmaster may refuse or delay the payment of a postal order, but shall immediately report such delay or refusal, with his reasons for it, to the Postmaster-General." As, however, this report seems to be intended for the private satisfaction of the department, and there is no clause requiring the postmaster, or the Postmaster-General, to give reasons to the holder of the note, this regulation makes the notes convertible into coin *at the will and convenience of the department*. There is no act of bankruptcy nor breach of engagement in refusing payment. The local postmaster has simply to give as his reason for suspending payment, that he has no funds, and the department will doubtless regard his reason as a very good one.

Perhaps the most extraordinary clause of the regulations is No.

16, which provides that, if a note be once paid by any officer of the post-office, both the Postmaster-General and all his officers shall be discharged from all further liability in respect of that order, "notwithstanding any forgery, fraud, mistake, or loss which may have been committed, or have occurred, in reference to such order, or to the procuring thereof, or to obtaining the payment thereof, and notwithstanding any disregard of these regulations, and notwithstanding anything whatsoever." Thus is Professor Fawcett, by his own mere fiat, for this clause occurs only in the regulations which purport to be the act of the Postmaster-General, made to shelve the whole common and statute law of the realm in his own favor. Even his own regulations, laid down in the same fiat, are, not to be binding on this potentate, who is to be free from all question "notwithstanding anything whatsoever." These words are, indeed, a stroke of departmental genius. Red tape is potent for binding the outside public; but within the department no bonds of law or equity are to be recognized in case of error, "notwithstanding anything whatsoever."

I came to the study of this scheme much prejudiced in its favor, because it might be the means of breaking down the absurd objection of the English people to the use of one-pound notes. A well-regulated issue of such notes would conduce to everybody's convenience, and might give a substantial addition to the revenue, with absolute immunity from financial risk. But then such a currency must be issued on the principle of the Bank Charter Acts, and under strictly defined statutory conditions. It must be absolutely convertible at the will of the *bonâ fide* holder, and must not be issued for such trifling amounts as one shilling or two shillings and sixpence. In Norway and Sweden, notes of about five shillings in value form a perfectly successful and convenient currency, but as a first experiment it would not be wise to advocate the issue of anything less than a ten-shilling note. Even a pound note currency with token gold half sovereigns would meet all real needs. But after considering the details of this post-office scheme, it presents itself as a currency "leap in the dark."

In the first place, it is quite doubtful whether the postal notes will really fulfil their ostensible purpose of enabling postal remittances to be made easily and safely. The case will be provided for, no doubt, if the notes can be purchased in bundles and kept in the cash-box, and if, again, they can be got rid of, when superabundant, in paying cab fares, small bills, etc. Few visits to the post-office would then be needed, the notes being current. But what about safety? Almost every postal remittance on this system will contain not only paper money payable to bearer at any money-order office, but also postage stamps to make up the odd pence. An ingenious letter-carrier will probably soon learn how to detect

the inclosure of postal notes, and even if he destroy the notes themselves, a fair average day's wages might at any time be made out of the stamps, by a systematic operator. Nor is any method of reading inclosures indispensable; for many newspaper offices, large shops, booksellers, and others, habitually receive so many small remittances, that a bold and sagacious post-office servant might trust to the theory of probabilities, and prey judiciously on the correspondence of a few favorite firms. The department appears to have entirely overlooked the circumstances which give such security to bankers' checks, especially Check Bank checks, namely, that they are made out for odd sums, are seldom or never in the company of postage stamps, are returned for verification, and payment within a few days, and, when crossed, are only payable through a bank, that is through the hands of a perfectly well-known and responsible customer. If the postal notes are to be promptly returned for payment, they may prove even more troublesome than money orders; if they are to circulate as a small paper currency, they can give little security against speculation, especially considering the stamps which will usually accompany them. The *Statist*, indeed, in an able article on this scheme, in the issue of June 5th, which should be read in connection with an equally able article in the same journal for March 13th, seems to take for granted that these postal notes, with the accompanying stamps, will need to be remitted in a registered letter. But if so, the aggregate trouble and cost of the operation will be almost greater than in the case of the present money orders, and the *raison d'être* of these new notes disappears altogether.

The fundamental objection to be made to this scheme is, no doubt, as pointed out by the *Economist*, *Statist*, and several other important authorities, that it enables the Post-Office Department to create a considerable circulation of paper currency, without providing any corresponding guarantees as regards a metallic reserve. It is a Bank Charter Act for St. Martin's-le-Grand, minus the sound principles embodied by Peel in that great act. There is something humorous in the idea of a sound and sensible economist like Professor Fawcett being made by his department, as the first step in his official life, to throw over all the nice considerations which belong to the theory of currency. In the lecture-hall at Cambridge, the examination-rooms at Burlington Gardens, or around the board of the Political Economy Club, a score of abstruse questions would arise about the raising of prices, the drain of gold, the seasonal fluctuations of a small paper currency, the proper limits of government industry, and so forth. But, as Postmaster-General, the Professor ignores all theory, and disclaims all liability, "notwithstanding anything whatsoever." Though hardly responsible for the details of a scheme framed while he was yet merely a professor, he

will become responsible for them if he advocates the passage of the bill through Parliament, or if he allows the scheme to crop up again in a subsequent session.

The worst point of the bill is that it provides no regulations for the custody or disposal of the large sum of money which will be paid into the department, if the public takes a fancy to the notes. It is quite impossible to estimate, by any reference to theory or fact, how large the balance will be. In all probability it will not be less than two or three millions sterling, and quite likely double that. If the orders should prove to be popular in the capacity of paper money, the circulation might possibly amount to twenty millions. No ordinary person, indeed, can pretend to understand how the post-office people can manage to keep a cash reserve at each of nearly six thousand money-order offices. Markets, fairs, races, currents of tourists, fluctuations of trade must cause great and often unexpected variations of demand, and it is financially absurd and impossible, and against all the principles of banking, to divide a cash reserve into six thousand fragments! Nor, indeed, is there any provision for the regulation of a metallic reserve or any reserve at all. The department would no doubt like to have a few millions at their unfettered disposal; but surely a Post-Office Bank Charter Act, devoid of any mention of a cash reserve, and with careful provision for suspending payment whenever convenient, is a monstrous anomaly, and I may almost say an insult to the financial common-sense of the country.

I suppose we ought to feel indebted to the postal authorities for condescending to give us the pretty full details contained in the present bill and draft regulations. The earliest form of the scheme as embodied in the bill of June, 1877, consisted in simply suspending, as regards the post-office, all laws restricting the issue of promissory notes payable to bearer—a simple *carta blanche* to the department to embark in the issue of paper money. In each subsequent edition of the bill they have condescended to be more and more explicit. Now the draft regulations give us all we can want to know, subject to this difficulty that these regulations may be revoked and altered within the limits of the act by the mere fiat of the Postmaster-General, subject to the consent of the Treasury and the somewhat illusory check of being laid before Parliament within fourteen days after it assembles. I feel sure that I express the opinion of every sound economist when I say, that if we are to have an unlimited circulation of one-pound notes and small fractional currency, that currency must be issued under conditions clearly and inflexibly defined by statute. An examination of this bill, however, will shew that it is for the most part an enabling bill; the restrictions, such as they are, are mostly contained in the regulations, and are revocable by government without further ap-

peal to Parliament. In fact, the second clause of the Post-Office Money Order Act, 1848 (11 and 12 Vict. cap. 88), which is embodied in the new bill, appears to me to enable the Treasury to suspend payment altogether whenever they feel inclined so to do, right of fiction being barred, "any law, statute, or usage to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding" (!)

The proposals of this bill assume a still more ominous aspect when we consider them in connection with the kindred new Savings Bank Bill. This latter bill, among other matters, is intended to raise the limit of deposits to be made in any one year in a Post-Office Savings Bank from £30 to £100, and the total allowable deposit, apart from interest, from £150 to £250. The two bills taken together disclose a settled design on the part of the Post-Office to become a vast banking corporation, and to enter into direct competition with the bankers of the United Kingdom. It is impossible not to agree with the protest issued by the managers of the ten principal banks of Manchester, that such changes would involve a complete change in the *raison d'être* of the Post-Office Monetary Department. The Post-Office Savings Banks, as the Manchester bankers correctly remark, were intended to act as eleemosynary institutions—as, in fact, public schools of thrift. By the whole conditions of the original scheme they were designed to induce laborers, nurse-maids, children, and other people of very small means to begin saving their odd shillings and half-crowns, and to a certain extent they have fulfilled that purpose. The post-office was in this respect a *deus ex machina*—it was Jupiter called from above to help a thriftless residuum out of the mire of pauperism. The present limits of the deposits are quite sufficient to meet all the needs of this class. To allow a person to deposit as much as £100 in a year in a state bank is to step over the line into a totally different class of operations. The matter is made all the worse by the fact that financially the constitution of the Post-Office Savings Bank is bad and indefensible. As Mr. William Langton has abundantly shown, to receive a deposit to be paid at call, and then invest it in government funds of variable value, always throws risk on the government. A preponderance of withdrawals is always made while the funds are depressed, and an increase of deposits will usually coincide with a high price to be paid by the department. Thus has already arisen a large deficit on the investments of the old savings banks to the extent of nearly four millions, a deficit which Mr. Gladstone is now very properly proposing to pay off by a terminable annuity. The Post-Office Banks have hitherto avoided a like deficit by offering only 2½ per cent interest, and keeping the amount invested moderate. But it by no means follows that what has hitherto answered fairly well on a small scale will always answer as well on the

bolder scale now proposed. Already the savings of the people, held on a radically false basis by government, amount to about three-quarters of a hundred millions. With the enlarged limits proposed for the savings banks, and probably additional investments on account of the postal-note deposits, we shall soon reach a hundred millions, or one eighth part of the whole national debt. Should any serious crisis ever occur, such as a great naval war (and how can we expect to be always free from danger?) withdrawals would unquestionably take place, and the government would be obliged to make forced sales of its own securities, running down its own credit, and incurring a deficit at the very time when it most needed resources. No doubt in such circumstances the government would be obliged to raise a large loan in the open market, but this would really mean that when compelled to redeem its promises the government would have to fall back upon those very bankers with whom it had been competing on most unfair conditions in easier times. The Post-Office monetary schemes are essentially fair weather schemes, but they must founder, like the Eurydice and the Atalanta, in case of squalls and rough weather.

If the English Government is really fitted to do banking business, why does it not begin with its own accounts? Why leave the national debt, the dividends, the revenue payments, and a variety of large public and semi-public accounts in the hands of the Bank of England, aided by the banking organization generally. The fact, of course, is that not only from the time of Adam Smith, but from a much earlier date, it has always been recognized that a government is not really a suitable body to enter upon the business of banking. It is with regret that we must see in this year, 1880, the names of so great a financier as Mr. Gladstone, and so sound an economist as Professor Fawcett, given to schemes which are radically vicious and opposed to the teachings of economic science and economic experience.

Did space admit I might go on to show that the conditions which the Post-Office demand as essential to the success of their monetary operations are tainted by a kind of political immorality. Every common carrier and every banker is responsible under complicated statutes and the common law for every act of negligence, and for not a few accidents involving no negligence. But the Post-Office, though it enters into competition with the industry of the country, sets itself above the law. Even a registered letter, if lost, stolen, or destroyed by its own servants, throws no responsibility on the department, except as regards the tardy and absurdly small concession of £2, provided certain regulations be carefully observed. Now, the same department coolly proposes to issue an unlimited paper currency, and to do a large part of the banking business of

the country under like considerations of irresponsibility. Professor Fawcett, Lord John Manners, or whatever other deserving politician happens to hold the place of Postmaster-General, is to conduct a vast monetary business, and yet to be the final arbiter in all his own transactions with the British public irrespective of the law courts.

Now, if we investigate the matter, will it appear that there is any real need for these schemes, except to magnify the influence of "The Department" which propounds them? If the banking system of this kingdom were in a rudimentary state, like that of the Fiji Islands, there might be some reason why the government should try to educate its subjects up to the banking stage of civilization. But if any one will take the trouble to look through the Banking Almanac, and to study some accounts of the Bankers' Clearing-House System, he will appreciate the degree in which the country needs to be taught banking. The Post-Office, great as its system may be, is mere child's play compared with the wonderful organization which settles transactions to the extent of one hundred millions per week in Lombard Street, without the use of a single coin. The very remarkable statistics drawn up by Mr. Newmarch, and printed in the Banking Almanac for this year, go to show that the system of branch banks is being extended in a wonderful way, and bids fair to distance even in number the increase of money-order offices. According to these statistics, the number of branch banks, as distinguished from separate banks, or head offices, was, in 1866, 1226; in 1879, 1886; in 1878, 1801. The increase in the former interval was at the rate of about 13 per cent, and in the latter 30 per cent! The number of money-order offices was in 1866, 8454; in 1872, 4900; in 1878, 5719, and though the rate of increase is considerable, being in the first interval 24½ per cent, and in the second 83 per cent, it does not manifest the same tendency to progressive advance which we notice in the branch banking system. There can be little doubt that the bankers of England and Scotland, if not interfered with, will, in the next ten or fifteen years, establish banking offices in every nook and cranny of the kingdom where there is any business at all to be done, and their competition will result in offering facilities for small savings and small payments which must altogether distance the operations of any government department.* An impar-

* In his speech on the Savings Banks Bill (June 18th) Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said: "If they had in this country a banking system so largely devoted that it went into every town and considerable parish, he certainly should be very doubtful indeed as to the desirability of raising the upper limit of £300. The Post-Office Savings Banks for the three kingdoms were already beyond 8000, and were rising at the rate of 300 banks a year; but the other banks, notwithstanding the excellent development which they had undergone, hardly reached 2000, banks and branches taken together."

There must be a mistake here; for Mr. Newmarch's figures show the total

that review of the whole question can only lead us to the conclusion that the bankers are right in crying out to the government, "Let us alone!" It is a new phase of the old economic adage—*laissez faire—laissez passer*; the only novelty in the matter is, that the cry is now addressed to a great minister and an eminent economist, the latter of whom has advocated in his writings what the former has, to a great extent, carried into effect.

But to return to our more immediate topic of Postal Notes, I will now point out that it is only government interference which prevents bankers from organizing a system of small payments by checks, far more perfect, safe, and convenient than anything the Post-Office can do. The Check Bank has already done more than the department; it has done a large business in small payments, with almost complete freedom from fraud, and has paid at the same time a large revenue to government through the penny check stamp. But this penny tax, though quite inconsiderable in larger payments, becomes intolerably oppressive in the case of payments under a pound or two pounds. The Post-Office probably loses on the smaller transactions of the Money Order System, and what revenue it does seem to gain is gained on the larger orders, at least so the *Statist* holds. For my part, I cannot see how we can be sure there is any gain at all, because the business is conducted by the same persons and in the same premises as the general post business, and we can by no means be sure that each of the functions of a postmaster is separately paid in a degree adequate to its trouble. Nevertheless the Check Bank, according to its last report, now about pays its way, in addition to paying a considerable revenue to the Crown.

There is needed but one change to set the whole matter right, and that is to reduce the stamp duty on small checks, say those under £5 or £3, to one halfpenny. The penny-stamp duty on receipts, as every one knows, is not required in the case of receipts for less than £2, for the obvious reason that it would be absurdly oppressive in the case of small receipts. But exactly the same reason holds good for reducing the tax if not abolishing it in the case of small drafts. There need be no practical difficulty in doing this, for an Act of Parliament of little more than one clause might enact that any check-form of any banker, bearing upon its face a printed and also an indelible perforated notice that it can only be drawn for a sum of (say) £5 or under, may be impressed at the

number of banks and branch offices in the United Kingdom to be 3554, or 78 per cent more than Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said. Moreover, the branches, as shown above, are being multiplied in an advancing ratio of multiplication. Clearly, according to Mr. Gladstone's own admission, he ought to relinquish the part of the bill raising the limit of deposits.

stamp offices with a halfpenny stamp, and shall then be deemed duly stamped, all previous acts notwithstanding, in the same way as, if it had, according to the Stamp Act of 1870, been impressed with a penny stamp. Such a change in the law would create no monopoly for the Check Bank; for if the success of this bank became considerable, competitors would soon spring up, and there would be nothing to prevent any bank from supplying its customers with halfpenny checks for small drafts. No doubt the Check Bank, in urging the reduction of the penny-stamp duty, does so from a weak, because an interested position, but it is possible for other persons to advocate the same measure from a purely public and disinterested point of view.

In the use of such small checks there is nothing economically unsound. The experience of the Check Bank has shown that their checks do not circulate for any considerable length of time. Being drawn for odd sums, needing indorsement and being all crossed, it is not likely they should circulate. They are exceedingly safe for postal transmission; no post-office thief could possibly venture to negotiate checks which are, I believe, regularly treated as "duffer," or dangerous stuff. It is, indeed, a serious question for bankers, how they are to meet the trouble arising from any great multiplication of small checks. But in any case, I do not see how they are to avoid these small transactions, even if they desire it. Check Bank checks are, I imagine, less troublesome than Postal Money Orders, which bankers already collect in large numbers for their customers. As to the proposed small shilling and half-crown notes, it seems to me that they will give infinite trouble to bankers, who must not only sort and count them like the smallest fractional currency, but must examine the dates, to insure that they are not running beyond the three months' interval of free currency. The Post-Office clearly intend, if possible, to oblige the bankers to receive these small notes, judging from the regulations about crossing. If, indeed, the bankers unanimously refuse to receive such notes, the scheme must, I think, fall to the ground, even though Parliament should sanction it.

The general conclusion, then, to which I am forced to come is, that this scheme of Postal Notes is a mistaken one, which should never have been allowed to come forth under Mr. Fawcett's name. It is neither fish nor flesh; neither a well-regulated paper currency, nor a safe system of banking payments. It is the scheme of a tenacious and aggressive bureau to underbid the Check Bank, and by setting at naught all the customary risks of monetary transactions, to secure the disposal of large funds, while throwing much of the trouble and cost upon the banking community. In the conveyance of parcels and small goods the Post-Office has yet much to do, as I have taken trouble to prove; but in the direction of banking, it

has already reached a limit which it cannot be safely allowed to pass.

W. STANLEY JEVONS, in the *Contemporary Review*.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the above was in type, it has been stated that the government will propose to amend the bill by restricting the currency of the Postal Notes to one month. This will mar the beauty and success of the scheme. It will be indispensable in a subsequent session of Parliament to enlarge the interval of currency to three months, if not the twelve months originally proposed by the department. Several homely proverbs occur to one: "Give an inch, take an ell"—"Get the thin end of the wedge in first." In regard to the Post-Office Savings Bank deposits, the wedge is just now being driven home a little. The promoter of the Postal Telegraph Department disclaimed all idea of a statutory monopoly of telegraphic business, saying, "I never should wish for that protection." There is now an action pending in the law courts by which the department will bring the telephone companies well under control. Ministries come and ministries go; the department remains. 19th June, 1890.

A FABLE,

IN THE MANNER OF MR. GAY.

How much would end in mode abrupt,
If listeners might but interrupt!

—Once, in a corner of the lawn,
Ere folks were stirring with the dawn,
A TORTOISE of didactic habits
Addressed some half a dozen Rabbits.

—It was a Tortoise who, 'tis said,
Contrived to break a wise man's head;
Since then the sect, report-ers,
Have set up for philosophers.

—No harm in this one could be found;
He weighed so much; was so much round;
Not slower than his kin, or quicker,
(Although his shell was somewhat thicker)
And wearing just that look of thought
Which means profundity—or naught.

—"My theme (he said) is PROMPTITUDE."
He stretched his throat, and thus pursued:
"In this discourse I hope to bring
Before you Promptitude the Thing;

GIRLHOOD.

Next, if my limits space afford,
 I shall take *Promptitude* the Word;
 Lastly, to make the meaning better,
 I shall consider every letter.
 —And first, my friends, however viewed,
 How beautiful is *Promptitude*!
 How are we quickened, roused, renewed,
 By dwelling upon *Promptitude*!
 In short, how much may we discover
 By simply saying the word over!
 —How much, too, in this vale below,
 To this one quality we owe!
 'Twas *Promptitude* the battles won
 Of CÆSAR and NAPOLEON;
 By *Promptitude* to-day we boast
 The blessings of the Penny Post;
 By *Promptitude* (I dare affirm)
 The early bird secures the worm . . .
 —The Rabbits are a docile race,
 And patient under commonplace;
 But here, one rather puzzle-pated
 In Gallic style "interpellated:"
 "If *Promptitude* so much can do,
 Why don't you try the practice, too?"
 —This was, as HAMLET says, "a hit;"
Clergy was posed by *Mother-Wil*.
 The Tortoise the horizon scanned;
 He had no repartee at hand;
 So, finding inspiration fail,
 He drew his head in, then his tail.
 His audience scampered off in glee:
Risu solvuntur tabula.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

GIRLHOOD.

AN exquisite incompleteness, blossom foreshadowing fruit;
 A sketch faint in its beauty, with promise of future worth;
 A plant with some leaves unfolded, and the rest asleep at its root,
 To deck with their future sweetness the fairest thing on the earth.

Womanhood, wifehood, motherhood—each a possible thing,
 Dimly seen through the silence that lies between then and now;
 Something of each and all has woven a magic ring,
 Linking the three together in glory on girlhood's brow.

UNIV. OF MICHIGAN,

AILEEN,

